THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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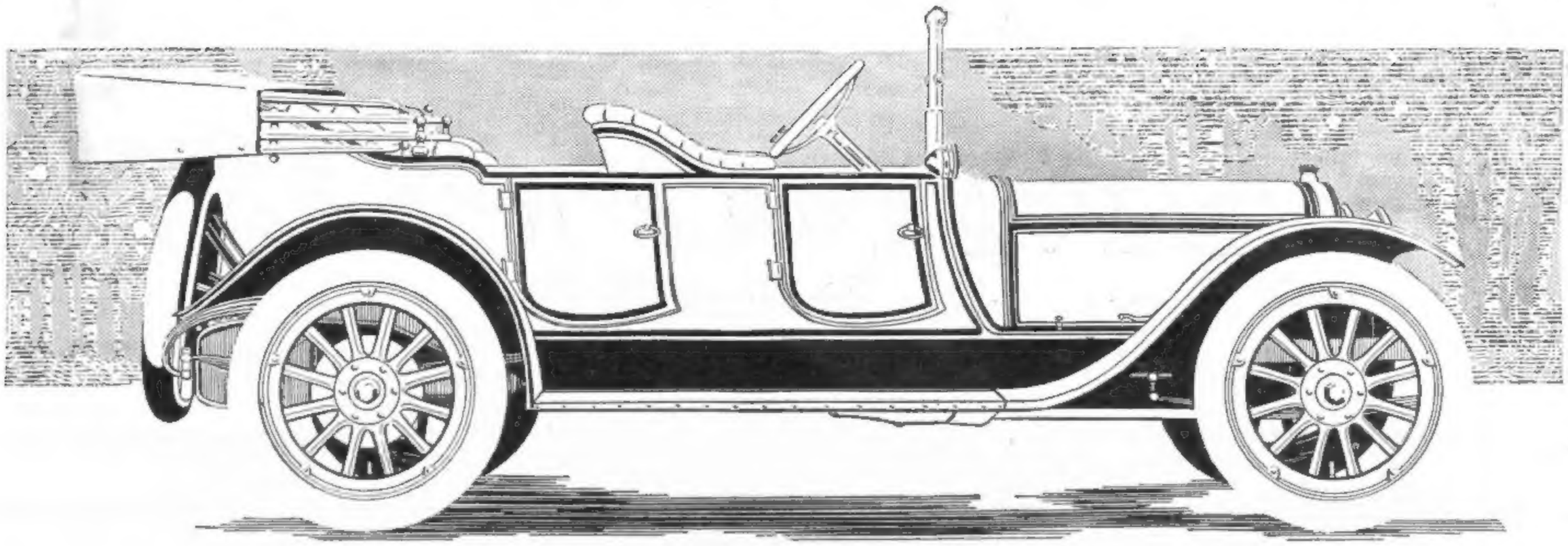
JULY 26, '13 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

Penrhyn Stanlaws

From the Collection of the Duke—By Anthony Hope



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THE Chandler Light Weight Six is one of the highest class light weight sixes ever offered under $3000.

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How is it possible to produce such a remarkable car at the price?

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There is not a single untried or experimental feature in the Chandler Light Weight Six. Every part and feature represents only time-tested and proved principles of design and construction.

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Every car-owner should be interested in the weight of his car. He should not buy any car until he knows its actual weight. A heavy car means heavy upkeep expense.

Because of its light weight and the remarkably efficient motor the *Chandler Light Weight Six is most economical in tire wear, oil and gasoline consumption. The Chandler Light Weight Six is daily averaging 16 miles and more per gallon of gasoline.*

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C. A. CAREY, former purchasing agent, Lozier Motor Company; assistant purchasing agent, Ford Motor Company.

J. R. HALL, former manager supply, repair and service departments, Lozier Motor Company.

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WEIGHT. 2979 pounds, fully equipped.

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OILING. Oiling by positive gear pump in oil base. Accessible filling tube for oil reservoir. Oil gauge on motor base. All exterior oil pipes eliminated.

IGNITION. Bosch High Tension Magneto.

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COOLING. Centrifugal pump. High-class square-tube radiator.

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THE Chandler motor is unique. It is designed exclusively for the Chandler Light Weight Six and will not be found in any other car.

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Read the specifications. Study the design of the Chandler Light Weight Six. Note the long wheel-base, the handsome and roomy stream-line coach-type body with deep Turkish upholstering. Where will you find another car embodying so much grace and dignity, so much elegance and comfort, so many distinctive features, so much sturdiness and strength—so much value?

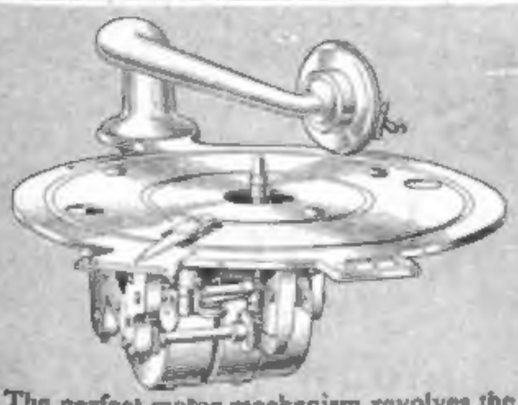
Over $4,000,000 worth of Chandler cars have been contracted for by leading distributors throughout the country. The allotment for your territory is necessarily small. We'll send you complete catalog—but to avoid disappointment make sure of a demonstration—at once.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO. 507-527 E. 131st St., Cleveland

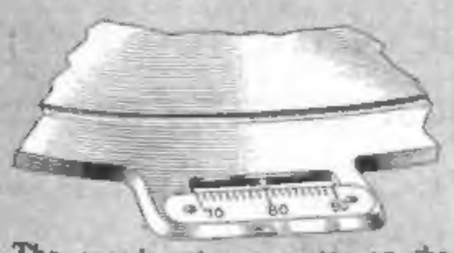
Tone—

that is not the *only* reason why you should buy a Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records — Note the Notes

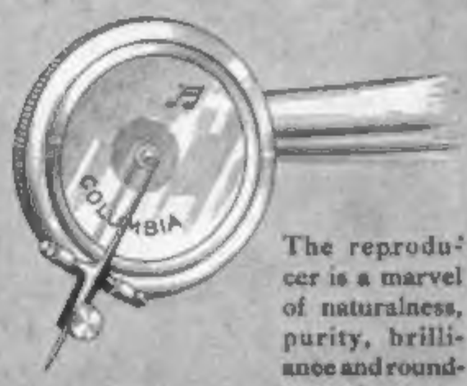


The perfect motor mechanism revolves the metal turn-table in complete silence and at unvarying speed.



The speedometer operates on the same principle as the speedometer on an automobile.

The continuous, uninterrupted tone-chamber and the exclusively Columbia tone-control leaves.



The reproducer is a marvel of naturalness, purity, brilliance and roundness of tone.

Take the "Favorite" at $50 as a brilliant example: Greatly improved, but the price remains the same

(and the easy terms of purchase, too—$5 a month)

Sold, as we believe, for three straight years to more people than any other instrument—regardless of name, price, or make. "Favorite" in name and favorite in fact—and now here illustrated for the first time in its new form, better worthy of its "Favorite" name and of its reputation than ever before.

Here are the principal points of improvement:

A bigger, much deeper cabinet.

The new No. 6 reproducer—attached to the new bayonet-joint tone-arm.

The new unit power-plant—all mounted on a metal motor-board, and embodying the new speedometer and the needle cups.

The new push-button release on the hinge-lock of the lid—making the closing of the lid a thumb-and-finger operation.

Go to any Columbia dealer and ask him to play any records that you like, on a new "Favorite." That's a part of his day's work and it will be a treat to you. Or write to us for special folder illustrating the new "Favorite" and the first of our new series of booklets "The Story of an Opera."

Important Notice

The Columbia "Favorite" Grafonola, like all other Columbia Grafonolas, will play other makes of disc records. The voice of every artist who has ever made disc records, *without exception*, will be at your command. (Likewise all Columbia records may be played on any other make of machine.)

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Gives 100 Tested Crisco Recipes and tells the interesting story of Crisco's discovery and manufacture. Address Dept. K7, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

From The Outing Magazine

FOOD FOR WILDERNESS VOYAGERS

By DILLON WALLACE

* * * Personal taste will suggest some eliminations or substitutions that may be made without material loss. * * * It will be noticed that butter has been omitted and that "Crisco" has been introduced in the place of lard and to be used in cooking instead of butter. Crisco is a product of edible vegetable oils. It has the appearance of lard, but can be heated to a much higher temperature without burning, is fully equal to butter when used as shortening, and dough bread, fish, or other articles of food fried in it will not absorb it so readily as they will lard, nor will it transmit the flavor of one food to another. For example, fish may be fried in Crisco, and dough bread or anything else fried in the same Crisco will have not the slightest flavor of fish. It will keep fresh and sweet under conditions that turn lard and butter rancid.

Personally I never carry butter on the trail in summer. It quickly becomes strong and the heat of the sun keeps it in an oily, unpalatable condition, even when packed in air-tight tins. The most lavish user of butter will discover that it is no hardship to go without it when in camp. Crisco, put up in handy, friction-top cans, can be purchased from nearly any grocer. * * * *

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From the Collection of the Duke

By Anthony Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

IT WAS characteristic of the Duke of Belleville—and to many the trait will seem a graceful one—to attach no exaggerated importance to the antiques and curiosities which he had inherited from his ancestors or had himself acquired by purchase; indeed he was accused of holding too lightly even things of real beauty or historic interest. For example, he gave the Queen Bess flagon to a pretty girl whom he had never seen before and never saw again, just to please her—and himself; "and two people better worth pleasing I can't imagine," reflected the Duke. He presented his cousin Lady Anastasia Vieilleroche—the name is pronounced Veelrock—with the shoes discarded by Marie Antoinette on her wedding day as being too tight, though he well knew that her ladyship, having the family temperament and the smallest foot in London, would wear them, and wear them out, at her next dance, as in fact she did. And—but there is really no need to multiply instances of his good nature, carelessness or caprice, excusable only by the reflection that man's wellbeing lies not in the multitude of his possessions but in the free play of the human spirit.

Yet he did attach a sentimental value to the sapphire which the Medici had in unredeemed pledge from Constantine Palæologus, and Lorenzo the Magnificent gave to Simonetta Cattaneo for her wedding gift. Since that time—but never mind the rest of its history. The Duke valued it for Simonetta's sake, and dreamed perhaps in those idle fancies of his that some day he would find another lady whose wearing of it should not seem sacrilege.

At seven o'clock on a December evening the Duke roused himself from a brief but well-earned repose. In the afternoon he had attended a charitable meeting at the Mansion House, which had been addressed by ministers of all—the Duke thought it must be all—denominations, and other eminent persons.

"Frank," said he, "plain clothes, my riband, Simonetta's sapphire and the revolver with the ivory butt."

The Prince Lost Control of Himself

"Yes, Your Grace," said Frank, placing a whisky and soda on an adjacent table. "But may I suggest that Your Grace's new revolver might be more useful?"

"Not in all ways, Frank," the Duke smiled reflectively. "The old one comes in very handy sometimes. And—no, I think I won't drink that stuff tonight."

Frank retired to the dressing room adjoining. The Duke took a note from his pocket. It was signed "Stasy" and ran as follows:

"Don't forget tonight! You promised, you know you did! She's perfectly charming, and he's—oh, by-the-way, he thinks he's a cousin of a king, so call him 'Your Highness.' And please wear your blue ribbon. I know you hate it, but do! Be there at 8:15 sharp—and don't forget the sapphire!"

"She's charming and he thinks he's a cousin of a king. And I think—well, I don't quite know what I think," mused the Duke as he smoked a cigarette. "However, I like to please Stasy, and it's some weeks since anything happened." He was still a little drowsy and fell to thinking lazily in how odd a fashion people bobbed up in town for a season or two and then disappeared again, were somebody's cousins and very charming, gave and ate dinners, went away and weren't missed. "So I dare say these people are all right," he ended charitably, as he shook himself out of his chair.

At twenty minutes past eight a small but swift electric brougham, driven by Monsieur Ferdinand, His Grace's chief chauffeur, in person, was at the door. The Duke, having forgotten nothing—neither ribbon, revolver, nor Simonetta's sapphire—came out.

"Good evening, Ferdinand. To the Comtesse de Montcorné's place." He paused on the pavement, smiling at Ferdinand.

"Certainly, Your Grace." Ferdinand, however, indulged in a slight lift of his bushy brows.

"You know her address? Ferdinand, it's wonderful how you keep up with things."

"She's taken Meldart Lodge for two months, Your Grace, and she's been there six weeks already."

"Meldart Lodge?"

"Regent's Park, Your Grace."

"I know it, Ferdinand. A very quiet rural situation!"

"Rather remote, Your Grace." Ferdinand liked the centers of life, a taste that may have accounted for a certain emphasis he laid on the word "remote."

"Yes, Ferdinand, rather—er—remote. Well, go there." The Duke got into his brougham and seated himself so that the revolver with the ivory butt, which rested in his hip-pocket, might cause him no inconvenience.

They reached Meldart Lodge, a house with which the Duke was well acquainted, at twenty-five minutes to nine.

"You needn't come back, Ferdinand. I'll find my own way home. Good night," said the Duke.

"It's sometimes convenient to have a car handy, Your Grace."

"Yes." The Duke gave a smile of reminiscence. "Well, I may telephone," he conceded, "but not after eleven-thirty."

Monsieur Ferdinand drove off. The Duke watched him go, walked up the steps, and rang the bell. "Stasy will be before me, I expect," he said to himself.

He was received by a butler and two footmen, all very tall men. The butler wore knee-breeches, the footmen were in somewhat elaborate liveries, full-bottomed coats descending over plush breeches, and had their hair powdered. The butler took the Duke's hat, one footman removed his overcoat, the other laid hold of the tails of his evening coat and gave them a discreetly gentle pull, presumably in case the coat should have rucked up at the collar while the Duke sat in his brougham. This delicate operation the second footman performed with his left hand.

What did he do with his right? Well, if he did anything—and really the Duke could not at the moment have sworn to that—it was most deftly and swiftly done. The faintest perceptible touch. Yet enough to make the Duke wheel quickly round. The three tall men faced him, all silent, all expressionless and impassive, all with hands behind their backs. For a moment the Duke looked at them, a quizzical smile hovering about his lips. They stood there, pictures of deferential immobility—the three tall men—between him and the hall door.

"Is it upstairs?" inquired the Duke.

"If Your Grace pleases," answered the butler. With a bow he preceded the Duke. The two footmen remained in the hall. As the Duke turned at the half-landing, and thereby became invisible from the hall, with a rapid movement he put his hand to his hip-pocket. The revolver with the ivory butt was gone.

"Well, I couldn't have tackled the lot. Besides, Stasy's here, I suppose," thought the Duke, and abandoning a momentary impulse to try to recover the missing revolver, he followed the butler to the top of the stairs. He was frowning slightly, though the smile

still played about his mouth. "That's why their coats are so baggy," he said to himself with a nod of appreciation, as the butler threw open the door and proclaimed his name with a perfectly correct pronunciation. (Bevvle it is, of course.)

With outstretched hands and a bright smile, with a decided touch, as he imagined, of southern effusiveness, his hostess advanced to meet him.

For a moment the Duke's manner may have been somewhat absent—he was still thinking; but he recovered himself and took the offered hand. It was small and plump, as indeed was its owner, a little woman with very fair hair, a turned-up nose and a pathetic expression. She was not pretty, but she was essentially appealing.

"Is Anything Else in the World Blue, Really Blue, Except This?"

"It is kind of you to come, Duke," she said, "but, oh, what a disappointment about dear Lady Anastasia!"

"About ——" The Duke's eyes traveled round the room, but he failed to perceive his cousin.

"I've just had a telephone from her—at least it was her maid who spoke. Such neuralgia, poor child! She can't possibly come out."

"Neuralgia is very unusual in our family," the Duke remarked. "May I call her up and ——"

"She's gone to bed, poor dear. I am sorry, but won't you put up with us? Oh, let me present you to His Highness Prince ——"

She mentioned a name, but on careful consideration it seems more discreet not to mention it here. After all the thick-set gentleman with bluish cheeks, raspy hair and twinkling black eyes may have been right in thinking himself cousin to a king, and no mere desire for actuality must tempt us to risk giving pain in exalted quarters. Let us just call him "the Prince," or "Monseigneur."

The Duke made his bow, a rather reserved sort of bow, to the Prince, who gave his hand a hearty shake.

"Delighted to meet you, Duke; but I am desolated—desolated—about your charming cousin." Both Prince and Countess spoke English very well, though with a foreign accent, and both with the same sort of foreign accent, as the Duke observed. The Duke bowed again. Folding doors on the side of the room opposite to that from which he had entered were noiselessly opened. Dinner was served in a room that was, as the Duke knew, ordinarily the back drawing room. The Countess gave her arm to the Prince, the Duke followed them, passing the tall butler and the two tall footmen. On the second footman he bestowed a searching yet unobtrusive glance.

"But you'll show us the Simonetta sapphire all the same, won't you?" the Countess pursued over the oysters. "His Highness is so interested in it because it once nearly belonged to him."

"Perhaps it may some day," smiled the Duke. "These things pass from hand to hand, you know."

"Oh, you! You'll never sell." She laughed merrily. "No, you're too rich! But, you remember, when poor Simonetta died ——"

"No, no, dear Countess, when her husband died," corrected the Prince.

"Oh yes, I'm so stupid! When her husband died the Medici got it again."

"Trust them!" The Prince chuckled jovially.

"And Catherine de Medici ——"

"Maria, my dear Countess, Maria." The Prince's voice hinted at annoyance. Certainly the Countess was not telling the story well.

"Took it to France," she went on, raising her brows mockingly at her friend, "and Louis XIII ——"

"Fourteenth," sighed the Prince. His annoyance seemed to give place to despair.

"Gave it to his grandson Philip IV ——"

"Fifth," said both the Prince and the Duke, exchanging a smile.

"Didn't I say Fifth? And he gave it to Monseigneur's—to the lady who ——"

"Who later on married my great-great-great-grandfather and ——" The Prince here interrupted himself. "But the Duke knows all this," he said; and he added, smiling: "Really better than you seem to, Countess."

"Of course," the Duke agreed. "Only I don't know its history from the time Philip V got it till it turned up at Antwerp in 1813. I should be most interested to hear from Your Highness ——"

"Oh, but show it to us first!" laughed the Countess; "then all the history will seem so much more interesting."

Dinner had been served with remarkable smoothness and rapidity. The second footman, who seemed to devote himself particularly to the Duke, was one of the most gifted waiters the Duke had ever met. "And what a gift it is!" the latter reflected. They were already at the quails when the Countess asked to be shown Simonetta's sapphire.

"Show it you now? Oh, with pleasure," said the Duke.

The table was square and quite small. The three sat on three sides of it; on the vacant side, nearest the doors, stood a large and beautiful bowl full of apples. At this moment the butler was filling the Countess' glass, the first footman was handing Monseigneur dry toast, and the second footman was proffering red pepper to the Duke. To the latter it seemed, somehow, as though a rigidity fell on all the three, nay, on all the five, for the Prince and the Countess sat motionless. The Duke eyed the red pepper. He had a queer feeling that a commodity possessing the properties of red pepper would be better in his own possession, but, fearing to create suspicion, he refrained from seizing it.

"Dear Anastasia said you were always so good-natured about showing it."

"It's no trouble to show a thing if you happen to have it with you," laughed the Duke, as he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket.

A stillness that seemed as though it could be felt settled on the room. The Duke had read about this kind of stillness and had no difficulty in recognizing it.

"Other pocket, I suppose," smiled the Duke. He tried it; he shrugged his shoulders, and with a little frown thrust both hands into his trousers pockets. Both hands came up empty. "Really, it's very funny ——" He dived into his coat pockets, explored again the pockets he had searched before, shook his head and leaned forward to the Countess. "I swear I had it, Countess," he said.

"But if you had it!" she cried.

"Of course I had it, Countess. Why, I promised Anastasia and that's a thing I should never forget." He smiled deprecatingly. "I must have had my pocket picked."

The Prince drummed on the table with his fingers. A flush of red mingling with his bluish tint turned his cheeks to purple. "I refused an important invitation—addressed to a person differently placed from myself, it would have been a command—for tonight, on the faith of Your Grace's promise, as conveyed to me by Lady Anastasia Vieilleroche. It seems incredible that——"

"Won't you look again, Duke?" the Countess interposed pleadingly.

The Prince's pompousness did not avail to hide his anger and disappointment. In them the Duke found food for fresh thought.

"Cayenne pepper, Your Grace?" asked the second footman patiently.

"No, thank you."

The second footman went to the sideboard, put down the pepper, and returned to his chosen place by the Duke's chair. The other two attendants did not move.

The Duke had by now little doubt of the nature of his company. "It all comes of letting that article about the sapphire appear in the paper," he reflected ruefully. "Then these people got at Stasy, which isn't difficult, and dear Stasy always liked to exhibit me at the end of a string." He felt his position critical. If he searched himself too thoroughly, though he might not find the jewel he was bound to miss the revolver! To miss the revolver and yet to exhibit no suspicion—would that be plausible? To miss it and exhibit suspicion—would that be safe? Meldart Lodge was remote, and the three servants were very tall! But if he searched any more, miss it he must. The second footman at least—probably all of them—knew that.

"Of course I'll search again," he said as good-humoredly as the somewhat peculiar circumstances allowed; "but it's no use." He dived into all his pockets again, all except the hip-pocket. "It's not there," he said, looking round at them.

"Look again," said the Prince. His tone was imperative.

Then the Duke knew that the Prince knew that he had a hip-pocket. Somehow the Prince had been informed of that. Probably they all knew it. There would be a signal arranged; anything would do—the bowl of apples, the handling of the pepper pot. Such a code was child's play to his friends of this evening, no doubt. As these thoughts passed quickly through his mind, the butler and the first footman, apparently in despair of securing any attention, carried off their respective burdens, and, returning to the vacant side of the table, stood there in attentive silence. They were thus well disposed to prevent any movement toward the doors on the Duke's part.

The Duke looked for a moment at the Countess. She appeared to be nervous and uncomfortable; the Prince looked purple and impatient.

"Well, of course," said the Duke, "it's just conceivable that in absence of mind I dropped it into my hip-pocket"—his hand moved slowly in that direction—"with my revolver." He gave a sudden and violent start. "By heaven, the revolver's gone too!" he cried with an admirably simulated air of surprise and consternation.

"Revolver! Surely you didn't bring ——" began the Countess.

But the second footman interposed.

"Your Grace forgets," said he with a deferential smile, "that on removing your overcoat Your Grace placed your revolver in the pocket of it."

"That is so, My Lady," added the butler, also permitting himself a deferential smile.

The Duke permitted himself a smile. The Countess and even the purple Prince allowed themselves a similar liberty.

"Your Grace will find it when you leave," pursued the second footman.

"Did I place a jewelcase there too, I wonder?" asked the Duke.

"I perceived no other article, only the revolver, Your Grace."

"Now that the revolver's off your mind let's have the sapphire," said the Prince. He seemed hardly to care about keeping up appearances now; he spoke with a rude sneer.

The Countess suddenly laid her small, plump hand on the Duke's arm and raised her appealing eyes to his.

(Continued on Page 41)

He Was Received by a Butler and Two Footmen

Man-Afraid-of-His-Wardrobe

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Get Back! Can't You See You're Spoilin' This Picture?"

"What Do I Care?"

MR. BUCHANAN PARVIN, moving-picture Westerner by profession and extra man by force of circumstance, dropped his heavy rifle, shifted his blanket roll and haversack, removed his ancient fatigue cap and offered a perspiring brow to the cooling breeze.

"Nothing to it!" said Buck querulously. "Uncle Billy Sherman sure knew something when he called the turn on the war business. The real thing was bad enough, I reckon; but it wasn't a patch on this moving-picture Civil War stuff. In Uncle Billy's time if a man was winged he could lay down and take a rest, or else go to a hospital and have a pretty nurse hold his hand; if he was killed he was through for the day. There's some sense to that kind of a war, but this bushwhacking that we're doing ain't got no beginning or no end.

"Take me, for instance. I've been killed on every steep hill in Los Angeles County and wounded every little while reg'lar; and I'm still packing this confounded blunderbuss around. I've helped to capture more cannons than Napoleon ever saw. I've crawled miles and miles on my stomach, collecting red ants and woodticks that I couldn't scratch because the camera was looking at me. I've charged till I was black in the face. I'm a veteran of Bull Run, Antietam, Lookout Mountain, Shiloh, the Wilderness, Gettysburg—and I held Grant's hawss at Appomattox and loaned him the makings of a cigarette. I've been in Libby Prison twice.

"Phil Sheridan and me is pals. I showed him how to make that ride and rehearsed the hawss four times. I fought under Grant, Lee, Sherman, Stonewall Jackson, Bragg, McClellan, Hooker, Ben Butler, Jim Montague—and a-many more that I disremember right now. I'm a Yank one day and a Johnny Reb the next; I get it on both sides, so to speak; and what Uncle Billy said about this business goes double for me. I ought to have about a million dollars comin'—in pensions—but I'd swap the whole works for a nice cool scuttle of beer. What fool started this here war anyhow?"

The camera had run out of film and, while the photographer was reloading, the Union troops rested and cursed history. A portly gentleman in gray wig and beard and the uniform of an infantry colonel grinned at Buck from the ground where he had thrown himself.

"Cheer up, old horse!" said the colonel—behind his beard he was Charlie Jennings, a retired stock actor and assistant to James Montague, the producing director—"Cheer up! This will be the last of the war pictures for a couple of months. We're going back to the wild and woolly in a day or two."

"Western stuff?" asked Buck. "Good news! Who told you so?"

"Jimmy Montague," replied Jennings. "He got word this morning to fix up a lot of Western scenarios quick. The boss in New York has signed A. Lester Hale to work in ten pictures—special Western leads. Ever hear of him—A. Lester Hale?"

"Sure!" said Buck. "He's the stage cowpuncher, ain't he? Since when has he been in the movies?"

"This is his first experience," said Jennings; "and what I can't understand is how the boss came to hook him. Hale is a tremendous success on the stage. Years ago he made a hit as a cowpuncher, and he hasn't played anything but cowpunchers since. Mighty good at it too. He's been starring with his own company for the last six seasons. His name on the billboards will make these Western pictures go like a house afire. The women are simply crazy about him. They think he's the only actor in the world."

"Huh! They do, eh? What do the men think about him?"

"Well," said Jennings slowly, "I guess Hale's all right. I played with him once in summer stock in Denver; and, though he ain't the sort of man that would ever really hate himself to death, he may be a good fellow at that. I never got close enough to him to get a real line, because he was always a little bit upstage. Most stars are that way, Buck. But the women—he certainly is an ace with them!"

"Uh-huh!" said Buck, rolling a brown-paper cigarette. "I'll do my level darndest not to let that prejudice me agin him. Never take a woman's judgment about any man but yourself, Charlie. Ten times out of nine they're wrong. If they like your hair or your teeth they're liable to overlook a heap of dark spots in your character. Now when I was down in the Pecos country I knew a feller named Pete McCaskey.

"Mac was a right nice quiet sort of a guy until he got about seven or fifteen drinks under his belt, and then he'd go home and lick his wife. Not because he didn't *like* her, you understand, but just because it was a kind of habit with him. Whenever I'm tanked right I get a craving to whale a street-car conductor. I don't know why—it's just a fool notion I get. Mac, he used to pike for home when he got about so much and give his wife a dressing down. Great big fat woman she was, with blue eyes. He called her Birdie.

"By and by Mac couldn't get enough action with his fists, so he took to using the furniture; and old Doc Bowen would have to go over and patch Birdie up. One night Mac got familiar with a new brand of booze and went after Birdie with a bed slat. Doc Bowen told me that woman's back looked like one of them old-fashioned crazy quilts—black and blue and green and yellow. The doc, he fixed her up the best he could, and then he handed her some advice.

"'Look here, Mrs. McCaskey!' he says. 'Why don't you tell Pete this rough stuff has got to stop? These parties he's giving you are comin' too reg'lar. Last week he nearly broke your arm; week before that it was your leg. Now he's got your back all marked up like a zebra. You tell Pete he's got to behave or you'll quit him.'

"'Why, doc,' says Birdie, beginnin' to bawl, 'you don't understand Pete. You don't know what a good feller he is. In lots of ways he's the most considerate man in the world!'

"'Considerate!' says the doc. 'Your back looks like he was considerate, ma'am! It'll be black and blue for a month. I wish you could see it.'

"'I know it will,' says Birdie, snuffling and wiping her eyes. 'I know it will, doc; but, even when Pete's drinking and roughest with me, he's awful thoughtful in some ways. Believe it or not, in all the years we've been married he ain't never yet so far forgot himself as to put a mark on me where anybody could see it!'

"And that's the way a woman figures," concluded Buck. "Their bein' strong for Hale don't make him *real*, you know. I got to see the bird before I make up my mind. . . . Come on, you noble heroes! The camera guy has got the box threaded up and ready for business. I'll bet anybody three to one we have to make that last charge all over again."

II

JAMES MONTAGUE, producing director for the Titan Company and a person of considerable importance in the moving-picture world—which is rather a larger world than most people think—put on kid gloves and a stiff hat and went downtown to call upon A. Lester Hale as soon as he was advised that the star had arrived from New York. Jimmy was the sort of a man who would go barehanded before kings and emperors; but he felt it necessary to put on gloves for one who was to receive ten thousand dollars for working in ten moving pictures.

After some delay he was ushered into a three-room suite in the most expensive hotel in Los Angeles, where he discovered a tall, handsome young man in smoking jacket and furred Russian slippers, who found it too great an exertion to rise or shake hands, but waved a gold-tipped Cairo cigarette in languid welcome.

"You'll excuse me, mister—mister—I believe I've mislaid your card—but the newspaper men were just here and, of course, I had to get rid of them. Awful bore to be interviewed every time one turns round, isn't it? And they positively cost me a fortune in photographs."

"You've got a few left, I see," said Montague, looking about him. No less than eight different poses of the great stage Westerner were displayed in various parts of the room. "If the newspaper men hunt you it's better than hiring a press agent to hunt them."

"I dare say," remarked Hale carelessly. "It's a nuisance though. Reporters run in at all times; they seem to have no respect for privacy, no finer feelings, no ——"

A thin, sad young man came in from the other room and waited at Hale's elbow.

"Well, James, what is it now?"

"Beg pardon, sir, I telephoned all the newspapers, sir. Three of them wouldn't send reporters, but said they might print the photographs if ——"

"That will do, James!" said Hale sternly. "You may go."

"Yes, sir," said the valet, disappearing noiselessly.

"Stupid fellow!" fumed Hale. "I don't know where he got that idea—oh, may I offer you a drink?"

Montague grinned at the clumsy attempt to cover up an unfortunate situation.

"Not so early in the morning," said he.

"Ah—perhaps I can do something for you?"

"No, I guess not. You see, I'm the producing director for most of the Western stuff that we put out—sort of a stage manager; and I dropped in to get acquainted and talk over the kind of work that will show you to the best advantage."

"Oh, yes," said Hale. "A very good idea. Perhaps, though, Mister ——"

"Montague," said Jimmy.

"Perhaps, Mr. Montague, it would be better if I should have a chat with your—dramatist, do you call him? I might suggest to him a few ideas and ——"

"I'm the dramatist," said Jimmy cheerfully. "I dope out most of the pictures."

"Indeed!" said Hale, elevating his eyebrows. "I presume the things you are about to produce will be written round my impersonation of the Westerner—the cowpuncher type, you know. Of course you are familiar with the parts I play?"

"No," said Montague. "I may have seen you somewhere, but I don't remember it." If not actually turning, the worm was twisting slightly. "Can you ride a horse?"

Mr. A. Lester Hale flicked the ash from his cigarette with a gesture that dismissed the subject utterly.

"Anything that wears a bridle," said he.

"Fine! What sort of an outfit did you bring with you?"

"My stage costumes," said Hale. "I brought my own saddle and rope, and all that sort of thing."

"You handle a rope, then?" Montague was interested.

"Oh, yes," said Hale. "I had to use one in my play two seasons ago. I thought it might come in handy, so I brought it along."

"Bully!" said the director. "I can write a whole picture round a roping scene. We have twenty or thirty steers out at the farm that we use in Western pictures—Texas longhorns—and you can rope one of them."

"Of course I've never done any range work," said Hale—"not with real cattle, you understand; but the principle of the thing is the same."

"Ever had any experience with movie stuff—watched pictures being made, I mean?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said the actor. "This is my first offense, I assure you. I had some open time this summer; I wanted to see the West, and—here I am. It's a nice way to make expenses during the dull season, isn't it? I presume, on the whole, moving-picture work is much simpler than acting—no strain on the voice."

"Yes," said Jimmy Montague, "it's dead easy when you get the hang of it. Here is the address of the studio. If you will be there tomorrow at nine and bring all your things with you ——"

"Nine!" exclaimed Hale. "Isn't that very early?"

"Not for moving-picture people. The light is better then. I'll bid you good morning."

Jimmy Montague rolled back to the studio in one of the company's automobiles, talking to himself.

"And that's the fellow that plays cowpuncher parts!" he soliloquized. "Ten thousand dollars in real money for ten pictures—expenses during the dull season! It's a high price for cheese."

The next morning A. Lester Hale, bag, baggage and valet, arrived at the Titan studio. Jimmy Montague, in a dirty slouch hat, disreputable chaps and high-heeled boots, welcomed him cheerfully.

"I play the heavies in the Western pictures," said Montague in explanation. "That's why I'm made up. This will be your dressing room, Mr. Hale." It was the one the director had just vacated, consequently the best allotted to the men. "Get on your cowpuncher togs and don't make your face up very much."

The star looked about him and sniffed.

"This dressing room is too small," said he. "Have you nothing larger?"

"Miss Manners has the largest dressing room," said Montague. "She is our leading woman."

A. Lester Hale sat down on one of his trunks and fumbled with a gold cigarette case. He had the air of one who prepares to stand a long siege.

"Simply out of the question!" said he. "I should stifle in a coop of that size. Why, there isn't room enough for me to hang up my things! And then I have my man!"

So Miss Manners was turned out of her dressing room, a process involving a great deal of hard work for a young woman without a maid. Hale took possession at once, and forgot to thank her.

"Jimmy," whispered that very angry little lady, "your new leading man may know how to act, but if you cast him for a gentleman you'll have to rehearse every scene with him."

"I'm awfully sorry, Myrtle," apologized the director, "but you see how it is. He's got the theater idea about the star dressing room and he thinks he's entitled to it here. Wait till I get him out on a location somewhere when there ain't any women round—and I'll make him change his clothes in a bunch of cactus or behind a horse!"

"Pass out your saddle, Mr. Hale," called Montague. "I'll have one of the boys put it on Teddy. He's the best-looking horse we've got. We're going to make the outdoor stuff first while the carpenters get the interiors ready. We'll go into the hills and make some runs."

Buck Parvin was the man who did the saddling. His eyes opened wide as he inspected Hale's equipment.

"Simply Out of the Question! I Should Stifle in a Coop of That Size"

"I've dreamed about saddles like this," said Buck, "but doggone me if I ever thought I'd hold one in my hands! Look at her, Jim! Ain't she a humdinger? Hand-stamped leather, bucking rolls, Visalia tree, and—holy Moses, Jim, d'you reckon that plate on the cantleboard is gold? 'To A. Lester Hale from admiring friends.' Gee! No champion bronco-twister ever won a hull like this! . . . Braided-hair bridle, single loop; headstall and cheek-straps all covered with silver dewdads—and A. L. H. on every one of 'em! Wowie! . . . Spanish spade bit! Reckon I better loosen up the chinstrap or he'll bust Teddy's jaw. . . . Bearskin saddle-pockets, with silver name-plates on 'em. That's poor, I s'pose; yes, perfectly miserable! . . . And feel of these blankets! Navajo, Jim, and as soft as silk!

"Why, say, you could cinch this saddle on to me and I'd be proud to have anybody ride me plumb downtown! The only thing that looks bad about the outfit is this braided-leather rope. She's a beauty, but she's been hangin' in the tiestraps for so long that she's 'most cracked in two from lack of use. Yes, sir—that rope is sure lashed permanent. If he ever made a cast with it and took a dally or two round the horn, zing!—good night, rope! Just wait till I show all this class to that Teddy hawss, and he'll be so puffed up he won't never look at the rest of them ordinary plugs!"

The favorable impression created by Hale's saddle was sustained and strengthened by his appearance as he stepped out of his dressing room. His legs were cased in white angora chaps, which had been curried and brushed until each long silky hair was in its place. His trousers were of whipcord and the boots of soft leather with Mexican heels. His spurs were of silver, with an eight-inch shank and a two-inch rowel; and the chains dragged full six inches behind his heels as he walked.

About his slender waist was strapped a heavy cartridge belt, from which swung a stamped-leather holster, sheltering a pearl-handled and gold-plated forty-five-caliber revolver—the same that had barked death to many a villain in the last act, and caused thousands of matinée girls to cover their ears and squeak with pleasurable fright.

His light-blue shirt was of silk, with a large embroidered monogram on the pocket. His crimson bandanna was also of silk, and the ends were passed through an immense gold ring, in which a two-carat diamond sparkled. His sombrero was of the softest gray beaver, eighteen inches across the brim, with a twelve-inch crown—price, thirty-five dollars. The band was of gold filigree, studded with tourmalines. His quirt was stiff with gold cord.

Buck Parvin took one long look and went out behind the developing room to express his feelings.

"Don't cuss like that, Buck," said Ben Leslie, the property man. "You won't catch no fish."

"Look at me!" said Buck tragically. "I used to be the niftiest thing on the Coast in the cowpuncher line, didn't I? I had 'em all breakin' their necks to rubber when I went by. Folks used to say: 'There goes the real thing! Considerable class to that!' It was a mistake. I ain't real, Ben. I'm a bum negative—that's what I am. I'm full of pinholes, fogged on both ends, and light-struck in the middle. They wouldn't run me in a five-cent house—not even for a chaser. These clothes of mine looked pretty good an hour ago, but now I'm just sort of lingering round, waiting for the garbage wagon to come along—and then I'm going to climb aboard and say: 'Home, James!' . . . Don't laugh—doggone you! Can't you see your Uncle Buck's heart is cracked plumb in two?"

"What cracked it?" asked Leslie, a man of few words but keen perceptions. "Got a new lookin'-glass in the extry men's dressing room?"

"I've seen the difference between a phony and the real thing," said Buck. "So will you when you get a flash at that new leadin' man. Chaps lined with kid—hair on 'em a foot long; solid gold smoke-pole; Kansas City boots; silver spurs that weigh a couple of pounds apiece; diamonds all over him, like a pawnbroker's bride. Why, say, Ben, if I could steal them clothes and wear 'em just once at the Cheyenne Frontier Day—if I could put 'em on and kind of stroll down and stand in front of the Interocean Hotel along about traintime and let the boys look me over—I'd be ashamed to ask to go to Heaven when I die! It would be stretching the luck too far. Yes, sir—this guy has got the richest and the best what is, and *all* what is, I reckon; and if he ever throws that hatband away ole Buck will jump after it if it's a thousand feet straight down!"

"Well," remarked Ben Leslie, "handsome is as handsome does."

"Like hell it is!" said Buck savagely. "I sprung that chestnut on a cross-eyed woman once, figuring to comfort her a little bit."

"Did it work?" asked Ben.

"Got action on it right away quick!" said Buck. "She grabbed a skillet off the stove and just flattened it on my face. Folks that has to take second money get sore when you remind 'em of it."

III

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the moving-picture Westerners returned to the studio. The new leading man dismounted stiffly and hobbled toward his dressing room, looking neither to the right nor the left. There was in his stride a mixture of lofty reserve, wounded dignity and saddle soreness that caused Ben Leslie to grin as he sat in the doorway of the property room, checking off a list of props with a carpenter's pencil.

After Buck's horse was in the barn he sought out Leslie and borrowed a generous portion of fine-cut tobacco, a sure sign that he had a tale to unfold. Ben assisted him with a casual remark.

"Solomon-in-all-his-glory just got back," said he. "At first I thought it was stepladder getting off the horse; but I looked again and I see it was your friend with the dude buckaroo clothes."

"I guess he walked kind of lame, did he?" chuckled Buck.

"Lame! He went to his dressing room like a tragedy queen with the spring-halt. Struck me as funny, because I heard him telling Charlie Jennings that he could ride anything with hair on it."

"Ride!" said Buck. "Say, Ben, that guy couldn't ride a hair mattress. He couldn't ride in a box car with the door shut. All he's got is the clothes. No more real Western ability than a canary bird. I got his number as soon as we started out this morning. I had Teddy all saddled up for him, but Mister Four Flush wouldn't ride to the location with the rest of us. Huh-uh! He went out in the automobile with Montague and the camera man; and he took that dough-faced valet of his along. One of the boys had to lead his hawss. That was where he tipped his mitt to me."

"How did he make out?" asked Ben.

"He didn't make out at all," said Buck. "Don't rush me, son. I got to tell this slow or I'll spill it. This is too good to be told without music. The first run we made was down a little pitch in the road and off into the brush. We was chasin' a hawss thief—that Mexican extry man. Well, sir, Mister Four Flush takes a look at the hill we had to come down and begins to holler. He said it was too steep. After that he had to know whether Teddy was surefooted. That was a warm one to pull on the best stunt hawss in the movie business, hey?

"Well, Jim finally got him ribbed up to make the run. There wasn't no rehearsal—didn't need none, for it was just straight riding stuff. All we had to do was follow the Mex on the keen jump, whirl our hawsses where he whirled his, and take up the side of the hill through the brush and weeds. We'd be out of the picture as soon as we got off the road.

"Four Flush, he was to lead the posse, of course. The first time Jim yelled for us to come on, he didn't get started and we like to run over him. There was a fine mix-up, and the Mex had to come back and do it over, and Charlie Dupree had thirty or forty feet of wasted film on his hands. The next time Jim hollered I was right close to Four Flush and I nicked Teddy with the spur. Away goes Mister Good Clothes, pulling leather with both hands and yelling

For Once in His Life He Forgot He Was Being Photographed

Whoa! Whoa! When he got close to the camera he mighty nigh bent Teddy double, and the way he jounced round in that gold-plated saddle was pitiful to see!

"It's a darned good thing for him that I left that chin-strap loose, or else he'd have yanked Teddy over backward and most likely got a broken neck for it. He come close to falling off at the place where we had to take to the woods; but Teddy handled him nice, and into the brush he went, the rest of us stringing along behind.

"I was on the tail-end of the run, making one of them Snapper Garrison finishes and a-fannin' ole Pieface between the ears for all there was in it; and just as he was making the turn, hangin' on by one spur, out of the brush comes Four Flush—on foot, mind you—yelling like he was snake-bit! He goes for Montague, square into the picture, of course, and spoiling the whole run—and you'd never guess what ailed him, Ben."

"Somebody rode into him from behind and bumped him?"

"No," said Buck. "The poor unfortunate feller had gone through cockleburs and got some in his chaps!"

"Now see here," said Ben reproachfully, "I like a liar, and always did, but there's times, Buck, when you suit me too well."

"Cross my heart and hope to die! I wouldn't have believed it, either, if I hadn't seen it. 'Get back!' Jim yells at him. 'Can't you see you're spoilin' this picture?'

"'What do I care for your darned ole picture!' howls Four Flush. 'You told me to ride through them weeds and I done it. Now look at these chaps! They're a solid mass of stickers!'

"'That's what chaps are for,' says Jim. 'Don't you know that film costs money? And you ought to have waited until the run was over!'

"Well, they had it hot and heavy; but there wasn't nothing to it. Percy wouldn't make the run again until we scouted out a place without burs, and Dupree had to shift his camera and establish new lines. What he said about Harold would have blistered a horny toad; and, with Jim Montague helpin' him with suggestions now and then, there wasn't much language left when they got through. Honest, I was afraid Jim was going to bust an artery or something. Little Casino, the valet, he had a swell job following Four Flush round and gathering a quart or so of cockleburs whenever he got a chance!

"'I can never wear 'em on the stage again!' says Harold.

"Well, when noon came we dug out our lunches, but Four Flush didn't have none—nobody had told him to bring one. Jim did the right thing—he offered him his own lunch; but Four Flush wouldn't touch it, and, while the rest of us was eating, him and Little Casino had a party all to themselves. They was off under a tree gatherin' another mess of burs out of them angora chaps.

"In the afternoon we made one run through water—shallow water at that. Four Flush balked again.

"'But I'll get wet!' he says. 'I might catch cold. I got to protect my voice. Why can't you stop the camera just as I get to the bank and leave something to the imagination?'

"Montague had been getting sorer and sorer; and he turned loose in that quiet, raspy way of his that kind of makes a fellow feel as if he'd been touched up with the hot end of a bull whip.

"'Mr. Hale,' he says, 'please remember that in this business we don't leave nothing to the imagination. This ain't the stage,' he says. 'This is real scenery and real water. We don't have no canvas rivers in the movies. When we go into the water we get wet. I've had my whole company overboard in the Pacific Ocean. This creek is only three feet deep and I guess you can stand it. We'll make the run now, if you please.'

"Well, Four Flush wasn't the least mite tickled, but he saw he was up against it; so he climbs down off his hawss and begins to peel his chaps.

"'Whatever happens,' he says, 'I ain't going to have these all sopped up! I couldn't ever wear 'em on the stage again.'

"It took Jim half an hour to explain that he'd already established them chaps in the other runs—and, water or no water, he had to wear 'em.

"'But that's only a detail,' says Four Flush, sulkylike.

"'You'll find there's a whole lot of details to this business,' says Jim.

"He went into the water at last, but he was about as tickled over it as a sick hen. He held both feet up as high as he could and kept looking down to see how his chaps was getting along. That'll give a film the real Western flavor, I reckon. While he was kicking about getting wet the auto started back for the studio with the first load. Being some damp he couldn't wait, so he tore out on hawsback. He come home standing up in the stirrups, because it pained him to set down. What do you know about that? And him the hero of all them Western plays!"

"Why, he won't do at all, will he?" asked Ben.

"Hush, man! Don't make me laugh. The poor sucker can't even set still on a hawss without worryin' all over his face. What would he do in some of them real tough runs and chases that Jim Montague frames up for us—lickety-split down the side of a cañon? They get my goat once in a while, them runs do; and what chance would this feller stand? Suppose Jim asked him to pull a fall? He'd break his back sure! And he was telling Jennings he could ride, hey? I wonder what sort of a hawss he's used to."

"I know," said Ben. "I worked one of them Western shows once that had an awful lot of riding in it. The horses they used can be bought at any fruit stand. A couple of cocoanut shells and a board out in the wings—Tunk-a-tunk! Tunk-a-tunk! Then the actor hollers Who-o-a! and goes stampin' on to the stage, brushing the dust off his clothes or hitting his pants-legs with a whip. That's the sort of a rough rider Hale is."

"You sure spoke an armful then!" said Buck. "Montague usually figures on twenty or twenty-five runs a day. This Clarence guy fooled round so much that we only did five—one down the hill, one through water, and three dinky little gallops on level ground, 'most as exciting as a female riding school out for the afternoon. A whole day's work wasted—all them extry men to pay; and it's my bet that we'll get makeovers on the entire bunch."

"Didn't he show up pretty good in the other stuff?" asked Ben.

"Good and rotten!" said Buck. "We made one scene, dismounted, after we'd ketched the hawss thief and was about to string him up. Four Flush was to pull his gun and prevent the lynching. I wish you could 'a' seen the way he went after that forty-five—by slow freight! When he finally got it out of the holster he shoved it at us full arm-length instead of whipping it up from the hip for a quick cover. Honest, I could have loaded a cannon single-handed

(Continued on Page 52)

"Look at Me! I Used to Be the Niftiest Thing on the Coast in the Cowpuncher Line"

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOBBY

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are lobbyists in Washington—always have been and always will be. The trouble with the usual lobby hunters is that they are not definite in their terms. They use the word lobbyist always in the sense of briber—just as the conservative in politics makes the term socialist synonymous with anarchist. There are plenty of socialists who are as lawabiding and as respectable in society as those who rail against them and call them anarchists—and more so; and there are numerous lobbyists who are not bribers and never will be.

The Century Dictionary defines a lobbyist as "One who frequents the lobby or the precincts of a legislature or other deliberative assembly, with the view of influencing the votes of members"; and the Standard Dictionary says that to lobby is "To solicit the votes or attempt to influence the official action of members of a legislative or deliberative body, in the lobby or elsewhere."

Wherefore, in the broad sense, there is no lobbyist half so important or half so potent in Washington as President Wilson himself—nor has there ever been, for Mr. Wilson solicits votes for his measures and attempts to influence them—and does; and so did Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. McKinley, and every other president. And it is just as absurd and unjust to call these men lobbyists as it is to designate all men who attempt to influence votes as lobbyists in the briber use of the term. The Constitution guarantees the citizen the right of petition, and he can make his petition in any way he sees fit and be perfectly honest about it; so can a member of the legislature consider his petition and not transgress his oath of office.

The whole subject of lobbyists—honest, dishonest, semihonest and not-lobbyists-at-all—falls easily into five classifications:

A—The Lobbyist Real.
B—The Lobbyist Unreal.
C—The Lobbyist Apparent.
D—The Lobbyist Absurd.
E—The Lobbyist Innocent.

So far as the real lobbyists are concerned, it would be hard to discover them with enough certainty to make them appear as witnesses. Real lobbying is not a tangible proposition in the sense of knowing individuals exactly. It is a system, a community of interests, an application of persuasion and pressure—that may be brought about in various ways; that has for its basis the desire for protection from adverse legislation, and has for its instrument political influence applied variously and as variously secured.

There are times, of course, when lobbying individuals appear in Washington; but not all lobbying is done in Washington, or half of it. When individuals do appear they usually are the fronts, the vouchers, the outward and visible signs. They may come merely to cement an understanding or to guarantee an agreement. They may come to work on one or two persons, but not usually; for the individual unit is negligible in this real and effective lobbying. What is done, or what has been done—for there is not so much of it now, nor can there be—is done politically in great measure by virtue of the organizations and the demand of those organizations to the partisan members to stand by.

A concrete example of this kind of lobbying may be found in the concerted action of the railroads in opposing certain portions of the Hepburn Rate Bill a few years ago. That was lobbying by the system. There was a great public display of newspaper work and all that sort of thing; and there were numerous railroad attorneys in Washington.

The Big Men and Their Messenger Boys

HOWEVER, the real lobbyists never came to Washington. The men who did come were in most part messenger boys for the big men. The big men stayed away; but they worked effectively enough to get a compromise in the review clause that the Senate leaders insisted President Roosevelt must take, and that he did take—a compromise that was effectual enough, as it stood, for the purposes of Mr. Roosevelt, and that was something for the railroads, which were bitterly opposed to the original Roosevelt propositions.

Now, then, in this case the system of the railroad men worked with the system in the Senate. It would be futile to try to say who the men were who composed the railroad system; and though the system that controlled the Senate at that time was well enough defined it was not so apparent in its workings, but so skillfully unapparent that the whole thing would rest, so far as saying who did it in the Senate goes, in reciting the names of the men who were the Senate leaders, without other than that fact as proof

Coupled With Him Is That Fascinating But Mysterious Person Known as the Queen of the Lobby

they did do it. However, it was done. The system could not get all it wanted, but it got something.

Who could say definitely, for example, what particular officials of a big corporation influenced favorable action toward that corporation, when that influence might be and often is secured through recourse to political sources, through screws put on by bosses, through organization behest, through contributions applied for political committee purposes? How would it be possible to prove that the president of any trust or his directors directly lobbied for or against a measure, when it might be well enough known that these men brought every sort of pressure directly or indirectly on individuals in Senate and House as well as on the controllers of legislation—the leaders?

Often a flock of railroad attorneys or corporation attorneys come to Washington to work for or against measures, and work openly enough, so far as that goes; but they are not the real lobbyists. The real lobbyists are the men who sent them to Washington—the presidents and the directors of the corporations that are interested; and the presidents and directors could, with business propriety, claim they had nothing personally to do with the subject in hand, though it would be and is morally certain they were responsible for everything that was done.

Before the adoption of the constitutional amendment providing for direct election of senators by the people, this sort of lobbying—which is the real lobbying that has been done for the past twenty-five or thirty years, and probably before that—was easier than it will be hereafter, for its primary influences went back to the states. The corporations—most often the railroads—had votes in the Congress they could call upon, because these corporations helped in the election of legislators.

In various states, for years, the great political machines were controlled by the railroads—as in California, where the Southern Pacific dominated; in Iowa, where the Burlington ruled; and in New Hampshire and elsewhere in New England, where the Boston & Maine was most potent politically.

When anything came along in which these corporations were interested all they had to do was to notify the men they helped elect, the men for whose campaigns they had contributed, and the national political machines, and the trick was turned. No student of political affairs in this country will deny that one of the greatest debauchers of politics in this country has been the railroad. In the old days the railroads went on the theory that the way to get legislation was to buy it, and the way to kill legislation was to use money. Any candid railroad man will admit that, if the railroads of this country had spent half as much money in the education of the people up to the rational needs of the great transportation systems as they spent in buying legislation, they would be in far better shape with the people than they are today.

The real lobbyists of the United States are the men at the head of the big special interests. Perhaps it would be better to say these men have been the real lobbyists, though they are potent enough yet; but there has been such an awakening among the people in the past five or six years that they hesitate to operate as they have been operating. Indeed, about every phase of a discussion of lobbying must be in the past tense.

Conditions have changed and control and men have changed with them; the real lobbyists will be put to it to devise new plans and get new tools. It will no longer be possible, except in a limited way, to control the vote of a senator by helping his election through a legislature in a state where a corporation is powerful politically and financially. Though it is comparatively easy to buy enough votes in a legislature—and has been—it is a reasonably difficult task to buy an electorate.

In the past twenty years it was often the custom, when a measure was favored or opposed by a special interest, or by a combination of them, to operate or lobby through the medium of a political organization. Always the big special interests were heavy contributors to campaign funds, and always they made those contributions with the definite understanding that in return for them they were to be "protected" in a legislative way.

Not Queens But Plain Pests

THE mode of operation was invariably the same. If there should be legislation they desired, for example, the heads of the special interests would notify the bosses of the party in control of the Congress of their desires. Then the matter would be made, so far as possible, an organization matter, and the protection would ensue; for the organizations in control of the Congress would demand the support of their party fellows and followers in Congress as a party or organization matter; and, though there would be no direct financial benefit to those who voted, there would be a politico-financial benefit to the whole organization.

Real lobbying is done by real men. It is no matter of hired attorneys or former members who haunt the floor of Congress, the cloakrooms and the hotels. It is the application of influence by influential men on influential men. Always there have been stories of individuals who have profited financially by holding up or expediting legislation, but few of them are susceptible of legal proof.

No one conversant with Washington affairs doubts that men in Congress have benefited financially by work for clients; but no one who has any sense would try to prove anything of the kind. It cannot be done. All that can be obtained is the knowledge of the workings of the system; and to try to pin that knowledge down to individual cases, with legal proof, is as impossible as it would be foolish.

Statesmen who take money do not take it on the street corners in full view of passers-by. The only proof is confirmatory proof, circumstantial evidence—like the gradual accumulation of wealth by members who have no means outside their salaries—and there is not much of that, comparatively speaking. Not many members are dishonest in a money sense. Many a man will do things for politics that he would not do for money.

The Lobbyist Unreal is not deserving of much consideration, though he is the chap who types the business in the mind of the citizen, for he is the lobbyist of fiction, of plays, of novels, of imagination. Coupled with him is that fascinating but mysterious person known as the Queen of the Lobby. I have been reading about queens of the lobby for years, but I never saw one. There may be seductive and persuasive ladies who influence legislation as a business, but there have been none of them round the Capitol lately.

All the professional women lobbyists I have known have been elderly and determined persons who usually were obsessed by reforms they desired to accomplish through the medium of legislation, and who pestered everybody in the Capitol and along Newspaper Row, until a correspondent who saw one coming jumped out of a window or ran down a fire-escape, and a legislator hid beneath his desk. These are not queens. They are plain pests.

The unreal boy is the chap who, in popular imagination, walks debonairly into the offices of senators and representatives, toting large bales of thousand-dollar bills, and bestows great sums on the greedy statesmen for doing his bidding. Also, he is the chap who gives Lucullan banquets

and has at them the leaders of the two houses and others great in authority, and there unfolds his nefarious schemes and obtains his wicked desires. He is the fellow who carries a voting list of the Senate and House and checks off the names of those he owns; who by virtue of his vast wealth and his vast influence controls votes; and who in a lordly manner dominates the poor sheep who are legislating for the country. He is always handsome, always powerful, always extraordinarily subtle and adroit—and he is a myth!

However he is a favorite character in fiction; and when the average citizen thinks of a lobbyist he thinks of a man of this type. But he does not exist—nor could he. There was a time in the old days when certain men, with certain definite things to be done in Congress, such as the collection of claims, performed somewhat in the manner of the lobbyist of the novel; but those men are dead and those times are past. Lobbying now—or, to be exact, lobbying in the past ten or fifteen years—is one of two things: either it is a business conducted on well-enough recognized lines, or it is a scientific and systematized application of influence or inducements by interests that need aid.

This brings me to the Lobbyist Apparent, who is in the main the sort of man the investigators examined, but who exists in far greater numbers than the investigation developed. Ordinarily he is a lawyer—not always, but ordinarily; and in many cases he is a lawyer who has done service in the House of Representatives or in the Senate. He is the paid attorney for whatever interest he represents. His business is to keep track of legislation affecting his employers; to influence such legislation by virtue of his acquaintance, knowledge, or whatever other facilities he may possess; and he mostly is out in the open about it. He is retained by a client to do certain things in Washington. He does those things to the best of his ability—and either succeeds or fails.

Many of these men live in Washington. Others come to Washington regularly—attorneys for railroads, for corporations, for associations of all sorts, such as river-and-harbor-improvement associations, irrigation men, associations of farmers, of workingmen, of manufacturers, of commercial bodies, of any and all kinds of organizations that have interests affected by legislation in Congress or desire to obtain legislation that will be of benefit in their operations.

There is no secrecy about their work—that is, there is no secrecy about the work of most of them. They want certain things. Congress can provide those things; and they earn their money by their skill in knowing how to get Congress to do what they want, either because of their acquaintance or because of their knowledge of the processes of legislation. A great number of these men are employed largely to furnish information, to keep their employers posted as to what is going on. At that, a certain number of them work rather in the dark, take claims on large contingent fees, represent industries that are not connected with their names, and do such skulduggery as may come their way in order to get their money.

Former senators and representatives have the privileges of the floors of the bodies in which they served. Thus, if a man has been a senator and has begun the practice of lobbyism in Washington, he is in a far better position to be of help to his clients who need legislation expedited or retarded because of the entrée he has to the floor and the cloakrooms than an attorney or lobbyist who must visit offices and buttonhole the objects of his persuasiveness in the corridors. Not all former representatives and senators who practice law in Washington take retainers of this sort; those who do are the apparent lobbyists, combined with the men who represent organizations of various kinds.

There are maintained in Washington branches and headquarters of many bodies having their seat of operations elsewhere—many of national scope. It was clearly developed in the lobby investigation that the sugar people had offices in Washington; but so do many other organizations—many of them of a beneficial character, such as bodies promoting good roads and drainage, and the like. Strictly speaking, the men who head these organizations are lobbyists, provided they try to get favorable legislation for their enterprises in Congress. But there is nothing secret or underhanded about their methods.

The good ladies who protested against the retention of Senator Smoot in the Senate; who helped abolish the army canteen; who worked against Senator Lorimer, of Illinois; who want to wipe out the saloon—and who have many other projected reforms—would resent being called lobbyists, of course; but that is what they are, as are the representatives of labor organizations, and of river improvements, and of drainage propositions, and of tariff organizations—and all those sorts of numerous things. They are apparent lobbyists and there is nothing about their work that need be criticized.

Among the apparent lobbyists, however, there are many visiting brethren, usually high-up attorneys in big corporations, or officers or directors, who appear in Washington from time to time when there is anything special for them to do. These men usually have a local representative who furnishes information. When anything big is to be attempted they come on themselves. They are working on the orders of bigger men than they in their corporations. Often they give dinners, inviting such legislators as they want to meet and explaining to them what they want. They may offer inducements, but there is not much about what they do that is not obvious.

For example, if a man who wants a certain Federal project advanced because it will help his company comes to Washington and gives a dinner, and invites senators and representatives, those senators and representatives know they are invited to that dinner because that man wants to get acquainted with them in order to lobby with them—to influence their favorable consideration of the project in which the host is interested. Often no word is said at a dinner of this kind that relates to the subject in hand, but acquaintance that will admit of future meetings and discussion is formed.

When a tariff bill is being made the town swarms with lobbyists—apparent lobbyists—men who come to see about

(Concluded on Page 46)

GETTING A WRONG START

The Story of a Man Who Was "Willing to Do Anything"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

I WAS thirty-seven years of age before my first book was printed—a collection of sketches or reveries, most of which had seen print earlier in a sportsmen's journal. The publishers of the journal, who themselves printed books in a modest way, kindly allowed me the firm's imprint on my volume; but the author paid all the expenses, arranged all the mechanical matters, and was the sole distributing agent in the attempt to satisfy the clamorous demand of the public for this work. I cleared perhaps six hundred dollars or so out of the little volume. Today a copy of the first edition does not exist, so far as I know; I have been offered twenty-five dollars for one—largely, I presume, from motives of curiosity.

I devised my volume in a long, slim form—a size convenient to go into the pocket. This was a sheer act of kindness as I understood it. I pictured to myself large numbers—indeed, many thousands—of citizens going down to their work in the morning on the street cars, each one reading a copy of my book. Of course, no matter how much absorbed, a man would hardly have time to finish reading it before it came time to leave the car. What more natural, then, than that he should slip the book into the side pocket of his coat, where it would be convenient for him to get it and read it at any time during the day when he chanced to find himself with an idle moment? This was why I made the book in this particular shape—so that it would be pocketable. It was a matter of considerable surprise to me to discover that this is by no means an intrinsic feature of good bookmaking; nor, to be quite truthful, did I ever see any human being reading a copy of this book on the street cars—or anywhere else.

Once I went into a department store, where they carried books, and asked to see the buyer for the department. I found this person to be a shrewd young woman, and to her I presented my case. She took the copy of the book I showed her, looked it over for a moment, and then handed it back to me without opening it or asking me the name of the writer.

"No," said she, decisively, "I don't want none. There ain't no call for them long, slim books no more."

That made another lesson in literature for me. It seemed I had come on the market with a long, slim book about a year after the height of the fashion in long, slim books—curses on the luck!

But, at least, now I was an author. In those days I spelled it with a large A—as I do not today. And, after all, the first step proved to be the hardest.

My kind old boss was well known in New York, and sometimes I think he must have had a sort of interest in me after all—at least he gave me my next opportunity. A publishing house was bringing out a series of books on Western themes; and through the intercession of my boss, as I believe, their editor offered me the chance to do one of the series. I now saw not only fame but also fortune immediately within my grasp. The house, in return for a volume of a hundred thousand words on a theme in which I was supposed to be more or less a specialist, made me the liberal guarantee of a ten per cent royalty and an advance of three hundred dollars—a hundred and fifty dollars when the manuscript of the book was completed, and another hundred and fifty after publication of the book! It seemed to me then that they were taking large risks in putting up all that money—and very likely losing it.

"I'll do this book," said I, "on one condition."

"And what is that?" he inquired.

"That you do not bind it in a long, slim shape!" said I. You see I was beginning now to be a good business man.

When You Have Money You Have Friends—Average Friends

The book was written after business hours, be sure. It came out to be perhaps up to the standard of the series, none of which ever set the world on fire. In some way a copy fell into the hands of Theodore Roosevelt, then back from his ranch in the West and just about to become commissioner of police in the city of New York. Without any solicitation from any one he wrote me a very nice letter about the book, and said it was one he himself had always wanted to do. "Now, thank God!" said he, in his impulsive way, "it has been done better than I could have done it myself!"

I believe that was the first word of unreserved confidence and praise I had ever had in all my life up to that time. It was almost the first step I had, in my oddly misspent life, into a fuller self-confidence. Hitherto every publisher in the world I had ever met had been icily cautious, cold, doubtful, suspicious—asking for proof where I had no proof to give. But this warm and impulsive letter I still have; and that was the beginning of a friendship—on one side at least—which has lasted since then between its writer and myself. My creed of life has always been not the Quaker one but the Western one of never forgiving an enemy or forgetting a friend.

At a later period of my career I dedicated a book to President Roosevelt, as he then was; and he asked me to come to the White House and have lunch with him. I went; but I never told him then or at any other time how much I owed to him; neither did I tell him that I intended to square the debt, so far as I could. Believing that his principles were good I became a Progressive, and

during the Roosevelt third-term campaign I did what I could for him, on the stump and elsewhere. For my part I am willing to put my money on a human being who has time for a kind and generous word for another human being once in a while.

Up to this time I had never done a novel, nor did it seem likely that I ever should do one. I was trying very hard at that time to be a woman-hater; in fact I ought to have been a misanthrope. But I found it difficult to remain so. All my life, as I state without shame or pride, I have been an admirer of that certain object last created in the Garden of Eden. In many parts of the country, many years since, I had the conviction borne in upon me that lovely woman is one of the most widely distributed species of our American fauna. I was young and, I presume, very much like other men—not much better and not much worse. I have no respect for a man who does not feel that, so long as lovely woman thus persists, pervades and prevails in our country, "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world!" Moreover all round any young man in the city are indisputable evidences of the general prevalence of this member of our fauna aforesaid. There was not the slightest intention in my mind ever to marry—that was something dismissed forever in my career, as I supposed. This, however, did not preclude my belief that God was in His Heaven and all was right with the world in the respect aforesaid. I left it as a fact and did not apply it to fiction.

Soon after I had come to the city and settled into the work I intended to follow I indulged in a little stock-taking of myself and my equipment. I realized that there is no quality more desirable in success than physical good health. Nervous energy, persistence and willingness to work long and hard I already had; but it seemed to me that I might be stronger than I was, though I was not at that time any sort of a weakling. I began, therefore, to take systematic exercise. I made it a practice to do twenty minutes or more with the dumb-bells, through a series of movements of my own devising, every night and every morning, no matter how late I went to bed or how early I rose. If I came home at two or three o'clock in the morning—as sometimes I did in those days—I went through my exercises before I went to sleep.

"I am Going to Marry That Girl!" I Did

My training for many years was not dissimilar from that of the prizefighter, though not quite so severe. I made good physical condition a sort of religion, and I kept at it until I got it. I could put up the dumb-bells in any position for many hundreds of times without fatigue. I could touch the floor with the palms of my hands, bending forward, and would do this many scores of times in succession with few stops. Sometimes I would lie on the floor, put my feet against the baseboard and rise to a sitting position some hundreds of times with only short rests.

In this way I got to be as hard as nails, and when I walked I could not feel the ground under my feet. In most of the hard wilderness trips of that time of my life I found that I could march as far on snowshoes, ride as long and walk as steadily as most of the guides or hunters I met. There were not many of my weight and inches who were much more powerful than I was at this time. It was only hard and persistent work that did it.

The Pagan Theory of Wedlock

NOW, to revert to the pleasant subject left above, there are two sorts of men who will receive a second look from lovely woman—the man who has money with or without physique, and the man who has physique with or without money. I certainly had neither money nor looks. Neither—since this is not an autobiography but a confession—did I have any particular reverence for womankind at that time of my career. The city was teaching me its lesson. I do not see much difference between a man so situated and the gladiators for whom Rome was so tender a nurse. I was there to die; why, therefore, should I not live before that time came? As near as I can get at it that must have been pretty much my philosophy at that time. I ought to have been a woman-hater—and was not. I intended never to marry—and I did. That last resolution was broken much later on. I had learned that one ought never to ask a woman to keep her word, though, providentially, I had not lost the early creed that had taught me I must keep my own word.

I am a married man now and am glad that it is true; but sometimes a part of my old pagan philosophy lingers with me. Marriage never seemed to me a divine institution, but the love and faith of a woman has always seemed to me about as divine as anything we have on earth. The vows do not amount to much. The substance of the love and faith amounts to a great deal. Divorce seems to me a necessary corollary of marriage for men and women of no judgment and no decision of character; but divorce is something that has no terrors for me, for I shall never be divorced. By one of those paradoxes that sometimes are offered us in life, though I did not any longer think a woman should be asked to keep her word, I found one who did so without asking. In my philosophy my wife is free to leave me whenever she finds a better man; but she knows very well I would blow the head off any man who ever made any proposition to that effect himself. So we get on very handsomely.

Sheer accident has had more to do with the altering of my life and its ways than all my deliberate efforts and plans. The accident that I was born morbid, melancholy and overstrung—whose fault was that and how could I have changed it? The accident that when I was a law student I saw a copy of a sporting magazine—whose fault was that and how could I have changed it? The accident that one time, walking without plan abroad, I saw a certain beautiful young woman—whose fault was that and how could I have changed it? Yet those were the three great events in my life—and I had nothing to do with any one of them.

At any rate—since this is not an autobiography but a confession—I did once upon a time see this young woman. It seemed to me, all at once, that she was perhaps the most beautiful one I had ever seen. There is nothing in that alone to alter a man's life. I was no novice and no bad judge in such matters, and beautiful women were nothing new in the world; but in some way I knew—I don't know how, but I did know it—there was something not only sweet but wise and calm about that young woman. It seemed to me that she had what I lacked—poise, balance, attunement with the universe. So much I knew, let us say, at once. Later I was to learn that the young woman herself was of good family, of good training; but I did not at the time ask about those things. I did not try to analyze at all, and certainly should not undertake further than this to explain or to comment at all.

Upon seeing this young woman, as I very well know, I said to myself all at once, and swiftly casting aside every earlier resolution—not considering how selfish I was, or how the other side of the question might look at all: "I am going to marry that girl!" I did.

I was now well in the thirties, with no achievement to my credit in life—with no prospects for the future. As it had been a woman who had ruined me so now I knew it would be this woman who would save me if I was to be saved. It was a pretty selfish proposition—to trade my record for hers, myself for her. But at least I was honest; and without any reservation—and at a very early date after I first met the young woman in question—I told her everything that I have told the gentle reader herein and perhaps a few other things. I advised her, as I would have advised any other fine and well-bred young lady in the circumstances, by no means to marry me. But on the other hand I told her I did not see how she was going to help it.

Autobiographies commonly print nothing of these matters excepting the wedding date and the genealogy of both parties. In this case candor determines the statement that the last of the three great accidents of my life was a lucky one. I hope always to admire womankind—and probably shall. They are wonderful—the women of this country! They have great influence on all the men of this country—known or unknown men. They are wonderful! And the most wonderful and beautiful of it all to me is the fact that my snap judgment, formed in an instant, has remained unshaken from that day to this—as I always felt it would be unshaken.

Why She Married Him

I HAVE said that all my life I have been a sort of bystander—a looker-on, apparently not composing with the usual ways or succeeding through the usual efforts. It is the innate and foreordained misfortune of some men to be obliged to drag the cat across the carpet by the tail, and so to antagonize the grain of the carpet with that of the cat; whereas the reverse would be far more amiably executed. I was not, therefore, surprised to find myself confronted with a difficulty soon after discovering the existence of this young woman who had impressed me so deeply. I did not know a mutual friend—could not find any one to introduce me. This, however, was merely a detail. We have to take luck as it comes.

As a matter of fact I have never been introduced to my wife at all. We have now been married sixteen years, and the chance of our finding a suitable mutual friend seems to lessen; so that our acquaintance, so to speak, still suffers that handicap. But so far as I know there is no happier couple of my acquaintance than we. There were some complications, to be sure. The young lady had other suitors. Why should she have selected me? I do not know. Sometimes I ask why she married me when my prospects were so poor.

"I knew you'd win some time," she always says, smiling.

"Is that the truth?" And she cannot say it is the truth.

"No; the truth is," says she, "I didn't think much about that part of it."

There is, if you please, a world of romance in that last sentence. At any rate this was my romance—and it made a man of me. Once, before we were married, in walking across the crowded streets this young lady started to take my arm. Instead she took the sleeve of my coat between two fingers, precisely as a child would have done—she always did so. Sometimes, after we were married, instead of taking my hand over a bad place she would take one finger in all of hers, precisely as a child would have done. And I have said that her attitude toward life was trusting—like that of a child. The fellow who would not treat that kind of a girl on the square has no right on earth to succeed. Seeing all these things, I made the promise to myself which, it seems to me, is the only marriage vow worth while. I simply said in my Western speech that I was going to stick, and going to make good, and going to come through.

We two were left pretty much alone in the world. Her mother had died some time since; mine also, more recently. Our fathers were very old—soon both would pass away. I remember the little luncheon party in which we two entertained our respective fathers-in-law-to-be. They were old men, ending life. We were just starting out—I very much belated. Our parents were to give us but little in life, for the young woman's father, once well to do, as was once my own, had undertaken to engineer a corner in lard and short ribs, with financial results most disastrous to himself. Our betrothal luncheon was a modest one and rather a grave one. It might have seemed sad or pathetic had we felt that way about it, though we did not.

So, after a time, we two were quietly married. Our wedding trip was a carriage ride across town. I had two thousand dollars in life insurance. I had remaining in bank three hundred dollars. Our total household equipment—bought and paid for before we began housekeeping, you may be sure—had cost me about fifteen hundred

dollars. I had made a failure all my life, was not even yet engaged in a lucrative employment, seemed to have no special talents, and had no prospects of any business betterment. Why did she do it?

However, at least we had our wedding journey in the rubber-tired carriage across the city. A woman neighbor, a relative, who lived not far from our new home, had preceded us, and had put a brave bunch of roses in the middle of the table in our little dining room. There was a little supper waiting for us. The lights were all turned on. Laughingly, mindful of the old superstition, I picked up my wife and carried her over the threshold and set her down in what was to prove after all a very happy home. I was so strong then that I could hold her out in front of me in my two arms. It seems to me now, looking back over these matters, that that girl was either awfully game or awfully foolish. But, according to her own confession, she had not thought much about things.

Now for the first time in my life, starting out in a new way of life, making my first real stand and giving my first hostages to Fate, I did a lot of sober thinking of my own. I was married and beginning life at about the age limit when business men are said to be put on the shelf. And this was the first good luck I had ever had in all my life. I hope I have written simply and not indelicately about it. My confession would be of no worth if it lacked absolute candor, but no man wants to be thought either mawkish or foolish.

Without question it is true that wrong starts in life are a terrible handicap, and that so late a beginning as my own customarily is a hopeless one. It was a late start I had made, and a poor start; but not this time a wrong start, when I began life all over again once more, in the little flat with the roses on the dining table, with the woman who was game enough or foolish enough to take an outside chance!

Slipping in by the Side Door

MOST newspaper men who have spent a hard and faithful life in heel-and-toe newspaper work have a dislike for any of the profession who break into success through a side door—such as that of fiction writing. Neither do they like to see any one in the profession have too good a time; in fact none of your average friends likes to see you enjoy yourself—as you will learn if you care to do a little observing. I remember to this day the contempt with which an old and able newspaper friend of mine many years ago spoke of my connection with the sporting journal as "vacation work." His phrase was precisely accurate; it was vacation work that I had been doing for nearly fifteen years—the best period of my working life. In one way it was the worst fitting in the world for business as some men like to regard business. For the business which, knowingly or unwittingly, with or without plan, I had made the secret ambition of my heart, my life had been precisely the best preparation in the world.

For at last the long road had turned and everything that once had been bad luck now was good luck. Now I began to cash in, not only on my failures and my vagrancies and my vagaries, but even on my vacation work. Even my ambition to be physically strong now proved of great avail to me. I had taken care of myself, as the phrase goes; and it was well enough I had, for now I was to do extra work. Some men put money in the savings bank. I had put muscle and nerve and endurance in the savings bank by my vacation work. They made a handsome reserve by this time and I needed them all. So much for sidestepping the rules of the game and coming in at the side door.

As to this question of doors, however, perhaps we have the terms mixed. Perhaps all my life I had been trying to get in at the side door instead of going round in front. Perhaps the stepping-stones and makeshifts I had known all my life were things I did well to abandon. It may have been very well that I had violated all the rules my friends would have laid down for me, and had done precisely what I liked—or what I must—perhaps even it was well I had been a rolling stone. In other words, in my case as in yours there was very likely one continuous ambition I had had all my life; so it seemed the most natural thing in the world when, at last, the long road did turn, and I saw lying on ahead vast pleasant fields—beyond them tall mountains which I probably was never meant to ascend. When you get out of the woods it always seems the most natural thing in the world—and it is the most natural thing in the world because there is no success worth having that is not the product of your own personal equation, your own heredity, plus circumstance, plus luck, plus accident. As near as I can get at it, that is life. It leaves one with something of a fatalistic philosophy that is not wholly uncomforting.

At any rate, though I had sidestepped all the rules and broken all the good precedents, now I was married. That was something different again, so to speak. There came to my mind the great duty of building a tall, strong wall of protection round the woman who took a chance and came along with me through the hard times before the road showed any sign of turning. Her father was fond of saying to us sometimes: "It is not what you make but what you save that counts." We were white-collar people, all of us—the most unhappy people in the world. There were two ways of looking at it: saving a little more—which we could not do—or working a little harder—which we certainly could. I proceeded now to take a little more out of my indestructible hide.

At this time the sporting periodical was not flourishing any too much like a green bay tree. The new science of advertising was beginning to fight its way into the business world, and business men were beginning to see the folly of handing money to some publisher without knowing what it was all about or being told what they were buying. To be a good advertising man means that one must devote his life to that work. There naturally would not be very large rewards for a man who was making it a divided business or a side line of activity, as I was obliged to do.

I now took on one more Eastern magazine to represent in my city—and once more found myself confronted with a delightful but difficult line of labor. There was never an outdoor paper published the equal of the one for which I worked. Neither has there ever been a higher type of literary magazine in America than that which I now also took into my desk on an advertising basis. And never in the history of advertising propositions were there two more difficult mediums to handle with the advertising public! Neither of them would quote circulation, for the very good reason that they did not have a whole lot of circulation to quote. Since none of my successors at either end of the line has ever made a go of either of these limited circulations, I am inclined to think that the lack of brilliant success in the Western office was not all the fault of the Western representatives. Whether it was or was not, it did not affect my bank balance a great deal.

We needed money in our family. How, then, to get it? I was working ten hours a day, doing about a third or a half more work than the average newspaper man or advertising man, keeping up my weekly news letter, traveling here and there in the news work of my calling, and finding time to write special stuff for the newspapers or now and then an ill-paid magazine story. My trail would then have been hard for a younger man to follow; but I found my energy still holding. I kept up my physical exercises—did so all my life, until not long ago my doctors forbade it for a time after a grueling attack of typhoid and pneumonia. So I was glad to find myself able to do what I had to do—night work at writing.

When the Coffee Was Weak

I HAD not yet done a novel, but now the publishers of my Western book asked me for one. I wrote it under the house rules I had established at home—madam to go to bed at ten o'clock; papa then to put on his working clothes and keep at it until three or four o'clock in the morning. Maybe a little coffee on the side now and then, but only a quart or so. It was a bit hard, but I did my first novel in a few months in that way.

I located my novel in the West. I was beginning to cash in on my vacation work—the occupation that my friends thought had been one continuous round of pleasure. My publishers thought the book was fairly good, but, with a puzzled look, said: "It seems rather broken and disconnected at times." I suppose those were the places where I went to sleep or where the maid did not make the coffee very strong.

I do not know that this is just the best way in the world to write immortal works, but it was the only way I had. From that time on I have never been willing to criticise any other fellow's book—I do not know what it may have cost him to do it. Very often young people write me and say they want to break into literature, but are too busy to do it—and ask me what to do. The only thing they can do is to take it out of such capital as they have. If that is one's hide—then the hide. At any rate that is the way I did my first novel. It was not a screaming success, but it still sells a little, though fourteen years old.

Neither was this getting rich very quickly. I contemplated nothing short of paying all my debts to society, of being independent all my life, and building that wall of protection round the other half of the family to take care of her when I was dead or old. Obviously it meant more night work and another try. I saw that the best rewards were in fiction and went back at fiction once more.

There are fashions in literature just as there are in business. Long ago we had the analytical novel. Just at the time I went to the Western city to go into my newspaper work, we were having a wave of dialect stories, Southerners and Northerners conspiring. After that came the great flood of historical fiction, the biggest money-making fashion ever known in fiction in the history of the world, and the thing that made the literary profession in America an actual profession. Now we are having decadent and erratic fiction, and spasms of "action." It will not last long.

Of all these different phenomena the historical novel perhaps is the soundest and most enduring. Many great novels of the world have been historical novels, or partly such; and there never will be a time in fiction when a good historical novel will not be good property.

(Continued on Page 49)

Our Betrothal Luncheon Was a Modest One and Rather a Grave One

The Medical Quick-Lunch Counter

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

They Learn to be Good Diagnosticians Over There

THE young doctor at the corner, who came in now and then when the family physician was out of town, has pulled up stakes and gone away. The brass plate is off the door; the silk half curtains are down. A dentist with a sanitary outfit and forty-seven new varieties of drills has moved in. He has put up dotted Swiss curtains, as more aseptic. You get a vague outline through them of a white duck-clad arm, describing mysterious arcs from table to tooth, tooth to table.

The housemaid has heard that the young doctor is going to Europe to study. Later on the neighbors tell you that he is taking up a specialty. People wonder where he got the money.

Taking up a specialty! Well, everybody's specializing, from the theater to the kitchen. Actors are one-part men nowadays—once a villain, always a villain. They build up one sort of part and carry it through an indefinite number of plays. It saves a lot of bother. Cooks specialize—they are good cooks or good scrubbers. Some cooks specialize in baker's bread and policemen; others run to postcards and cream soups. Housemaids carry the soiled clothing to the bottom step of the back staircase, whence it is received by the gardener, who totes it through his territory to the laundress, who receives it at the door of her domain, the outside laundry. The dressmaking profession is highly specialized—skirtmakers, waistmakers, hook-and-eye-ers, right sleeve makers, left sleeve makers, buttonhole workers, cutters-out, fitters-in, hemmers, basters, rippers and buffers—the latter acting as cushions between the modiste and dissatisfied customers. Once the same young woman, with her breast full of pins and a tapeline round her neck, made the whole frock, just as the family physician drove up in the professional buggy and treated everybody in the house, from blowing out Johnny's ears to healing the finger father shut in a drawer.

Off to Europe for Foreign Finish

BACK, you see, to the young doctor at the corner, who is specializing with the rest. For, after a year or so of general practice, with the net result of having acquired a list of charity families that are trying to solve their problem in division of income by multiplication, and one call to the rich family of the neighborhood—to kill a goat that had been kicked by a horse—the young doctor begins to realize that when Johnny gets the earache these days he is hied off uptown—or downtown—to an ear man, who blows out his ears, with due attention to the asepsis of the nasal mucous membranes and naso-pharynx, according to Politzer, of Vienna

By the same token father, who has shut his finger in a chiffonier drawer, swollen during the damp weather—the drawer, not the finger, though it swells, rather!—father calls a taxicab and carries his finger in a wet towel to a surgeon. If it is broken and heals crooked he goes to an orthopedic man later; if it is stiff he hies him to an osteopath or has a whack at spondylo-therapy or Christian Science. During the year the young doctor is on the corner Johnny's father called on him twice—once to have him examine the cicatrix on Johnny's left arm and sign a vaccination certificate—no charge—and once to ask him about the disposal of a dead cat in the back alley.

So the young doctor decides to make a plunge, give up the year's accumulation of business—goats, babies, cats and vaccination certificates—and take up a specialty. This is the time, if ever, to do it—now, before he marries and has a family, and has learned to sleep between a baby on one side and a telephone on the other.

He does it. He sells his office equipment back to the installment house at a depreciation for the year of about eighty per cent—which sounds like some depreciation—until, later on, he tries to sell his automobile, used six months, and finds it has depreciated so terribly that another month and it would be worth less than nothing and he would probably have had to pay them to take it back! He raises, all told, twelve or fifteen hundred dollars—maybe more, frequently much less. And he faces his problem squarely. That amount is all he has or is going to have.

In the shortest possible time, then, he must acquire the training that makes the specialist so far as it can be taught—so much for board and room, so much for steamship and railroad fares, so much for clinics. That's the way he figures it, with a small margin for amusement and a little for clothes. "A chap can buy a wardrobe in London for twenty pounds." Yes, he can if he doesn't care what he looks like—nice little coats; elderly looking trousers; cutaways that give a thin man a paunch; belted Norfolks with the belts under the arms, empire fashion, and lovely full skirts; shoes—but why be tragic? He figures a hundred dollars for London clothes, orders them, and wears the twenty-dollar suit he bought off a hook for the steamer, through all Europe and home again, with a patch in the seat.

Taken by and large, several thousand young medical men go to Europe every year under something like these conditions. Some go direct from college, being of the fortunate ones who have not had to earn the money to go; some ditto, but on borrowed funds; some make a short struggle and, after watching the specialist chaps motor by on Saturday afternoons, with golf clubs in the tonneau, while they keep office hours for the cat and book agent, decide to go and do likewise. Some—fewer, these—desert large and hard-won practices for the regulated hours, better prices and more assured future of the specialist, and burn their bridges behind them. With one and all it is American and courageous, and it is a symptom of that discontent and desire for something better that is the great American characteristic. Pressing "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling ——"

The young corner doctor goes away and the dentist with white Swiss curtains takes his place. In six months or a year, or two years, the young corner man is back again—but not at the corner. He is back, a little older, a little wearier perhaps, assuredly more assured; he takes offices downtown in an office building, installs mahogany furniture, an office attendant in crisp white—he'll have a trained nurse later, but at present the landlady's daughter answers well enough and looks fresh and neat—and saunters in to business at ten o'clock in the morning.

For six months or a year, or two years, he has been away in Europe—not the Europe of Cook and Baedeker; not the Europe of art galleries and museums, of opera and park and theater; not the Europe of Bond Street and Piccadilly, the Bois de Boulogne, the Friedrichstrasse of Berlin, or the Prater of Vienna. He has been in medical Europe.

What becomes of the thousands of men who sail yearly to medical Europe? Where do they go? What do they do? How do they live? Through what metamorphosis do they pass, these general practitioners, these students, that they come back no longer to spread their medical knowledge in a thin layer over an entire slice of medical practice, but concentrationists, if you like—men of one field, one battle?

What and where is medical Europe? Are you going to try for it, little doctor across the airshaft, with your tidy, empty waiting room, your diploma over the desk, and the photograph in the back of your watch? Are you going to send your boy, father or mother? Are you thinking of chancing it, middle-aged general practitioner, with your years of general experience behind you—your loyal old patients, who stop you on the street to explain to you why they have taken that bad throat to a laryngologist?

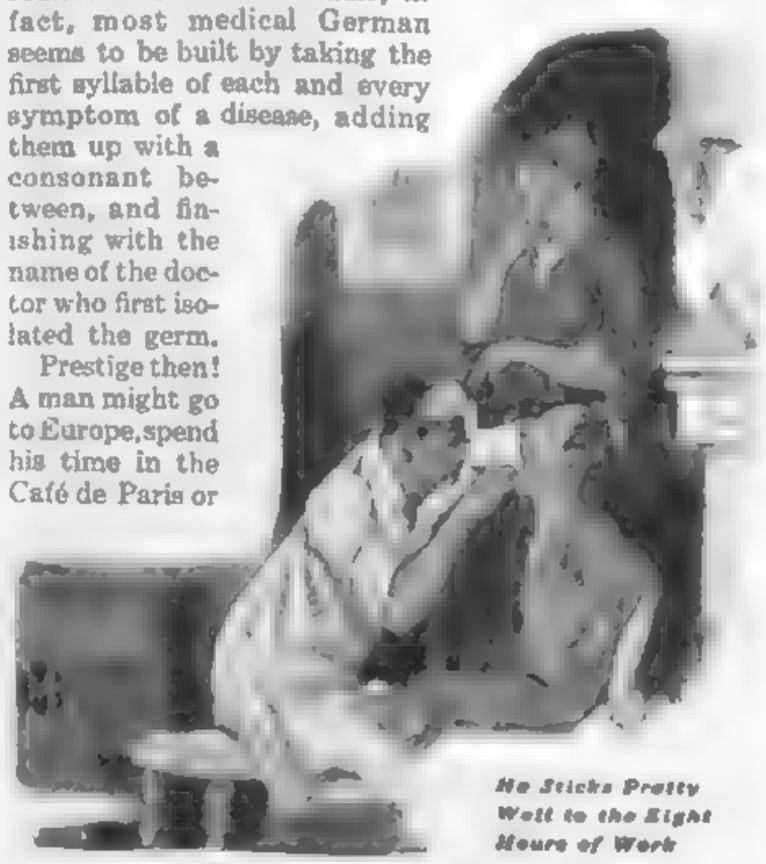
Professional Prestige Made in Vienna

I WONDER! And if you are, why Europe? Why not America? Why not? You can get it all here, you know—just as good stuff; just as well taught. Where is there surgery like ours? Dash, courage, initiative—we have them all. True, we are rather behind in research work; the Americans are men of action rather than students, and we have not the patience of minutiæ for research—or the money. But even that is coming. We are not talking of research work, however; we are talking of its practical application. Why, then, this annual hegira to medical Europe?

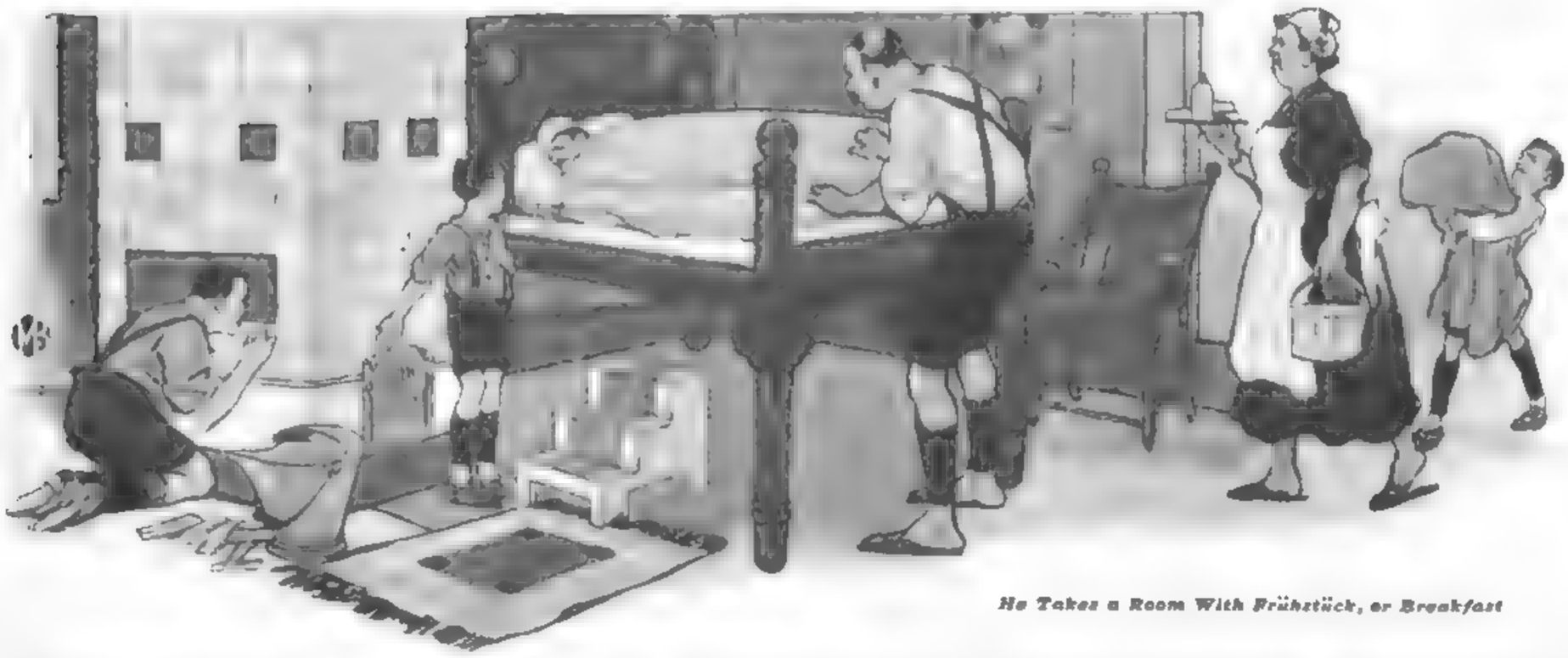
There are three answers. One is as good as another—and all three enter into the mixed motives of the hegirists, no doubt.

First, there is that little matter of prestige! It's curious when you analyze it, but it exists. It sounds a lot better to say you took ophthalmoscopy and practical refraction from Fuchs, in Vienna, than the same things from somebody in Sioux City, Iowa. In case of a consultation the man who can listen to the others to the end, and then remark quietly, "But Urbantschitsch says that in cases of this sort"—that man generally wins. If he can say it in German he has things his own way. The merest indigestion sounds so fatal in German; in fact, most medical German seems to be built by taking the first syllable of each and every symptom of a disease, adding them up with a consonant between, and finishing with the name of the doctor who first isolated the germ.

Prestige then! A man might go to Europe, spend his time in the Café de Paris or



He Sticks Pretty Well to the Eight Hours of Work



He Takes a Room With Frühstück, or Breakfast

leaping avalanches in the Alps, and come home with enough prestige to set him up for life; in fact I believe it has been done. But most men really go abroad to study. They mean to study hard—which brings us to the second answer.

It is a good bit easier to study away from home—we go away to college, you know, or send our children. There are too many distractions at home—the familiar life of every day calls us. We fill our days full, we Americans—cradle to grave. An empty hour is a lost hour. Europe is more leisurely, or so we fondly think. Ergo—go to Europe to study in a studious atmosphere; no familiar distractions; leisurely days and long, quiet nights! The fallacy in this is, of course, that Europe is only quiet in the daylight, between the hours of two and four in the middle of the day, and not noticeably so then; and that it stays up all night for fear it will miss something. But that really belongs later on.

There is another point that belongs here though—that is, we generally appreciate the thing that is hard to get. A man may sit in a New York hospital and hear in good English the same lectures he gets in Europe. But it takes a better mental hold—be sure of it—if to hear those lectures he has taken a rebellious liver across the Atlantic, has been robbed and short-changed in France, has been searched for tobacco at a frontier and has had ptomaine poisoning in Innsbruck.

He Has Had Ptomaine Poisoning in Innsbruck

The third answer is perhaps the most important. Berlin and Vienna have commercialized their medical knowledge and put it on the market. They are a rather merry lot of advertisers too. Steamerloads of pamphlets come across to us—all entirely ethical of course: reports of cases, lectures, clinics. And America is a good market. Do you know that the American medical men control Vienna absolutely, so far as courses and clinics go? That belongs later on too; but it's a good story. The English go there of course; but every now and then an Englishman packs up his top hat and bathtub and departs irately, because he finds that he cannot walk in and get his lecture course or his clinics when he pleases. He must go to the American Medical Association, be enrolled and put on a list! Then, in due time and in his fair order, he gets his classes.

That is one concession Vienna has had to make to America in return for our annual ingathering of Vienna pastries, bronzes, china, leather goods, butlers, court scandals, and that old story about the Viennese women being the most beautiful in the world—they really are rather stunning, you know, but on the harem order!

The fact is, of course, that all of Europe is medical Europe. You can get certain things in Freiburg, on the edge of the Black Forest. Berlin, Munich, and Frankfort, and Halle—any number of places have won renown for certain things. But Vienna is the medical quick lunch. That's the real answer to it all. Vienna has medical wares to sell, advertises them, condenses them—it is really a sort of tabloid lunch—and has a department-store fixed-price system, thanks to the A. M. A. It gives a man what he wants quickly and lets him go. If he knows what he wants, and enters his name properly, he can fill every hour of the day and his evenings. He may cram if he wishes.

You can get the same thing in America, but not in so concentrated a form.

These, then, are the three reasons why we go to medical Europe: the prestige; the common belief that, so far away, we can study better, and that we'll appreciate the thing because it is so blooming hard to get; and, third, the astute manner in which parts of Europe commercialize their medical wares, placing them on the world's counter for sale in concentrated, tabloid form.

Ah!—but there is another reason. Perhaps it is the real reason after all: The endless wealth of material! Intensive living has told on Europe; poverty is frightful—and poverty brings her twin, disease. The great barracks of military Germany and Austria are hotbeds of sickness.

The Penalty for Mistakes in Vienna

SPECIFIC diseases and their sequelæ flourish. The hospitals are always full. Life is cheap. Particularly is this true of Vienna, where, in the Allgemeiner Krankenhaus, or General Hospital, there are two thousand six hundred beds. This is the old hospital. I do not know about the new one. Here, hour after hour, the tolling bell announces a death, and draped funeral cars, led by professional mourners in black and carrying burning torches, go about the streets all day. In the old hospital fifty thousand patients a year are admitted and almost two hundred thousand outpatients treated! That is clinical material, if you like.

And there is another point, valuable from our point of view: Every death is posted. It makes for careful diagnosis if you can forget the human element and remember that we are in Vienna looking for material. In case of death—and there is considerable death—the postmortem shows up a diagnosis scandalously. They learn to be good diagnosticians over there. A man who is shown up wrong has to buy the drinks or something.

Roughly speaking, the medical colonies of Europe are composed of two classes of men—workers; and a gay majority that pick up a bit of technic here, a lecture or a clinic there, and who go home with a perfect working knowledge of every variety theater, ballhouse, and all-night café of any prominence in the Old World. There is really a lot of that. An itemized account of the year that some youths spend in completing their medical and surgical training abroad would be interesting reading, unless one were providing the funds for said excursion.

There are workers, plenty of them, and the Austrians take off their hats to them when they come across them; but it is by the drones unluckily that we are known over there, generally speaking. And just as they predominate so American medical science and achievement suffer. To be quite frank, they don't think much of us over there medically. They like us—in Austria particularly. The Austrians are a frank, pleasure-loving and cheerful people, and in the Americans they find a frank and cheerful response. They like our clothes, our women, our language, our slang, our darkies, our ragtime music. They like our money and our easy expenditure; but they say we are only good practical people in medicine, applying their discoveries, using their researches, building our superstructure of practice on their foundation of study and years of investigation.

Medicine with them, you see, is a serious thing. They go at it with all the thoroughness of the German mind. To them the thought that an unlicked cub of twenty may enter a medical school with no knowledge of medicine beyond the sulphur and molasses of childhood, and in four short years be in independent practice, ushering new lives into the world and helping out others, taking life and death on to shoulders that have not reached the breadth of maturity—well, they shudder!

Over there, you know, they regard the university as a beginning only. After the university comes a period when the aspirants hang round the hospital, listening in meek silence to what the *Docent*, or the professor, or the *Hofrath* may deign to say in their hearing. In due time they enter a hospital, become *Docents* themselves, at a salary of about three hundred dollars a year, and board in the hospital. They make a little extra—quite a lot sometimes—teaching young America; but they have no liberty, no privileges. They may not marry until—after years—the *Hofrath* consents. By that time the *Docent* is bearded, not very young, and has had many thousands of patients. Now comes the great moment of decision. Shall he stick by the *Universität* and the hospital, on a salary and what he can pick up from the Americans, or try public practice?

That is very different—all of it, you see—from getting a medical diploma in June, spending the summer down on Long Island to rest up and opening an office in September. Different, with a vengeance! Only the matured and seasoned practitioner, looking back from the still slippery places of middle life, can realize the boundless confidence, joyous hope and optimism, and fearful inexperience of the very new medical man. You know the story about the young graduate who was sent to a charity family by an older confrère: He was out all night on the case, which was one of the aforementioned instances of multiplication.

"Well, how'd you come out?" asked the O. C.

"Not very well. The—the baby died."

"Good gracious! How's the mother?"

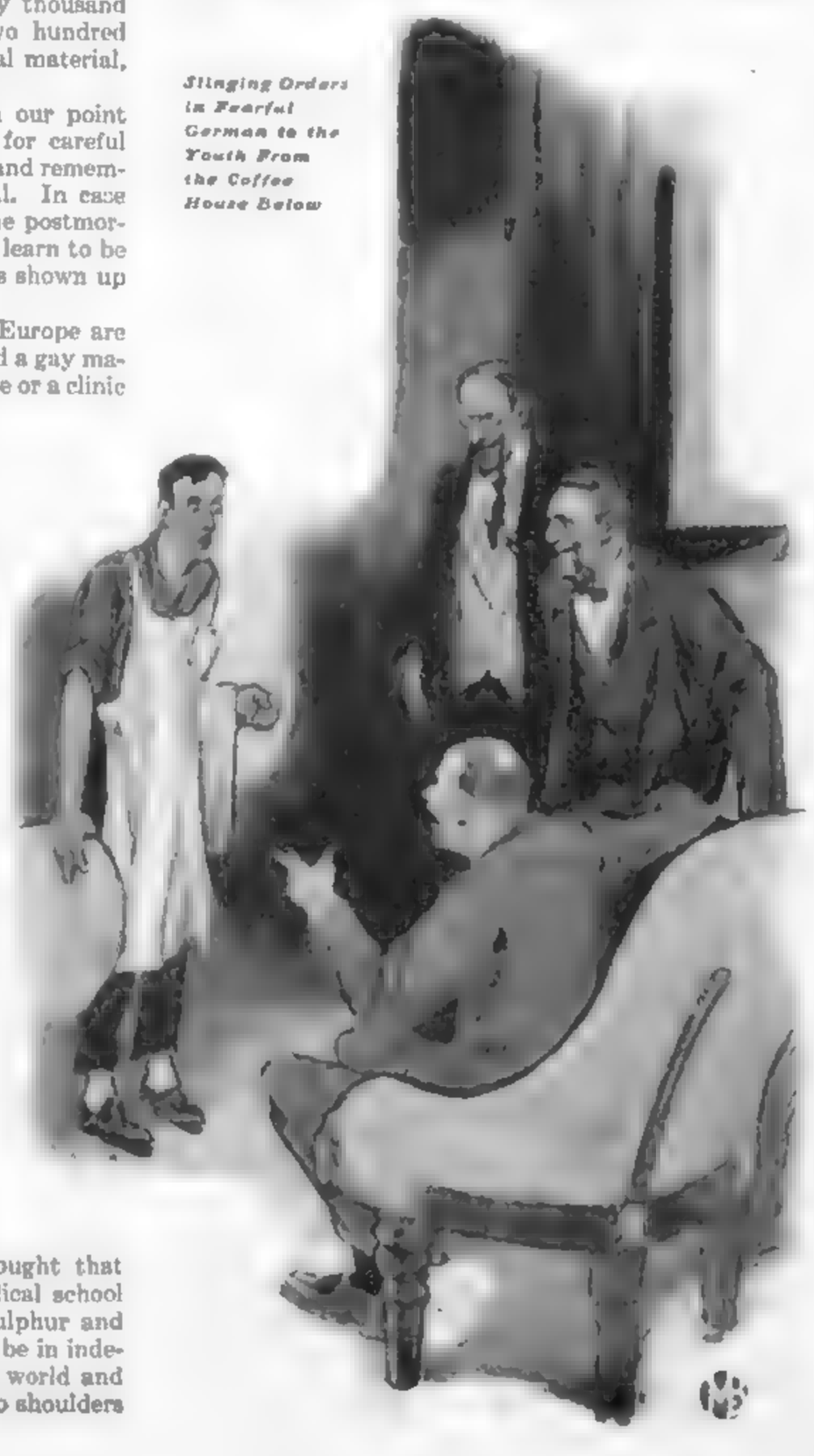
"She—She died too."

"Bless my soul! Why, what were you doing?"

"Well, with the help of Heaven, I saved the old man!"

Well, they don't think a lot of us, but they take our money—between seventy-five thousand and a hundred

Slinging Orders in Fearful German to the Youth From the Coffee House Below



thousand dollars a year as lecture fees in Vienna alone. Each man spends about sixty dollars a month for clinics and lectures. That's what it averages. The Americans have systematized the thing. They control it, you see. They decide that a certain *Docent*—or teacher—can only teach six men at a time and do them justice. That man gets six men in each class—no more; no less. He fixes his own price, but the association has to approve it. He must give full time—a full hour, or whatever it may be. If he doesn't he gets no more classes until he comes to reason. It is all very simple, very effective.

Now and then there is a bit of trouble! A lecturer will ring in an extra—a glib Austrian who probably is paying and who is entitled to what he pays for; but that is outside the agreement. He asks incessant questions, interferes, pushes in ahead of the Americans whose class it is and who have paid for this time. There are no disputes. One of the Americans says pleasantly that there is evidently a mistake—and the strange youth disappears.

It is not armed neutrality, this situation between the American medical men and the Viennese purveyors of medical wares. It is merely perfect understanding. The Americans control the market, but they pay the best prices. What they do is merely to insist that goods come up to specifications—so much time, so many people, in return for so much money. And of course we are speaking generally. There are professors who do not care whether they have classes or not—men whose courses are filled months ahead—the top of the Viennese profession. I am speaking of the rank and file of *Docents*.

The thing is, of course, to know what one wants and go for it. If a man goes over with a vague idea of improving his general knowledge he is rather up against it. He finds a number of things he didn't know he didn't know. He finds that, where he has been satisfied with effects, the thoroughgoing Austrian or German has gone back to first causes. He decides to take a little physical diagnosis, a month or so of X-ray work, some nose-and-throat—because he comes from a catarrhal town—and some other odds and ends. He'll do it in a couple of months or so. The first thing he learns is that he has about two years' work laid out.

By concentrating on one thing and working it to death he'll learn something about it in six months. That's the secret of getting anything out of medical Europe. Go for one thing and stay until you get it—and get all there is of it. Specialize—know one subject, if it is only an elbow-joint. Don't mix up the elbow-joint with the pathology of the duodenum or the office of the pituitary body. You'll come home like May Robson's story of the American children, who went abroad with a French governess to live in Germany and came home talking succotash!

Rather a long way, all this, from the young doctor at the corner who has raised enough money to take a medical flier and who, having loitered in London long enough to take Sunday-night supper at the Savoy and to spend an evening wondering at the painted ladies of the Alhambra foyer, has now arrived in Vienna.

He goes to Vienna because he has known fellows who went to Vienna. They have talked a lot about it, but not much about the medical end of it. Mostly they dilated on the Apollo and the Ronacher, and the pretty women, and the American bar round the corner of the Karntnerstrasse. Also they had brought home meerschaum pipes of great beauty and cheapness—and kid gloves.

He goes to Vienna therefore. He is not a drone. He has his own way to make—and he knows it. Also there is the girl in the watch. But, being young and full of life, he does not mean to work all the time—eight hours of work, eight hours of sleep, and eight to eat and go a-pleasuring. The day has frequently been so divided.

To give him credit, he sticks pretty well to the eight hours of work. The other divisions change somewhat—in that the sleep portion is frequently less than half what it should be. Vienna, you know, wakes at midnight. It is quite common to see family parties taking the dog out for a walk at four A. M.

He arrives in Vienna at night, after a long day of wonderful scenery, of struggles for conversation in divers tongues, of pocket dictionary and much gesticulation. He feels a bit homesick as twilight falls, and there is no particular exultation when the myriad lights of the great city of the plain come into view. The great station looks dirty and crowded, full of directions he cannot read, of crowds he cannot understand.

A hotel seems the safest thing that night. He is driven there, with his trunk on the box of the fiacre, and is received by a series of mustached and bearded individuals who charge him a New York price, which seems even more because it is given him in kronen, each krone being twenty cents.

He has had a dinner of a sort on the train; so he deposits his hand luggage in the great room that looks like a hotel parlor, full of huge mirrors, gilt chairs and Vienna bronzes; throws his overcoat over the foot of a bed that hides in a far corner, and—goes out to see the town.

Good Heavens! Can this be Vienna the joyous? This drab, somber, narrow-streeted town with darkened shop-windows and great deserted squares? The city, which has not yet awakened to its evening amusements, he believes to have retired. Back he goes to the salon bedroom and the little bed in the corner, and goes blissfully to sleep.

Hours after, he arouses enough to hear the clatter of cabs below, the sound of many feet on the pavement. He thinks there is a fire!

The next day he hunts a pension. The booklet of the American Medical Association says that rooms cost from six to twelve dollars a month. He investigates a few and finds them hopeless. Heat—in a tall tile stove—is extra, at eighteen cents for a small pail of coal. The rooms are up indefinite numbers of stairs; all Vienna lives in apartments, up stone staircases. In the medical part of Vienna, that part which lies adjacent to the Alserstrasse and the great General Hospital, the lower floors of the buildings are mostly shops—milk shops, game shops, delicatessen and artificial-flower shops, postcard shops and *conditorei*.

(Continued on Page 30)

BACK-FIRE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

XIII

CARL GILLESPIE returned from his cruise on the Twilight rather the worse for two weeks of self-indulgence, principally at Nassau and Havana. He was disgusted with his guests. When he had most wanted a little excitement they had usually preferred to swim or fish or dance or talk quietly with friends and acquaintances, and they had conducted themselves as a bit bored with their host, though loyally trying to shield him from adverse criticism on account of his over-exuberant performances.

He had got into a fight in Havana with the unwilling lieutenant of a British man-of-war. Although he could not remember afterward precisely what it had been about, he decided that it must have been something serious, as he could not hold his pipe in his mouth without a pain at the angle of his jaw. He had also quarreled at Nassau with a mate or a purser or somebody of the sort, and had not achieved brilliant success or won any particular distinction thereby. A local magistrate had dismissed the case with a curt word of caution against drinking too much in the tropics, and Carl had admired his accent, even while trying to explain to him that he stood ready and willing to place a bet that he could lick any man of his weight on the island of Nassau. This statement also the authoritative young magistrate had dismissed, with a contemptuous and disbelieving shrug, politely requesting Carl's guests to take him aboard his yacht and try to prevent him from further disturbing the peace of His Majesty's West Indian Colonies.

Carl had also had his troubles with Captain Mackerel Handy. One day, wishing to see the last of Nassau over the taffrail, he had ordered Captain Handy to make sail and get under way. It happened that the glass had been dropping rapidly for six or eight hours, though it is doubtful if Captain Mackerel Handy was much influenced in his judgment by the glass. When Carl persisted in his demand, the old negro stared at him for a moment from his mottled eyes, then gave a "Humph" of such violence that the blast of air from his dilated nostrils blew a handful of waste off the cabin skylight. When Carl asserted his rights as owner, *pro tem.*, and demanded immediate obedience, Captain Handy walked to the quarter-deck and said to one of the guests: "Marster Root, sar, please tell Marster Carl ter behave he-self."

"Well, are You Satisfied Now?"

Taking things full and by, Carl was disgusted with his cruise. As an Incroyable, or what was even more his rôle, a ruffler of the court of George III, he had not proved much of a success with men, women or negroes. His friends were not the bloods he had hoped and expected to find them. They not only lacked spirit themselves, but they were unable to appreciate it in others. Carl's "Oh, come, be a sport!" had about as much effect on them as if he had said: "Oh, come, let's go to bed." That, at least, was the interpretation they usually gave it. And he had the uncomfortable feeling that he was not admired.

All things considered, Carl was glad when the schooner slipped through the inlet and worked up the beach to her regular moorings. He had not heard from his family since leaving home, for although he had kept his father informed as to where a cable might reach him, he had, owing to various unpleasantnesses, curtailed by several days his proposed sojourns in such ports as he had visited, and the schooner's mail was still following her about from island to island.

The last twenty-four hours' run had been the least agreeable of the entire trip. Carl, wishing to vindicate his prowess before his guests, had persuaded one of them, who was of about the same weight as himself, to put on the gloves with him. This the latter had reluctantly done, for Carl was in an aggressive mood and the proposed friendly bout promised to be rather lively. Both young gentlemen were somewhat over-stimulated even before the fight began, and Carl received a pounding that left him helpless and with a head that ached for the rest of the day.

As soon as the yacht had picked up her moorings, Carl sent his guests to the Casino in the launch and had himself set ashore at the landing in the gig. He was in an ugly, sulky mood as he started to walk up the magnolia road to the house. It seemed to him that modern life held very little for a reckless, dashing blade like himself, who had no real faults beyond a certain ruthless disregard of consequences and the natural instincts of a gamecock. He reflected that his late guest, Dick O'Neil, had shown himself rather a poor sport in hammering him as he had when he might have seen that he was not quite up to the mark. Carl did not see fit to consider the fact that the said gentleman had been in a condition very similar to his own.

"He couldn't do it now!" thought Carl to himself, and struck imaginary blows at the empty air. "I'll take him on again when I'm in better shape, and give him the surprise of his life."

From these heroic reflections his mind turned to the present condition of his personal affairs, which he was bound to admit was not brilliant. He was out of money,

and he felt decidedly doubtful whether his father would see fit to continue his allowance, now that he was no longer in college.

"I suppose I'll have to go to work," thought Carl gloomily, and wondered if his Aunt Nell still persisted in her determination to give her fortune to charity. In this connection his mind turned to Penfold, whom he had never seen but whom he cursed roundly to himself for a meddling, snufflebusting hypocrite, who no doubt had designs of his own on the Duane millions. "I'd like to land him a good one!" thought Carl to himself; and then stopped suddenly in his tracks as the sound of voices reached his ear.

Edna's low, liquid notes he recognized at once, and he walked forward quietly, his steps falling without noise in the soft sand. He could not distinguish her words, but it was apparent to Carl that she was speaking with a swift, passionate intensity such as he had never heard her use. Also there was a break in her voice, as though she were on the verge of tears. Much mystified, Carl pushed on rapidly to reach a bend in the path where the duck pond came in view.

Sitting on the bench, his back turned to Carl, was a man with Edna close beside him. As Carl paused he saw his sister fling herself, sobbing, into the arms of the stranger, who held her for a moment, kissed her, then let his arms fall. Edna sprang to her feet, sobbing violently and brushing the tears from her eyes. Without a backward glance she hurried up the path toward the house and disappeared in the green, lustrous foliage. The stranger did not even take the trouble to rise from the bench. His eyes followed the girl for a moment, then returned to a contemplation of the decoys splashing about in the pond.

The hot blood poured into Carl's head. He was devotedly fond of Edna and possessed an infinite respect for her ability to take care of herself. Although he knew her to be a bit of a coquette, Carl had never thought it possible that she could ever cheapen herself, and he did not believe that the man lived who could boast that he had ever kissed her, even supposing him to be cad enough to care to make such a boast. Yet here she was, flinging herself into the arms of some scoundrel who did not even take the trouble to rise, and who appeared, so far as one could judge from his actions, to be rather bored by her favor. Carl's jaw hardened and his fists clenched involuntarily. He strode forward quickly, and the stranger, hearing him for the first time, glanced back over his shoulder. Carl noticed that his face was lean, with strong bony prominences and rather deep-set eyes.

Reaching the side of the bench, Carl stood for an instant glowering down with a red face and a scowl on his sunburnt forehead.

"Who the deuce are you?" he demanded. "And what do you mean by getting gay with my sister?"

"I'm Doctor Penfold," answered the other quietly, "and as to your sister, there was nothing in my treatment of her that need bother you. Perhaps you'd better ask her about it before jumping at conclusions. I suppose that you are Carl Gillespie?"

The quiet, weary tone infuriated Carl.

"Oh, so you're Aunt Nell's pet missionary, are you?" he sneered. "I suppose you think you've got a mortgage on the whole family now. Well, I'm here to show you that you are mistaken!"

Penfold's face darkened and a swarthy color came into his lean cheeks.

"Don't make a fool of yourself," he answered curtly. "Go and talk to your sister, and then if you still think that your family is being insulted come back here and tell me about it."

Carl's eyes narrowed. He read in Penfold's words merely a pretext to escape punishment.

"I don't have to talk to my sister," he retorted; "I know what I've seen. Get up off that bench like a man."

Penfold merely crossed his legs and looked up at him with an expression of extreme annoyance.

"Look here, Gillespie," said he in a voice that held no more than quiet vexation, "I simply won't fight with you, and that's all there is about it. You don't understand."

For answer Carl reached down, grasped the shoulder of Penfold's loose serge coat, and dragged him forward so violently that he was forced either to rise or to fall. He rose unsteadily and stood facing Carl, who stepped back and eyed him ominously. It appeared to the angry youth that here was a perfectly fair antagonist; a man, in fact, who looked as if he ought to be able to put up a pretty good fight if he wanted to. Yet there was something about him that puzzled Carl, and thereby inflamed his anger to an even higher pitch. Penfold did not look frightened; rather he looked bored and disgusted, and as he straightened up Carl observed that his eyes were cool and steady, his shoulders very broad and his arms long, with big, bony wrists and heavy knuckles.

"You All Make Me Very, Very Tired — Especially Aunt Nell and Daddy"

"Do show a little sense!" said Penfold impatiently. "I don't want to fight with you, and there's no need of your wanting to fight with me"; and he made a motion as though to reseat himself upon the bench. But Carl was not to be thwarted. Stepping forward, he struck Penfold a stinging cuff with his open hand. Carl was very quick, and the blow had landed before Penfold had time to parry it.

"Will that put some fight in you?" Carl demanded; "because if it won't, I'll hand you one on the other side."

"Oh, I suppose so," snapped Penfold. "Get to work then, if nothing else will do you"; and he raised his long arms.

Carl sprang in and made a straight drive with his left. Penfold cross-countered with his right and his big knuckles landed, though with no great force, on the angle of Carl's jaw. It was a blow that would have ended the fight then and there if Penfold had been able to put any weight and strength behind it, but as it was it served merely to stimulate Carl, who got in a right hook that sent Penfold back against the bench. Before he could get his balance on legs still weak and unsteady from a fortnight's fever, Carl's left fist landed between his eyes, his heavy seal ring gashing Penfold above the eyebrow. Down he went with a crash across the bench, capsizing it, and lay for a moment where he had fallen. Carl stood looking down at him with a gleam in his eyes.

"Had enough?" he asked truculently.

Penfold struggled to rise, but his knees refused to straighten under him. He managed to sit up, with the blood trickling into his eye from the cut on his forehead. Reaching for his handkerchief, he wiped it away, then looked up at Carl with a dry smile.

"Well," said he, "are you satisfied now?"

Carl shrugged. "I suppose I've got to be," he answered, and looked rather uncomfortably at Penfold. "You're not much of a scrapper for a man of your size."

"It's not my specialty," Penfold answered, and something in his voice disturbed Carl and seemed to rob him of the pleasure of triumph. "I used to be fairly useful, but I'm not in very good condition. Besides, brass knuckles are scarcely legitimate, and that big ring of yours amounts to the same thing. Give me a hand up, Carl."

Carl hesitated, then with rather a red face offered his hand, wondering at Penfold's lack of strength. Penfold righted the bench and sat down, holding his handkerchief to the cut over his eye. Carl watched him for a moment with growing dissatisfaction at his victory.

"Well," said he sulkily, "it was your own fault. I'm not the sort to stand for my sisters being mauled about by anybody. I'm sorry about the ring though. I'd have slipped it off if I'd thought. Edna's crying made me see red for a minute. Give me your handkerchief and I'll rinse it out in the pond."

Penfold did as Carl suggested.

"You are too quick to see red, Carl," he answered. "Better cut it out. It might get you in trouble some day—real, serious trouble. We won't say anything about this. I'll tell them at the house that I tripped and fell against a tree. No use in getting everybody stirred up."

Carl washed out the handkerchief and brought it back, handing it to Penfold with a troubled look.

"I won't say anything if you don't," he answered. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, all right. You didn't hit me very hard. If it hadn't been for that ring, your blow wouldn't have left a mark. You go ahead up to the house. I'll be up directly."

Carl regarded him with growing concern. For the first time he noticed the extreme meagerness of the bony frame beneath the loose, white-serge clothes.

"Look here," said he suddenly, "what's all this business between you and Eddie? Are you in love with her or engaged to her, or anything like that?" His face grew very red.

"No," Penfold answered evenly, "nothing like that. You'd better ask her."

Carl glanced at him uneasily.

"You don't look like the sort of man to take liberties with a nice girl," said he.

"Thanks, Carl."

"Oh, you needn't be so patronizing!" answered Carl shortly. "I'm no kid. Besides, how was I to know?"

"You weren't—without making some inquiries. I'd rather be cut over the eye with a ring than answer questions as you put them. But there's no great harm done." Penfold reached in his pocket and drew out his cigarette case. "Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks." Carl took one awkwardly, lighted it, first offering the match to Penfold, then stood for a moment staring at him dubiously.

"I say, there's something phony about all this," he observed. "Feel all right?"

"Fine and dandy. The thing's stopped bleeding now."

"Then I'll go on up," said Carl awkwardly. He hesitated for a moment, looked doubtfully at Penfold, who was smoking calmly, then turned on his heel and strode off up the path. His mind was rather confused and he wanted to find Edna and ask some questions. Taken literally, it seemed to him that he had dealt with the situation as might have been expected of any brother with force and character.

And yet the result of his act left him discontented and rather ashamed. Penfold puzzled and impressed him. He did not look or speak or act like a scoundrel. On the contrary, Carl had felt like a foolish child while talking to him—and that, after having knocked him out in a perfectly fair fight. It was unfortunate about the ring, of course, but that was an oversight.

What most perplexed Carl was the swift and wholly involuntary respect and liking for Penfold that had come so curiously over him as the man sat there on the bench holding a compress against his bleeding eyebrow and talking in his dry, yet friendly, voice. Carl could not understand why he should feel respect for a man whom he had just knocked out so easily, nor a liking, vague as it was, for one whom he had come upon in the act of treating his favorite sister lightly. And another puzzling thing was Penfold's evident and honest lack of any ill feeling over the affair. Carl began to wonder whether perhaps, after all, there might not be other measures to manhood than that of the two fists.

He was turning these things over thoughtfully in his mind when the path came out at the end of the sunk gardens, and he discovered Lucia in the act of picking some roses. She saw him as he emerged from the magnolia grove, and setting down the basket hurried forward to greet him, her piquant face smiling a rosy welcome.

"Hello, Buz!" she cried. "Have a nice cruise? We saw the schooner come in, but thought that you'd probably landed at the Casino. Otherwise I'd have gone down to the landing to meet you."

She kissed him affectionately, then asked with a glance at his troubled face: "What's the matter, Carl? Anything out of joint?"

"I had a rotten cruise," he answered gloomily. "Made a fool of myself as usual whenever the opportunity offered. Nothing serious. What's the home news?"

"Oh, wonderful! But of course you know. You got our letters, didn't you?"

"Nary a line. I got bored with Havana and Key West and Nassau and Miami and all those rotten places, and usually got out two or three days ahead of schedule time. Dick and Cube weren't the shipmates I thought they'd be—dead ones, both of 'em. And that old nuisance, Mackerel Handy, too ——"

"Then do you mean to say," Lucia interrupted, "that you haven't heard of Aunt Nell and Dad; and how Edna and Penfold got lost in the woods and—and—oh, my goodness, come over here and sit down and listen, Buz! I'm so glad I saw you first! The most wonderful things have happened!" She seized him by the arm and half led, half dragged him to a marble bench on the edge of the Persian fountain and shaded by eglantines, where she seated herself, drawing him down beside her. "You know, Carl, we went up to the camp on Twin Ponds for two or three days of shooting. It was foggy, with a drizzle of rain, and Edna and Penfold got lost in the woods. Talbot ——"

"Who?" Carl interrupted sharply.

"Talbot Penfold. He shot a buck and they followed its trail, and after they found it they got lost trying to get back to camp. They were all night in the woods, but Talbot kept going east to strike the railroad and they came out at the other cabin on the Little Sandy. Then he got fever and was awfully ill, but Rutherford brought them back. In the meantime Dad was hunting for them and spent four days in the woods. Finally he came out at the Little Sandy camp and found that they had gone, so he came back here, and Aunt Nell simply flung herself into his arms and now they are going to be married. Isn't it beautiful?" She looked at him with pink cheeks and glowing eyes. "They are terribly in love; you wouldn't know Aunt Nell, and Dad is like a boy. Well, why don't you say something?"

Carl stared at her dazedly. "I'm—it's such a shock—you say that Dad and Aunt Nell are going to be married?"

"They say next autumn, though I think that it will be sooner. But poor Talbot nearly died and his blood was full of plasma something. But he's much better now and just beginning to walk about a little, though he's still awfully weak and so thin that—why, what's the matter, Carl, are you ill?"

"Ill?" Carl raised a haggard face and stared at her for an instant, then with a groan let it fall in his hands.

"Carl, what is it?" Lucia sprang up, puzzled and alarmed. She took her brother by the shoulder. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

Carl stared up at her. His face was very white and he looked sick.

"Did you say that Talbot—Doctor Penfold—was just beginning to walk about?" he asked in a dull voice.

"Yes. Why? What about him?"

"And he's been laid up with fever?"

"Yes, he's been a fortnight in bed, and delirious part of the time. Why? What about it, Carl?"

Carl straightened up suddenly, and the face that he turned to his sister frightened her. It was white and drawn, and yet in some way curiously resembled that of his father.

"Lucia," he said. "Will you witness a vow that I'm about to register?"

"Carl!" Lucia shrank back, startled. "Are you out of your head? Have you been drinking?"

"Listen to me, Lucia!" Carl's voice was almost savage. "I, Carl Gillespie, do hereby swear never to touch another drop of spirits and never to pick a fight again with any one as long as I live; and if I break this oath may I ——"

"Carl, are you crazy?"

"Almost!" Carl reached for his handkerchief and mopped his face. "That's the kindest thing you can say of me. Listen, Lucia: As I came up the magnolia path just now I heard voices, and saw Edna sitting with Penfold on the bench by the decoy pond. She was crying, and before I got there she jumped up and ran off up the path to the house. I thought that Penfold had been treating her badly, and I came up and knocked him across the bench and cut his head open and ——"

Lucia sprang to her feet, her eyes wide with horror.

"Carl!" she cried; "you—hit—Penfold?"

"I smashed him between the eyes," said Carl miserably. "Don't look at me that way, sis. How was I to know that—hold on; I'll go back there and find Penfold and get down on my knees and beg his pardon."

But Lucia turned on him furiously. "You go to the house, you coward!" she cried in a strangling voice. "You go to the house and go to bed and stay there till you're yourself again. Don't you dare go near Talbot. I'll go myself."

She turned on her heel and flew back across the garden, disappearing among the magnolias.

XIV

PENFOLD sat on the bench and watched the decoys, and held a damp compress tightly against the cut in his eyebrow.

"After all," said he to himself, "it's really not necessary to go to China for excitement in mission work. I have been here less than a month, during which time I have revealed her soul to a beautiful pagan, got my head bashed in by her brother, and fallen in love with her sister, to say nothing of getting lost in the woods and enjoying the martyrdom of the same old fever. Let us hope that I acquire merit. I certainly shall if I acquire Lucia."

As he thought of Carl's assault, he smiled to himself. "That will be a sick youth when he learns that he has knocked down a man who wasn't able to walk across the room alone three days ago," thought he grimly. "However, it will probably profit him more than a good licking would have. I am glad, on the whole, that I was not able to stand up to him. It's a wonder that somebody has not punched his head off long before this, if this is a sample of his usual methods. No wonder they threw him out of college!"

Then his thoughts returned to Edna, and he puckered up his lips while his face became very grave. He was sorry

The Door Closed on Her Smiling Face Barely in Time to Hide the Tears

for Edna, but he could not see that there was anything to do about her case. This calculating beauty had apparently set a trap, then fallen into it herself; and she would have to get out of it as best she might. Penfold had plenty of modesty, but he also had common sense, and the situation was plain enough. Edna had set herself to infatuate him, then got herself infatuated; and being more than usually rich in temperament she took her unfortunate condition very hard. Penfold pitied her, but nevertheless his mouth widened in a somewhat ironical smile.

"Providence appears to have cast me for the rôle of inspired prophet to this Gillespie family," he mused. "Through my unconscious agency Mrs. Duane has learned that love is king and charity begins at home; Gillespie senior has learned that everything comes to him who waits; Edna has learned not to dig pits lest she fall into them; Carl has learned to look before he leaps on the stranger and orphan, and Lucia—I wonder what Lucia has learned!"

His face softened. "Perhaps her apple of knowledge is still to be eaten. I also have learned that it is better to marry than to burn—Hello!"

He turned quickly at the sound of light, flying feet, and beheld Lucia running down the path. She was bareheaded, her thick, wavy hair tumbling over her ears and her pretty face flushed and eager. She wore a light muslin gown, collarless, with elbow sleeves and a short skirt. Penfold thought that he had never seen her look more charming or more of a child. His heart swelled and the color came into his pale face.

"Oh, Talbot," she cried breathlessly, stopping in front of the bench and examining him with starry, violet eyes; "did my nasty brother hurt you?"

"No," he answered, smiling; "there's no harm done."

She dropped beside him on the bench, fluttering from excitement and exertion, and her fresh skin dewy as that of a romping child. Penfold had drawn the brim of his panama over his eyes, but Lucia reached up and removed it, revealing the cut over his brow. She gave a little cry, and Penfold was actually startled at the passion in her face. The childish expression vanished, giving place to that of the mature woman, angry, yet compassionate.

"Oh, the coward!" she cried chokingly. "It's an awful gash, Talbot, and you are going to have a horrid black eye. It's beginning to puff and darken. I'd like to kill him!" She burst into tears.

Penfold took her two hands in his.

"Come, come," said he soothingly, "it's nothing but a scratch. Carl didn't understand. You see, he thought I'd been bothering Edna. She came here to bring me a telegram, and we got talking about the Duane Home and she 'fessed up a little plot she'd made to bust up the proposition. It rather upset her, and she went off crying. Carl came along just in time to see her go, and he jumped at the wrong conclusion."

Lucia disengaged her hands and reached for her handkerchief, then drew slightly away and looked intently at Penfold.

"Carl's terribly headstrong. What did you say to Edna, Talbot?"

"I told her that there was no harm done, but that on the contrary good had come out of it all and that she wasn't to take it so much to heart. Then I kissed her and she went away."

"Why did you kiss her?"

"Because she asked me to," Penfold answered simply. Lucia stiffened slightly.

"That's not a very nice thing to tell me, Talbot."

"I know it; but I don't see what else I'm to tell you, Lucia. I wouldn't tell you except for Carl's sake. He saw me kiss Edna and he saw her run off crying, so you see he really wasn't much to blame. Naturally I wasn't going to tell him that she asked me to kiss her—I'd prefer a black eye."

Lucia stared at him fixedly for a moment, then asked:

"What must you think of us, Talbot? You scarcely have time to get the train dust out of your lungs when I fling myself on your neck. Then Edna flops all over you on the way to the camp—I saw that and it made me sick. Then Edna gets you both lost and full of fever and ——"

"And you nurse me like an angel!"

"Nonsense! I often wanted to box your ears, especially when you persisted in writing letters to that man Trumbull or whatever his name is. Then Edna comes buzzing round again, and Carl comes bounding out of ambush like a crazy man and cuts your face open. Oh, this is a beautiful family!" She drew in her breath and flung back her shoulders with a sigh. "We're all a little crazy, I think."

Penfold's sudden burst of laughter sent the decoys scurrying in among the rushes in alarm. It was a laugh of genuine amusement, yet held that peculiar caressing note that one hears in the laugh of a parent at the saying of a dearly beloved child—a quality that was rich and tender and protective. Lucia glanced at him quickly and her eyebrows straightened. But her rigid body relaxed and her violet eyes grew warmer.

"You seem to think it's funny," said she.

"I do. Don't you?"

"Yes, rather." She smiled up at him, and her wide mouth resumed its habitual suggestion of a latent smile. "I do if you do. But I must say I think that you've had pretty rotten treatment."

"Well, then, I don't," said Penfold decidedly. "I think that I've had heavenly treatment. When I consider how I came down here strictly *persona non grata*, so far as your interests were concerned—for Mrs. Duane didn't tell you how I'd argued for the strength of family obligations—and how kind you all were, particularly your father, who had the greatest reason to hate the sight of me ——"

"How about Carl?"

"Oh, Carl is all right! Don't bother your curly head about Carl. Once he works off his surplus steam pressure he'll be a useful member of society."

Lucia drew a little nearer. She loved her brother devotedly, and Penfold's words sent a grateful warmth through the whole of her ardent young body.

(Continued on Page 25)

THE PRICE OF PLACE

VIII

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Mr. Marsh Wants to Borrow a Little Money"

MARSH watched his stock speculation carefully. He had had some little experience in buying stocks, generally with negligible results, and had dabbled in wheat and pork through the local broker's office in Morganville. Like nearly everybody else in his position he had invested a few times in mining stocks, but had made no money. The man who gave him the information, Charles H. Rambo, was a representative from a Middle-Western state, who had been in Congress for twelve years—that is six terms. He lived comfortably on a good street in the northwestern section of the city, was a member of important committees, and though he was in no sense one of the leaders of the majority, he was in the close-up second flight, had the confidence of the real leaders and was generally aware of policies and plans before the rank and file. He was a sort of outer guard, not especially in the circle, but still of it enough to know what was going on and to be useful in many ways. He was also thrifty.

The stock moved by fractions for a few days, neither gaining nor losing much. Then it began to climb about a point a day. At the end of a week Marsh had a profit of a clear four points. He met Rambo.

"Did you get any of that stuff I told you about?" asked Rambo.

"Three hundred shares."

"Sell it," said Rambo.

"But," protested Marsh, "it's doing well. I've got four points in already."

"Sell it," repeated Rambo. "This isn't the only stock in the world, and you're twelve hundred dollars to the good. The Stock Exchange isn't going to close up, you know. There'll be other stocks."

"Don't you think it will go any higher?"

"Marsh," said Rambo, "let me tell you something. Washington is all cluttered up with men who can tell you when to buy stocks, but there are mighty few of them who can and will tell you when to sell. The person who is of real value to a man who is speculating in stocks isn't the one who tells you when to buy. The real asset is the man who knows when to sell. That's the chap you want to tie to. And let me give you another tip while I'm on the subject. Never buy anything you can't sell. I don't care if it is a stock in the most profitable concern going, don't buy it unless you know exactly where you can sell it when you want to. Stick to the listed stuff. There's always a market for that, and there may come times when you want quick money. Also, sell that three hundred shares of yours."

He walked away. Marsh sold his stock, took his profit, and for two days suffered agonies of remorse over lost opportunities, for the stock went up three more points. Then one day the whole market broke and his stock began sliding down rapidly. It wasn't long until it was a point below where he had bought it.

"What did I tell you?" asked Rambo, who met him in the cloakroom. "You remember what I said. The chap to tie to in stock speculation is the chap who knows when to sell. Any idiot who has any knowledge of conditions knows when to buy."

Meantime cards for one of the big White House receptions had come in, and Mrs. Marsh spent feverish days with her dressmaker and feverish nights thinking about her gown, and was on the verge of a collapse because of the delays and bother she had with the overtaxed modiste, who was trying to finish her gown and the gowns for twenty other equally insistent ladies, satisfy them all, and maintain her mental balance during the process.

The gown came home on the afternoon before the reception. It was a success. Marsh's eyes brightened when he had finished hooking it and Mrs. Marsh stood before him, for the first time in her life correctly and stylishly attired in every detail. The process of providing for these details had taken a considerable amount more than the hundred dollars the gown was to cost, which sum, it was discovered later, was also increased visibly by the subtle addition of "extras" in the bill. But Marsh thought it money well spent when he saw the completed result, and he was very proud of his wife as he escorted her downstairs and to the carriage he and another representative living in the house had hired for the occasion.

This was before the addition of the wings to the White House under the direction of President Roosevelt, and the Marsh carriage joined the long string of vehicles that was proceeding slowly up to the front portico. It took half an hour to get to the door, and when they got inside the place was jammed. The red-coated Marine Band was crashing out lively music, the halls and stairway were abloom with flowers, the big East Room was so crowded it was impossible to move about. Presently the presidential party came down the stairway and the reception began. Mrs. Marsh had been jostled until she felt ill. A clumsy man had stepped on her dress. Her lace caught in the sword of an officer and she was sure it was torn. She had seen only a few people she knew, but she clung to her husband's arm and beamed, for she was at a White House reception, an invited guest, and it would look well in the Morganville paper and cause much comment among the set on the hill where she had shone in former days.

They moved slowly along in the line. It took half an hour to get to the President, who was standing at the head of the reception group shaking hands rapidly, smiling like an automaton and telling every guest how pleased he was to have the honor. His lips smiled, but there was a tired look in his eyes. Mrs. Marsh noticed that he was quick to grasp the hand each one presented, and quick to let go, before any muscular patriot had a chance to grip him, and she was quite flustered when the aide who was making the presentations leaned over and said sharply: "Names, please."

"Representative and Mrs. James Marsh," said the aide, in an automatic, staccato fashion. The President bowed to Mrs. Marsh, shook hands with her, said something about being pleased to greet her, turned to grasp Marsh's hand and recognized him. "Glad to see you, Marsh," he said. "Hope you are enjoying yourself."

Marsh lingered to talk, but he felt an insistent, steady pressure on his back. Before he knew what had happened he was far down the line with Mrs. Marsh, bowing to the other men and women who were of the reception party, while the aides were shoving others past the President as they had shoved him.

The Marshes noticed women there in the most elaborate gowns, sparkling with diamonds, and they saw others, evidently tourists, who wore street suits and shirtwaists. There were men in full evening dress with white ties and gloves and waistcoats, and men in dinner jackets and black ties. The army and navy officers wore their dress uniforms, the diplomats the uniforms of their ranks, and altogether it was a rather enlivening spectacle; but the crowd was so dense, and the room was so warm and the mingled odor of perfumes, flowers and humanity so heavy, that the Marshes were glad to get away, especially after they discovered how hopeless it was to get near the refreshments, which were served from a buffet in an adjoining room. Next day, however, the papers, in their descriptions of the gowns the ladies wore, carried a line about Mrs. Marsh's gown. She had attended to that detail herself.

Marsh worked hard in his committee and attended the sessions of the House regularly. Several important Philippine questions were up, and there were two or three occasions when he thought he would ask the speaker for recognition for an hour, in order to make a set speech and show his colleagues what manner of orator he was. He had some pronounced views on the subject of imperialism, well within scope of party policy, and he felt he could do a good stroke for himself by talking. He met Senator Paxton in the Capitol and told him what he had in mind.

"Marsh," said Paxton, "I wouldn't do it if I were you, not yet. There's nothing in this imperialism business that needs any comment from you at this time. Don't be in such a rush to exhibit your oratory. Keep quiet, if you can, and wait for a real opportunity. There are not forty votes changed in a year by speech-making in the House or in the Senate, for the speeches you hear are only the embroidery, the ornamentation of the serious work of Congress. We do our legislating in committees, as you have discovered, and bring the product of our deliberations out for the House to look over. The changes that are made then are made because of suggestions in debate and because of personal influence. You could talk a week in favor of a committee bill or against it, and when the line-up came you would find it would be partisan, almost exclusively, and as previously arranged and planned for.

"What's Union Consolidated Doing?"

"Oratory is a lost art, they say, but I don't think that is true. We have plenty of good orators, but we don't need them the way we used to. We have other and wider and better methods for obtaining publicity. To be sure we use speakers in our campaigns, but that is merely for the purpose of publicity and to keep the candidates advertised, which is just as necessary as it is to keep a brand of soap advertised. Political oratory has little effect on changing votes, for all the orator can say on any given subject has probably already been said in the newspapers and elsewhere, and most of the hearers know as much, if not more, than the speaker. In the next ten years you

will find the people will refuse to hear any but the biggest men in the party, or in any party, and that they will go to hear the biggest ones only on the basis of a show, and not because they want to hear issues discussed. So far as this Congress is concerned, or any Congress, it is the personal equation that counts, the knowledge of men, the give-and-take method, the power of organization, the desire of every individual to remain in office. These are the things that direct legislation, not oratory. You will find many men in this House and in the Senate who haven't the range of expression of a well-defined clam, or a much greater variety of oratorical ideas than an educated hen, who get what they go after; while if you observe the great orators, you will discover full galleries, filled with people who want to see the show, and a very bored congregation of senators or representatives who are wondering how soon the orator will get through so that they may go on with the work they have in hand and secure the various things they want to help keep them in office.

"I'm not saying it isn't a good thing to shoot off a few fireworks now and then, but I am saying that the great orators of this day are not half so potent legislatively as the men who say comparatively nothing, but who move about among their fellows, understand what they want, and go after it intelligently, on the basis of 'you help me to this and I'll help you to that.'"

Senator Paxton lighted a cigar, gave one to Marsh, patted him on the shoulder in a fatherly manner and moved along. Marsh looked after him. So far as he knew Paxton had not made a set speech in several sessions, although he appeared frequently in debate, speaking briefly from time to time and always understanding his subject; and yet Paxton had the reputation of being able to get more for his state, and incidentally for himself, than any Western senator, and he had more power. Marsh was thinking of what Paxton had said when Rambo came up.

"Hello, Marsh," said Rambo, who was getting friendly with Marsh. "How are they coming?"

"So so," answered Marsh absently. He wondered why Rambo was making himself so agreeable.

"Made any money lately?"

"Not much."

"Well," said Rambo confidentially, "I've had a tip that will enable us to make a few dollars. Some folks were down from New York yesterday, and they told me I wouldn't miss much if I bought a few shares of Union."

"Union what?"

"Union Consolidated. I've got some friends over there who know the big men in that outfit and they say the stock is due for a rise. Better get yourself a little."

Rambo walked away. Marsh thought it over. Rambo had given him good information before. He had about six hundred dollars left of his twelve hundred winnings on his previous deal, and had two thousand more in hand, which was about all the money he did have. He decided the tip was a good one, and he went down to a broker's office to see about Union Consolidated. He found that stock selling at seventy-seven dollars a share, where it had lingered for weeks. He bought five hundred shares on a five-point margin, gave the cashier his check for $2500 and commission and went out and took a walk.

Union Consolidated moved up fractionally and down fractionally for a week. Marsh was getting anxious. He knew his interest charge was large and he was anxious to get some action. One morning, about ten days after the speculation began, he telephoned the broker's office.

"How's the market?" he asked.

"Pretty weak," said the clerk who answered.

"What's Union Consolidated doing?"

"It is off a point and a half."

Marsh was cold with fear. He called again in half an hour and found there was a better tone, and that Union had recovered half a point. Still things were feverish, the clerk said.

Next morning at ten o'clock, when the market opened, Marsh was on the telephone. Union opened at seventy-five and five-eighths, stayed there and dropped by eighths to seventy-five on heavy sales. Marsh was nervous. He went into a committee meeting, but could give little attention to his work. He had only three points margin left and he had no more money. At noon he found they were evidently unloading Union Consolidated, for it had dropped another point. He was tempted to close and take his loss, but hung on. He searched wildly for Rambo, but couldn't find him.

Just before three o'clock he was called to the telephone. His broker was talking: "I'm sorry, Mr. Marsh," he said,

"We Think Any Man Who Does Not Agree With Us Is a Crook"

"but Union has dropped to seventy-four, and I must ask you for more margins the first thing in the morning. Otherwise I have no option but to sell your stock, if it gets down lower, to protect myself."

"How much do you want?" Marsh quavered over the telephone.

"Oh, another twenty-five hundred will do. I think the worst of this is over and that the market will strengthen tomorrow, for there are evidences of support." The broker talked like a market letter. Marsh heard him dimly, like a man speaking afar off. He was thinking, wondering desperately where he would get twenty-five hundred dollars. He felt he must protect his original investment, for it would cripple him to lose it, cripple him seriously.

That night he called on Rambo at Rambo's house. "Rambo," he said, "that Union is pretty weak."

"So it is," Rambo replied unconcernedly.

"I've got to margin mine up tomorrow."

Rambo became interested.

"How much have you got?"

"Five hundred shares at seventy-seven on a five-point margin."

"My dear Marsh," said Rambo, "why speculate on so small a margin? I always protect my stuff twenty points, and then I'm reasonably safe any way she breaks."

Marsh made a clean breast of it. "I only had enough to margin it five points," he confessed.

Rambo looked at him keenly. "Then you're broke?" he asked.

"Practically."

"And they want more margins?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Five points more."

"And you want to get the money?"

"That's it."

Rambo walked round the room. "I'm sorry, Marsh," he said, "but I haven't that amount free just now. However, I know a very accommodating fellow who will let you have it on my say-so. Come round at nine o'clock in the morning and we'll go and see him."

Marsh slept badly that night. He was at Rambo's house promptly at nine and they went together to a bank, where Rambo introduced him to a man who sat in an inner office, a clean-cut, rather hard-faced man, quick, decided and businesslike in his actions and conversation.

"I am pleased to meet you," said the banker. "We shall be glad to do anything in our power for you."

Then he paused, waiting composedly to hear what the proposition was.

"Mr. Marsh wants to borrow a little money," said Rambo.

"We are always glad to accommodate any friend of yours, Mr. Rambo. How much will you need, Mr. Marsh?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"Any collateral?"

"I'll indorse for him," said Rambo.

The banker sat down at his desk and filled in a printed note form. As Marsh signed it he noticed it was payable "On demand."

"It isn't for any stipulated term, I see."

"Oh, no," the banker replied suavely. "We generally make these notes on demand, so they can be paid at any time. The interest will be five per cent. Will you kindly indorse, Mr. Rambo? Thank you. The money will be here immediately." He pushed a button, wrote his initials on the note, handed it to a clerk who came in, talked about the fine weather for a moment, and when the clerk returned handed Marsh six five-hundred-dollar bills.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. Marsh. I shall hope to see you often. Do not hesitate to call on us at any time."

"That was easy enough," said Rambo. "Excuse me now, I've got to run over to the Land Office."

Marsh paid twenty-five hundred dollars in at the broker's office, received a statement of his account and went slowly up to the Capitol. He was uneasy, but he consoled himself with the thought that it was purely a business transaction.

IX

UNION Consolidated sagged off a point more, then a point and a half, recovered, dropped back, and finally hung round seventy-two for two or three weeks. Marsh saw Rambo occasionally and Rambo advised him to keep the stock, as it was good and would surely go up as he had said it would.

Work in the District of Columbia Committee was getting toward completion. The committee was threshing out the various municipal projects favored by the commissioners, and some put forward by private individuals who owned land here and there on the outskirts. One project was insistently favored by a certain clique of Washingtonians, although the principals did not appear, but were represented by suave and persistent agents, who were on easy terms of familiarity with most of the older members of the committee. It provided for the location of a park in a section of the city where there were no parks, and the buying of a large block of acreage that the principals of these agents owned. It seemed a fair proposition. The land was all it was claimed to be; the location was excellent; but there had been much opposition to the project.

Marsh noticed that certain members of the committee, who were on terms of friendship with other equally suave and persistent agents who although they apparently had no real estate to offer did not favor this park, insisted that the project should be passed over each time it came up. They said there was no hurry. Marsh grew interested and made a sort of poll of the committee. The committee divided about equally. There were twenty members all told, and two were away because of sickness. This left an even number and there was an apparent tie—nine to nine. He had almost decided to vote "No" when the question of putting it into the bill came up, regardless of what the sub-committee that had the matter in charge might recommend, for he had been warned about real-estate deals in the District.

Union Consolidated sagged down another point. He now had a loss of more than twenty-five hundred dollars, counting interest—half his investment—and he was nervous. He had not seen or heard from the banker since he borrowed the money, and Rambo was cheerfully confident that the stock would go up in time. He advised Marsh to hang on. Then one panicky day Union went down two more points, and Marsh had a loss of nearly four thousand dollars, counting charges in the total. He was getting weekly statements from his broker, and he observed that the interest was mounting rapidly. Union recovered two points next day and Marsh felt easier.

One morning, just before a vote on the park project, he received a form letter from the bank. It told him that the loans of the bank were being adjusted and that his loan was called. Would he kindly step in and pay his demand note for three thousand dollars? Marsh was shocked. He had written out to Morganville for money and had thought of mortgaging his house. His partner replied that collections were slow and that he wouldn't be able to send him much for a month or so. He went down to the bank and was admitted to the inner office.

"Good morning, Mr. Marsh," said the banker. "I am glad to see you again. How can I serve you?"

"I received this notice this morning," and Marsh handed the banker the form letter.

The banker read it slowly. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I am sorry this occurred. Please pay no attention to it. It was

sent out by a clerk in the general course of our regular loan adjustment. Please disregard it. We are only too happy to have your loan continue on our books. I shall see to it that nothing like this happens again. In a big institution like this, you know," he continued apologetically, "one is constantly harassed by subordinates' inattention to details of this kind. However, do not concern yourself, Mr. Marsh. The money is yours as long as you desire it. Good morning."

That afternoon there was a telephone message from the bank asking if it would be convenient for Marsh to drop in on his way down from the Capitol. He went back, rather panicky, fearful there was some mistake and that it had been decided to call his loan, and highly resolving not to be caught this way again. The banker greeted him cordially.

"I hope this hasn't inconvenienced you, Mr. Marsh," he said, "but it would hardly do for me to go up to the Capitol, you know. I meant to speak to you about an unimportant matter this morning, but it escaped my mind. It's of little consequence, but we are interested in a way. About that park project, you know. The fact is, Mr. Marsh, I and some of my associates own that land. We are anxious to dispose of it. It is a bargain as we offer it, and the city will be a great gainer, for a park is needed in that section. I trust you can see your way clear to vote for it."

Marsh flushed and clenched his fists. So this was it—they were buying him for three thousand dollars! "Of course," continued the banker quietly, "I merely ask this on the grounds of public benefit. If you do not think the project meritorious do not hesitate to condemn it. We shall take no offense. Only think it over. Good afternoon."

Marsh walked out. When he reached the street he remembered he had said nothing. He was angry, humiliated, bursting with desire to tell somebody.

As he turned the corner he saw Senator Paxton, jauntily parading along, immaculate from the shiny top of his hat to the shiny tips of his shoes, swinging a cane and looking calmly contented with life.

"Oh, senator," shouted Marsh, "I want to talk to you."

"Walk along with me, then. What's on your mind?"

Marsh rushed into the story, telling it in exclamatory fashion, and Paxton listened, smiled, puffed at his cigar and stabbed at the treetrunks with his cane as they went along.

After Marsh had finished Paxton said: "Oh, don't take that too seriously, Marsh. You tell me yourself that, although you are against this project, you are against it only because you want to investigate it some more. There's nothing crooked about it. Of course they want to sell the land. Selling land is the principal business in this city, and the Government is the great market. The city needs a park out there. Why not take this? The price isn't exorbitant. What's the matter with it?"

"It's the method I object to," said Marsh.

"Method! My eye!" continued the senator. "What's wrong with the method? That man accommodated you. Why shouldn't you accommodate him, especially when the project is all right? Let me tell you again that the only way to get along in this city is to be helpful yourself. He's done you a good turn. Do one for him. It commits you to nothing. If you want others to do things for you—and you will—you must do things for others. That's the only way. You can't bull your way through this game, Marsh; you've got to edge along the lines of least resistance. The big, forceful person is interesting to watch; but the man who is complaisant when it's his turn is the chap who gets what he goes after. Vote to put that project in the bill. It won't hurt you and it may help you."

Next morning Union Consolidated was weak and went off almost a point. Marsh saw his five thousand dollars slipping from him. He attended the committee meeting and voted for the park project.

His vote gave the required majority in the committee.

The appropriation for the park project was included in the Sundry Civil Bill on the recommendation of the District of Columbia Committee. There was some discussion over this in the sub-committee of the Appropriations Committee that had the matter in charge, but the recommendation of the committee prevailed. Marsh wasn't comfortable. He felt that he had been bribed, but he didn't know just how, and he was not entirely quiet in his mind until Union Consolidated began to go up, rose steadily to seventy-nine, when he closed out, made a small profit and paid his note. Rambo told him he was wise. Something had gone wrong in New York, Rambo said, and it was well enough to get out, for there would be other chances. Rambo was quite pleased when he heard Marsh had voted for the park project. A week or two later he found that Rambo and Senator Paxton were close friends.

Mrs. Marsh's social activities took most of her time. She was assiduous in her calls, joined the various organizations of the women of the congressional set, was charming in the receiving line at the reception given by Mrs. Paxton, and when the ladies at the Bruxton gave their second reception she found many more cards in her basket than she had on the first occasion. She played bridge mornings for very small stakes in the hotel parlors, and she was a very busy woman. Her dresses were all successes. In addition to her new gowns she had bought new hats and new shoes, and Marsh was astonished at the size of her bills. However she impressed on him that she was doing it all for his advancement, and he paid as promptly as possible.

Along toward the close of the session, in July, he made a set speech on some legal and constitutional phases of a pending question. He talked for an hour and a half. He had given much time to the preparation of the speech, and was gratified to observe that he had respectful attention from the hundred or so members who listened to him. The galleries were well filled, too, and he was contented. When the speech came to him for revision before it was published in the Congressional Record the secretary sprinkled "applauses" and "prolonged applauses" throughout it, and Marsh had him mail a great many copies of it, under Marsh's frank, to all parts of his district.

The Washington newspapers carried a little of it, the Associated Press said he had been listened to "with marked attention," and the local newspaper boys from his state gave him a paragraph in the big papers. He felt well content. Rambo said it was a fine speech, and Billy Byron, a man from Nebraska who was in his first term in the House, came round and told him he might be a great help in overturning the iniquitous House Rules if he would join with the little band of insurgents operating even then.

One afternoon, not long afterward, he went over to the Senate to hear an important debate and sat down at a desk next to that of Senator Paxton. "I see you've been making a speech," said Paxton.

"I took a fling at it the other day," Marsh replied, rather jauntily.

"I read it in the Record," continued the senator. "I observe you have picked out the safe and sane specialty."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the Constitution. That's the good old standby for the orators, perfectly innocuous, perfectly respectable and no chance for a comeback. If in doubt speak on the Constitution. It is always there, you know, and while it has been interpreted by eloquent orators and justices and lawyers and editors and statesmen of all classes, down to the last comma, it is always susceptible of further interpretation and it is always safe. You'll never get in any trouble back home or anywhere else if you make the Constitution your specialty. Besides you'll get a reputation, for if you can comprehend any of it you will stand out above these other dubs who can comprehend none of it. Many a mediocre person has arrived at a reputation as a great statesman by defending the dear old Constitution, simply because the people who heard him and the people who wrote about him didn't know what he was talking about, but it sounded profound and learned.

"I can point out to you half a dozen four-flushers in this Senate and in the House who are always referred to as great constitutional lawyers because they have hammered away at that immortal but resilient document, in speeches, interpreted it, defended it, upheld it, praised it, chanted hymns of joy over it, and all the time they were appearing in public with no comeback. There is no local politics in the Constitution. It is there, grand, gloomy and peculiar, and you can go as far as you like with it, and get a lot of applause from people who don't know whether you are talking sense or rubbish. Stick to the Constitution, Marsh, and you will soon be one of our leading constitutional lawyers, which always makes a hit with the populace."

Marsh had been proud of his constitutional research and judgment, and he felt inclined to be angry.

"Don't get ruffled," continued Senator Paxton. "I'm only telling you facts. I'm older than you are and I've seen a great many men get along under the protecting ægis of the Constitution who wouldn't have arrived anywhere if they hadn't been smart enough to pick out that harmless institution as a specialty. And another thing: Every once in a while, when there's no harm to be done to the organization, bolt your party on a vote in the House, run off the reservation—but," he added impressively, "be sure to assign a constitutional reason for it. Never neglect that, and never do it when there is anything important at stake on a close vote. Pick out a question where there is a chance for difference, jump off, make a loud noise about it, say it pains you, but you must do it because your party is blind, insensible and otherwise callous to the constitutional aspects of the case. Say you are bolting more in sadness than in anger and on purely constitutional grounds and you'll be surprised to see what results you'll get. Besides, there is no feasible or hurtful criticism when a man is actuated in a bolt like this on the high and holy motive of defense and regard and love, not to say reverence, for the grand old Constitution. Come on down to my committee room and smoke a cigar."

x

THERE was no trouble about the renomination of Marsh that fall. The independents hadn't made up their minds about him, and thought they saw promise in him, and McManus apparently was satisfied. The convention was merely a ratification meeting. Marsh, who was waiting at an adjoining hotel, was escorted into the hall after he had been named, and made a spread-eagle speech of acceptance, which was duly cheered by the delegates who had gathered to register the will of McManus.

The campaign was somewhat perfunctory, as the opposition had a factional split and two men were named. Marsh got the normal Republican vote, and a few hundred disgusted Democrats voted for him also, so his plurality was greater than it had been when he was first elected, and this was taken by everybody as a sign that he was making good. There was a hot state campaign, however, and Marsh was called upon to stump several adjoining districts for his party's nominee. He was a favorite with the people and drew excellent crowds.

Before the campaign was over he began to look on himself as a power in the state, and had many hours with himself in which he resented the of-course-I-control-you

(Continued on Page 44)

"Think of the Opportunities This Will Give You to Meet the Daughters of the Best Families!"

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The Law in Georgia

IN A SUPPOSED authority on criminal law we read a decision by the Supreme Court of Georgia in the case of a ten-year-old boy who had been sentenced to a reformatory for eleven years, or until his majority, as follows:

"The legislature has declared that such sentence shall be for and during the minority of such person. . . . The courts were not given any discretion or authority . . . to send a minor to the industrial farm for a less time than that above mentioned or to discharge him before his reaching majority on a writ of habeas corpus."

Now what the decision actually says is this:

"The legislature has declared that 'such sentence shall be for and during the minority of such person, unless sooner discharged, with full power in the authorities having charge of such industrial farm or similar institution to sooner parole or discharge such person if in their judgment he has sufficiently reformed to justify such discharge or parole.' . . . The courts were not given any discretion or authority"—and so on.

In short, the garbled quotation—by entirely omitting the provision for parole or discharge at any time—presents a cruel law that would quite justify our supposed authority's animadversions. The actual decision presents a humane law—simply that indeterminate commitment for minors which enlightened opinion everywhere supports. The courts cannot discharge a minor on a writ of habeas corpus; but the reformatory authorities can discharge or parole him at any time on good behavior.

We wonder whether our supposed authority's version of the Decalogue reads this way: "Thou shalt bear false witness!"

The Luck of the Over-Rich

WE FEEL warranted in assuming that the largest private fortune in the United States has increased by at least twenty-five million dollars in the last six months. That half-yearly accretion alone is more than anybody can use or dispose of with real advantage to himself and the community. Its possessor declares that he has given almost no personal attention to business for a dozen years. He is now, so to speak, merely the unproductive heir of his own active days.

All great fortunes are largely the result of sheer luck. An able business man will succeed, but whether he makes one million dollars or a hundred millions depends mainly upon chance.

The first Astor made money in the fur trade by ability, and founded a colossal fortune by the mere accident of buying a farm on which a city was built. A thousand pebbles of the same size and quality fall from the same cornucopia. One of them happens to drop in a little sluice through which a nation's commerce must flow. It dams the flood and sells the waterpower. That is the way huge fortunes are made.

There are great objections to transmission of these fortunes by will to one or a few heirs, because such disposal means an idle aristocracy riding on the backs of the industrious population. There are great objections to a confiscatory inheritance tax, because the state spends money with much greater waste and much less intelligence than the individual plutocrat.

Considering how much the huge fortunes result from mere chance and how much they represent a sequestration of national luck, there would be nothing inequitable in distributing them by lottery—say, in prizes ranging from a hundred to a thousand dollars each, to be drawn by voters at the presidential elections. A winner's moral title to his prize would be as good as that of the usual residuary legatee.

Small Manufacturers

NEARLY everybody would tell you offhand that manufacturing in the United States is mostly done by million-dollar concerns—but nearly everybody would be mistaken. About half the total manufacturing is done by concerns whose annual business amounts to less than a million dollars a year—after allowing for the fact that the census regards each plant of a trust as a separate establishment.

Two hundred and seventy thousand establishments are enumerated by the census and classified according to the value of their annual output. More than four-fifths of the total number have an output amounting to less than a hundred thousand dollars a year, and these little concerns support more than one-quarter of the total number of factory wage-earners, though they have less than one-fifth of the total factory output.

These concerns are mainly local enterprises, such as bakeries, which could not be injured by any possible tariff reduction, but which, on the contrary, would be benefited by cheaper raw materials.

Next come establishments the output of which ranges from one hundred thousand to one million dollars. They have a little less than two-fifths of the total output and employ a little more than two-fifths of the wage-earners. Among them is much perfectly honest apprehension over tariff reduction because, time out of mind, the Government had been pointing to Europe's lower wage scales and industriously teaching the fallacy that low wages necessarily mean cheap goods.

Establishments whose output exceeds a million dollars a year each have more than two-fifths of the total output and employ less than one-third of the wage-earners. It is among establishments of this class that organized opposition to tariff reduction is mainly found.

The Rights of the Public

THE doctrine of private property was carried to such absurd lengths, especially in England and the United States, that if there had been any practicable means of sequestrating the atmosphere, legislation long ago would have vested title to the air in private owners. By Michigan law, ownership of the bank of a navigable river carries title to the bed of the stream out to the middle thread. Thus a waterpower corporation owning a strip of land twenty-five hundred feet long by a hundred wide, bordering the American side of St. Mary's River, claimed in effect a property right in the river itself, and demanded three and a half million dollars' compensation when Congress ousted it in the interests of navigation.

The United States Supreme Court in a recent decision fully admits the private owner's technical title to the bed of the river, but refuses to allow any damages whatever, because Congress not only has absolute control over navigable waters for the purposes of navigation, but is the sole judge of what the purposes of navigation require. Thus the private owner's technical title to the bed of the stream is of no avail when Congress declares that certain things shall or shall not be done in the interests of navigation.

It makes no difference whether the interests of navigation actually require what Congress says they do or not. Congress is the sole judge and the courts cannot interfere. The private owner, with his technical title to the riverbed, is in the position of one who holds the deed to a lot but has no voice whatever in its disposition.

The decision strengthens the Government in its effort to control waterpowers. It also illustrates the growing opinion that the public—as well as private individuals—may have property rights.

Senatorial Procrastination

CONGRESS convened in extraordinary session early in April. Nearly three months elapsed before the tariff bill came before the Senate for debate. During that period the daily issue of the Congressional Record frequently bore the notation: "The Senate was not in session today." On other days brief and more or less perfunctory sessions were held.

In one of those sessions Mr. Chamberlain asked unanimous consent for consideration of the bill prepared by the Committee on Territories authorizing the Government to locate, construct and operate a railroad in Alaska in order that a beginning might be made in developing the locked-up coal and other resources of that territory. He explained that the committee had carefully investigated the subject, giving many hearings; that Alaska at present, as regards vast coal and other resources, was practically a bottled-up preserve; that conditions were such that the only practicable means of getting the stopper out of the bottle was by constructing a Government railroad; that if the Senate would only consider the bill he would agree to lay it aside at any time when it might interfere with other matters deemed more important.

Senator Lodge, however, objected, while Senator Nelson rose to remark that he was utterly opposed to any railroad building by the Government, and Senator Overman pointed out that there was no time even to consider such a measure. Whereupon, at one o'clock and forty minutes P. M.—it being Monday—the Senate adjourned until two P. M. the following Thursday.

Fortunately Alaska is cool. She can wait very comfortably a year or two longer, until the Senate has more time for public business.

Decline of the Church

THE Country Church, by C. O. Gill and Gifford Pinchot, presents the first scientific study of the subject its title connotes. There have been many generalizations based upon more or less haphazard observation; but the authors of this book took two typical counties—one in Vermont, one in New York—and made an intensive study, covering the last twenty years, of every Protestant church within their borders, except those in the one city that one of the counties contains. For fifteen years Mr. Gill has been a country minister and the book is published by authority of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; so its sympathetic attitude toward the subject is beyond question.

The authors find that country church attendance in both counties has declined during the twenty years by about one-third; but among rural churches, as distinguished from those in the larger villages, the falling off in attendance has been decidedly greater than that. In both counties country churches are less liberally supported than they were twenty years ago, and ministers' salaries, when measured in purchasing power, have shown a marked decrease.

Though the Protestant population in both counties is nearly pure native stock, almost one-third of the ministers are foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage. All the figures show a declining institution. There is a deeper question that the authors do not touch upon, as no statistical method can reach it—namely, the relative actual influence of the church upon those who still attend its Sunday services and contribute to its support.

One point brought out by the authors is most significant: "The more numerous the churches, the greater the loss in attendance."

In small communities having only one church the loss in attendance was markedly less than in like communities having two or more churches. Probably the Protestant country church will continue to be a declining institution so long as a large part of its energies are absorbed in competing with itself. But those who are really interested in the subject should read this book.

How to Get Together

THE most expensive system of distribution in the world may be precisely the one in which producer and consumer deal directly with each other. Mr. Farmer hauls a hundred pounds of vegetables five miles to a city market. Mrs. Housewife travels five miles to reach the market and carries forty cents' worth home. No middleman intervened. Producer's price and consumer's price were identical. But the actual cost of getting that forty cents' worth from farm to kitchen was enormous. If Mr. Farmer and Mrs. Housewife had anything in particular to do—if their time were commercially valuable—the cost would be prohibitive.

There is nothing in any cost-of-living remedy that sees no farther than mere elimination of some middleman. Mr. Farmer and Mrs. Housewife may enjoy the trip to market. There may be diversion in simply getting producer and consumer together; but there is no real economy in it. The real job is not so much to eliminate a middleman as to devise a system that shall be more economical than his, and that involves organization on a pretty extensive scale.

The Department of Agriculture reports that consumers pay sixty per cent above the near-by producer's price for chickens, though no manufacturing process intervenes. The spread between consumer's price and near-by producer's price is seven cents a pound; but the spread between the producer's price of a live steer at Chicago and the wholesale price of the dressed beef at New York is only three cents a pound.

In one case there is highly efficient organization. In the other case there is none at all. Cost of living is not to be materially reduced by simply taking a market basket in hand.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

He Wears No Ribbons of Any Character

WE HAVE the authority of no less a personage than the Honorable Joseph Gurney Cannon, ex-uncle-in-esse to the people, and now devoting himself to literary pursuits, with occasional investigations into the comparative value of hop-ups and kilters, for the statement that the political pendulum swings backward and forward. Our ex-uncle has said this so many times we are prone to take the pendulosity aforesaid as an established fact. Moreover, he knows—does Mr. Cannon—as witness his present dignified position as a private citizen.

The pendulum swings backward and forward. As may be recalled it took a swing last November that swung on many a patriot who was engaged in saving and salvaging the nation at one and the same time; and among others whom it hit in the midriff was Mr. Huntington Wilson, who was positively the only first assistant secretary of state this nation ever boasted who wore ribbons in his cuffs and served tea each afternoon at hawf pawst four.

Having accomplished this feat, the pendulum on its return trip deposited in the chair so precipitately vacated by Mr. Wilson one John E. Osborne, a sheepman from Wyoming, who wears no ribbons of any character, and who does not serve tea—or grape juice either—at any time discernible to the naked eye; nor does he take the one or the other.

There is, as one might say, somewhat of a hiatus between H. Wilson and J. Osborne, so far as their personalities are concerned. Mr. Wilson was intimately acquainted with the nicer niceties of diplomatic usage, and Mr. Osborne has a vast range of knowledge on the subject of sheep-dip; but, looking at the matter dispassionately, the conclusion is inevitable that the pendulum was swinging forward and not backward when it operated in the case mentioned.

It is quite possible we may be shy a nuance now and again in our diplomatic expression; but we shall not be remiss in red blood; and mayhap we shall be able to totter along toward our ultimate destiny—not, you understand, that there is any of the rough-diamond stuff about Osborne, who is a cultivated and courteous person; but neither is there any of the effeteness that has been hereinbefore hinted at.

In addition to being a sheepman Osborne is a druggist and a doctor. He was born at Westport, New York, one of the prettiest villages on Lake Champlain, in 1864; and when he was sixteen he went over to Burlington, Vermont, and began work in a drug store. Presently he matriculated at the medical school of the University of Vermont and graduated in medicine when he was twenty. There seemed to be plenty of doctors in that region—more, indeed, than the traffic would bear—and Osborne figured out that the boundless West was the proper place for the display of his medical and surgical talents; so he went as far as his resources would permit, which was to Rawlins, Wyoming. He was made assistant surgeon for the Union Pacific Railroad and a year later opened a drug store, making quite an addition to the mercantile establishments of the frontier town, most of which then were saloons and gambling houses.

His business acumen was proved by the site he selected for his drug store. Rawlins had but one livery stable, and the ranchers coming in were forced to stable there. The drug store practically opened into the livery stable, and was the first port of call for the cowmen, who bought their varied supplies of the sort Osborne dealt in before straying down into the town. If the drug store had been at the other end of the street it is likely they would have forgotten what they came for before they reached it.

A Governor Who Laughed at Locksmiths

THE drug store expanded into a wholesale institution, and Osborne made money. He had a good chunk of it when the sheep excitement hit Wyoming. Somebody passed the word that there was money in sheep, and the ranchers all took a chance. To their minds going into the sheep business meant buying sheep and putting them on the ranges, without paying any attention to what sort of sheep they should buy. A sheep to them was a sheep, without pride of ancestry, but—they hoped—with considerable prospect of posterity.

Osborne took a different view; also, he took a vacation and spent eight months investigating the sheep business in various places where they had been raising sheep for quite some time—notably Scotland. When he returned he knew all about raising sheep, and the town of Rawlins presently boasted Johnny Osborne was the largest individual sheep owner in the state.

Meantime Osborne had been elected mayor of Rawlins. In 1890 Wyoming came into the Union as a state. Francis E. Warren was chosen governor at the first state election and, a few months later, was made a senator by the legislature. This promotion of Warren left a vacancy in the office of governor, to be filled at the general election of 1892. Warren had been chosen for the short term in the Senate, and the legislature to send him back for a full six-year term was to be chosen at this same election. The Carbon County people went down to Cheyenne with Osborne as their candidate for governor. The other Democrats in that convention protested they wanted no boy for governor, but Osborne was nominated; and he was elected by about eighteen hundred plurality.

On the face of the unofficial returns the legislature was against the return of Senator Warren by one vote. The canvassing board was supposed to be friendly to Warren and the Republicans put out the statement that no new state officer should take office until the work of the canvassing board had been completed. This barred Osborne, though there was no dispute as to his election. Osborne looked the situation over and decided he would begin being governor forthwith. They locked the door of the governor's office on him, and put up a sign: "Keep Out! This Means Johnny Osborne."

Osborne and some of his friends went down and had a look at the sign. They decided it did not mean Osborne at all—that the Republicans only thought it did. They got a ladder, stuck it up to the window of the governor's office, and Osborne climbed in. Then they passed up bedding to him and he spent his first night as governor on the floor. Also he spent the next two weeks right there in that room, living on canned stuff, principally sardines, but remaining steadfastly on the job. He had few of the luxuries of life—but he was governor, and that was the object of the occupation. The canvassing board got together finally, but there was no result as to senator and the place was vacant for two years, when Senator Warren went back.

All this time Osborne's flocks were multiplying. He had a taste for politics. Inasmuch as he was getting rich, he saw no reason why he should not indulge it. After he had finished his term as governor he decided to take a try at Congress. He stayed in Congress for one term, did not try for a renomination, and paid strict attention to the sheep business until 1900, when the old hankering returned and he had himself chosen as the Wyoming member of the Democratic National Committee. He has served on that committee ever since. He was one of the real original Wilson men out his way and had a good deal to do with the Wilson revolt at Baltimore.

When Osborne was in Washington as a member of the Fifty-fifth Congress he was held by his friends to be the handsomest man at the capital. Of course there is more competition now than there was then, with all the Southern Apollos coming up and getting jobs; but he is still good-looking enough to rank fairly high. His hair has a bit more gray in it than it had then, but otherwise he has not changed much.

He has taken hold of his place as first assistant secretary of state in a thoroughly efficient manner; and, though he is still in the sheep business, he is not worried over the outrages the Democrats are perpetrating on Schedule K. He and the Peerless Leader seem to hit off very well in the Department of State; and—believe me—there is no tea served a hawf awfter four—not a cup!

Blessings Never Come Singly

A RAGTIME LADY

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Laurence Yates

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

SALLY MENLICK? Gone back to Shoetown, I hope!" A pinched and virtuous nostril could not forbear a sniff. "Good riddance! No more such girls in my dining room!"

"Yes—I can quite understand that," said Martha.

She accompanied the sympathetic tone with a discreet but slow and reflective glance; so that the ruffled mistress of the Halliday Hotel was suddenly conscious of sallow cheeks, thinning hair and other thinness.

"Hoity-toity! And who are you, you bareheaded baggage?" A mouth to neighbor the virtuous nose tightened primly to a new buttonhole.

"Must you know that—really?" Martha turned down the steps with a smile so sweetly serene that mere words were superfluous.

"Oho! You're her sister, I guess! Just as brassy as she was! Pretendin' her heart was bad, and writing home—the girls said that the work was too hard! I told her she needn't think she could gad the streets half the night and mope round all day—impudent minx!"

The last words were an interruption of her own addressed to a Parthian foe who, most unfairly, would not look back. The exasperated lady slammed the door. Her complexion was bettered.

"Now isn't that just like Sally! Here I do a helpful Henriette—out carfare; miss the ball game —— Oh, you Biff! Never again! Now what will little Miss Timekiller do with herself in this jay-town till traintime?"

What little Miss Timekiller did was strikingly human—or, to be accurate, feminine. It is significant that few married men believe the spiteful story that Eve brought all our miseries upon us for an apple. An apple—that common and useful thing!—would that have tempted Eve? It was an apple blossom!

Needless dazzles from front windows: needful keeps to the back shelves. In the window of the Little Shop a rose-colored bandeau headed an ambuscade of loveliness. Martha fell at the first fire. That lovely silky-shiny should be hers against the next Casino dance of the Time-Recorder boys or the Dennison Shoe.

As she held the bandeau against her hair before an enraptured mirror, she became suddenly, stabbingly aware that no wristbag dangled or swung, or in any-other-soever-wise appertained to either mirrored wrist. It had always been an absent-minded bag and this time had stupidly failed to leave the train, keeping both money and return ticket to Dennison, and leaving her penniless in a strange town, where she had neither friend nor friend's friend! She turned her head to observe the effect in profile and cooed frank admiration. Then, with a weighty, judicial air:

"You haven't this in a delicate pink, have you?"

"They are wearing bright colors this season," said the little shopkeeper reassuringly.

"U-m-m—yes." The girl quirked a red and critical under lip. "It is pretty, isn't it? But I'll look round a little, I guess. Thank you!" She went out with a caressing backward glance.

Vesper Courthouse fronts Vesper Bridge. Whether the courthouse is more unsightly than expensive is unascertained. After a conscious view of that massed ugliness no one has had the heart to go into details of cost.

Riverward from those muley towers, in a green park shaded about by elm and maple, a granite soldier looks southward to far battlefields. No stiff fighting machine; this was the fighting man—the citizen soldier; careless; confident; leaning at ease on his long rifle; a lean, strong face, firm-mouthed and watchful. We are glad for the strong stone soldier. Perhaps he is none the less effective against a background of Vesper Courthouse. We are a venal nation; but we build no statues to contractors.

"And Dennison twenty miles away—almost," said Martha, with a whimsical eye for the granite soldier, high on his four-square shaft. "Tell my troubles to a policeman? Get sent home by express and a column in the Vesper Bell? Not on your linotype! I'd rather tell 'em to you, soldier, if you have the time." She saw that the stone soldier was listening; he turned his head ever so slightly as he peered through the green arches. "Know what I'm going to do? Walk—that's what—just like a boy! Bing!" She set her white teeth together with a click. "Now let's check up. You keep count on your fingers. Loss first: One brown suède bag to go with the tan challis—my best and other dress. Three-twenty-five in real money—the frugal savings of a lifetime. One rabbit's foot that didn't work. My ticket to Dennison. One pair of ninety-eight-cent shoes on the blink; my birthday socks, ditto; one pair of heels, ditto and blistered. Credit: one whopping big adventure. Me for the marathon!"

She sprang up, but wheeled, stiffening, and brought her hand to salute with a pretty and unexpected diffidence.

"Good-by, soldier! And—thank you, you know!"

She swung out across Vesper Bridge in the low sun, her resolute little mouth turned up at the corners.

The Girl Drew Aside—the White Glare Beat Upon Her

A gray ribbon of road stretched on and on into the luminous dusk. The dust of its groaning, ground and harried by swift wheels, lay thick and powdery; the girl shunned the beaten track. Bareheaded, all in white—even to stockings and canvas shoes—she merged with the pulsing night, swinging along with boyish vigor. Low above the meadows the fireflies glowed and danced; overhead the stars swam in haze, dim reflections of these earthborn myriads. Afar off a whippoorwill wailed mournfully. From beyond the road fence came the harsh tonk of a cowbell, and nearer the soft gurgle of a sunken brook.

Reckless, carefree, star-mad, obsessed with youth, the girl sang, against the loneliness of the unhoused way:

"Fiddle up! Fiddle up! on your violin!
Lay right on it; rest your chin upon it—
Doggone, you better begin ——"

Enormous and malignant eyes blinked over a distant swell; the melody snapped off. The sinister eyes dipped downward, long quivering bars of white light rending the darkness. They flashed near, dropped from sight in a little hollow and swooped up, the cut-out motor barking staccato. The girl drew aside—the white glare beat upon her.

There was but one man in the huge hooded car. As it roared by a wanton voice floated back:

"Oh, you Bright Eyes! You look good to muh!"

"Lobster!"

The word was a hissing bolt. The worst thing about profanity is its uselessness.

A cloud of dust rolled back, choking—powdered the white gown to a dull gray. Turning resentfully, the girl saw the lights of a second car beyond the first—a car coming from Vesper. A hundred yards back she would have hailed this homeward car to demand a lift for cause; but that wanton voice echoed insolently to her ear.

"Guess I'll stick to the walking, soldier," she said aloud.

The cars, two hundred yards apart, fused headlights. In the white-lit space between, gleaming black, clear-cut, hung a team of horses, a plunging wagon, a man braced against the reins. A leaping blackness blotted out the driver as the off horse stood straight up, looming monstrous in the double light.

The cars throbbed on, passed each other; the lunging horses were swallowed up in darkness. Martha scaled the high bank beyond the ditch—that team might be running away. When the eastward car shot past she heard the whimper of a fretting child, caught the outline of a woman's hat.

"There!" she said. "Only for that fresh gink I'd have got a ride. Oh, well!"

She kept to the grassy bank; the gay refrain lilted to her lips:

"Hurry up! Hurry up! with your violin!
Make it sooner—don't you stop to tune 'er,
Fid—fid—fid—fiddle in the middle
Of your ragtime violin!"

Quick hoofs plumped in the dust, drew even, held up sharply.

"Hey, ghost! Want to ride and rest your wings?"

The Cab Made the Corner on Two Wheels

"Won't I, just?" said Martha, for the voice was a good voice. She fluttered down from the bank. "Nix on that Sir Walter thing! You hold the jumping-jack horse—I'll get in. . . . Home, coachman!"

"I don't believe you're a ghost at all," said the voice, doubtful and rather aggrieved. "You make the springs creak."

"Hundred and thirty-eight in the shade," said Martha complacently.

"Well, I'm going to look, anyway. You hold these reins."

A match grated and flamed. She was a tall girl, but she had to look up, which she did with admirable composure.

She saw a well-shaped head, rather small for the broad shoulders; blue eyes, at once quizzical and puzzled; good ears and mouth; a puggy and much-freckled nose; and dark auburn hair, curling willfully despite its shortness. The match nipped his fingers.

"Ouch!—and so forth!" he remarked in some haste, and added gloomily: "Girl -shucks!" Then he sighed.

"Ever try cold cream?" said Martha sympathetically.

In the starlight she saw his hands rub the freckled nose thoughtfully. He took the reins from her.

"Cold cream won't do freckles any good—they just won't spread and I can't make 'em," he answered dismally. "But even these few are some help." He sighed again.

Martha required a little time to digest this.

"Oh, I see! The girls persecute you, poor dear! Do they call you Curly? You ought to keep a dog."

"No use—they poison him!" said the disconsolate voice. "This fatal gift of beauty ——" With a manly effort he fought his emotion down and began anew: "Smooth, oval face ——"

"Smooth, oval fiddlestick! Why, your face is as round as an apple."

"Yours ——" said Curly, undisturbed. He went on in a dreamy monotone: "Complexion good, but dusty—a little too white—looks like the tired kind of white; ripping hair—also rippling—brown and heaps of it—blacky-brown; a ki—competent mouth and chin; dark eyebrows—passable!"

"My eyelashes are considered rather good. Did you notice them?" said Martha anxiously.

"Lashes; big eyes, wide apart, golden brown. Why are the little skipping lights?"

"Meek eyes—like a trained seal," said Martha in lieu of answer.

"Meek in appearance, but with little skipping lights, unexplained; nose, unbroken. Girl from the summer camp, probably. Bicycle smashed—something like that."

"Wrong number! Come down to the footlights, marquis, and hear my strange story while the orchestra plays the Suwanee River, all shivery-quivery-quavery!"

"To Dennison? At night?" interrupted the marquis when the strange story had got so far. "Well, you just nicely won't!"

"Oh, tell that to the sheltered-life dames!" she scoffed. "God can take care of them and I'll take care of myself. I'm a working girl—a factory girl."

"You're a girl," corrected the unmoved marquis, "and you're going straight home with me—to my aunt."

"I've already been called a bareheaded baggage once today," said Martha with spirit. "That welcome on the mat—why, you poor ninny, no nephew's aunt would mean that for me! How stupid men are!"

"Redheaded nephew's aunts are different," explained Curly.

"Oh, I'm going on to Dennison. I'll be all right. Where's the harm? Why, I dance twenty-two miles every Saturday night. This little walk can't feaze me. Honest, curlyhead, I couldn't do it. I'm scared stiff of aunts, even when they belong to red-headed nephews."

"So that's settled," said the placid driver. "You go home with me. We quit the river road just beyond here. About half past nine we do a little experiment with cold beef, bread, milk, strawberries, cream ——"

Martha caught his coatsleeve with both hands and looked at him earnestly.

"Oh, say those heavenly words again!" she begged. "Goodness, Agnes! I'm that hungry I could eat patent food!"

It is odd how one thing brings on another. The horses quickened their pace as the turn of road and conversation reminded them of mangers; the ringing hoofs beat to strong cadence; and Curly joined in the merry stave:

"Somebody's hat am a-hangin' on the rack where my hat used to be;
Somebody's face am a-feedin' with a fork that oughta be a-feedin' me."

II

"I MIGHT stay for a stop-gap," said Martha doubtfully. "But there's three things I don't like to do—churn, turn the grindstone and work. Only for that ——" A flame-colored sun peered over a rim of hill. Martha fluttered with excitement. "Oh, isn't he early? Did you see that? He just jumped up and shook himself! This beats fireworks! Does it happen often?"

"About this time every morning—except legal holidays. And if you stay," said Aunt Harry dryly, "I will make it a point to see that you don't miss a performance. You don't get up early at Dennison?"

"When I worked in the factory I had just time before seven to breakfast on a few kind words and an orange; when I sang for the movies I bounced up at eleven; and when I worked at the hotel I didn't go to bed at all."

"Well, make up your mind," said Aunt Harry over a clatter of dishes. "Coburn has to meet the ten-thirty train. You can go with him or you can send for your clothes."

"Me Marry a Roughneck? I Want a Live One!"

"Let's see—this is Saturday. If I do a go for Dennison I get to see the double-header this afternoon; but I'd like to stay here, at that. It's all new stuff to me."

"Maybe you'd think housework beneath your dignity?"

"Thunder and lightning!—excuse me, I mean dewdrops and crocuses. I see you never worked in a factory." Martha hesitated; her pulses stirred to the breath of roses, of pine-needles, the clean warm smell of fresh-turned earth. A stretch of deep and misty valley framed broad in the window, far and still, a glimpse of white Windsor shouldering through the haze, and a clear river curving away to dimness. "But, honest, I don't know beans! I can wash dishes and make fudge, and that's about my limit."

"I'll teach you," said Aunt Harry reassuringly. "I've told you what I pay. 'Tisn't much—less than half what you earn making shoes, I guess."

"And board!" Martha's nose gave a grateful little twitch for steaming coffee and spluttering ham. "I'm real fond of food too. Guess I'll sign for a tryout."

"If you're sure you know what you want," said Aunt Harry tartly, "I don't mind saying that a little country air will do you a power of good. You look like skim milk."

"Yes'm—freckles are real becoming. I've noticed that. I'd get a nice grist from the strawberry picking. But I ought to tell you that I don't seem to have the knack of holding a job. Guess I'm a new-broom girl." She spoke solemnly, and Aunt Harry stole time for a quick look.

"Well, child, if you only stay through the strawberry season it will be a sight of help—I'll be as honest with you that far. The menfolks are rushed off their feet and everything is left to me. But, mind, you'll have more housework than berry picking. City cousins are coming. They always do—to save us from handling so many strawberries."

"I'm your man. I'll write a card for my duds. Let's see—how'll I put it? 'Dear mother: Please pack my little old suitcase and send it to Windsor, care of Curly's aunt.'"

"Bless my soul!" said Curly's aunt. "Forgot that last night, didn't we? I'm Harriet Hall. Now, you go call the menfolks to breakfast and I'll introduce you."

From the porch Martha called in a clear bell-note:

"Au-bur-n-n!"

"You know I'm not one to meddle, Harriet—I never was!" Mrs. Euphemia Mix settled her plump person in a rocking chair. "But it really did seem, bein' in the place of a mother to him as you are, you ought to know about Coburn Hall's scandalous goin's-on! Lottie thought so too."

"Ye-s," said Aunt Harry reflectively. "Lottie would."

"Of course we couldn't speak to Mr. Hall"—Mrs. Euphemia Mix shuddered at the thought—"but you can. Harriet Hall, he came up the glen road last night with some girl ——"

"Mr. Hall?" said Aunt Harry tranquilly.

"Goodness, Harriet, how you do put me out! Coburn, of course. He came along with some girl about nine o'clock. Everybody heard 'em singin' and carryin' on all the way up the hill. I think Mr. Hall ought to be told."

"Well, I can mention it if you insist; but Coburn's twenty-one and I doubt if John would interfere anyhow; he likes singing himself."

"Harriet Hall! The idea! You know perfectly well what I mean. That girl—she was none of the neighbors' girls. There isn't such a voice on the hill. Shameless hussy!"

"Shameless for having a good voice or because she wasn't born on Holley Patent?" asked Aunt Harry.

"Now what makes you so provoking? That woman; who was she?"

"Oh! I could have told you that; but I misunderstood you. I'm a little deaf in one ear," said Aunt Harry simply. "You may have noticed it. I was beginning to think you meant to complain that the singing woke you up. I have to go to bed early myself now. How time does go on, doesn't it?" She settled back in her rocker, comfortably intent on her knitting.

"Harriet! You make me want to shake you! Who was she?"

"Oh! The young lady? She came to help me through the strawberry season. Shall I tell her you praised her voice? Or perhaps you would like to meet her?"

Mrs. Mix was almost in tears. "A girl that would sing songs like that!—Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey!—Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man!"

Aunt Harry rose—that masculine lady; she put her knitting aside and fixed her caller with a satiric eye.

"Euphemia Mix, I knew you when you were a Calder; and I'll say this for you—no one ever heard you singing as you came up a dark road! Don't talk to me!"

She lacked little of the grenadier except the shako.

"Won't your mother object to your working here, Miss Menlick? And would she mind if I smoked?"

They were under the pine trees on the lawn. No, that is a mistake—the trees were not on the lawn; the lawn was round the trees and was built to fit them. Miss Menlick delayed her reply to repeat a starbright with earnest faith.

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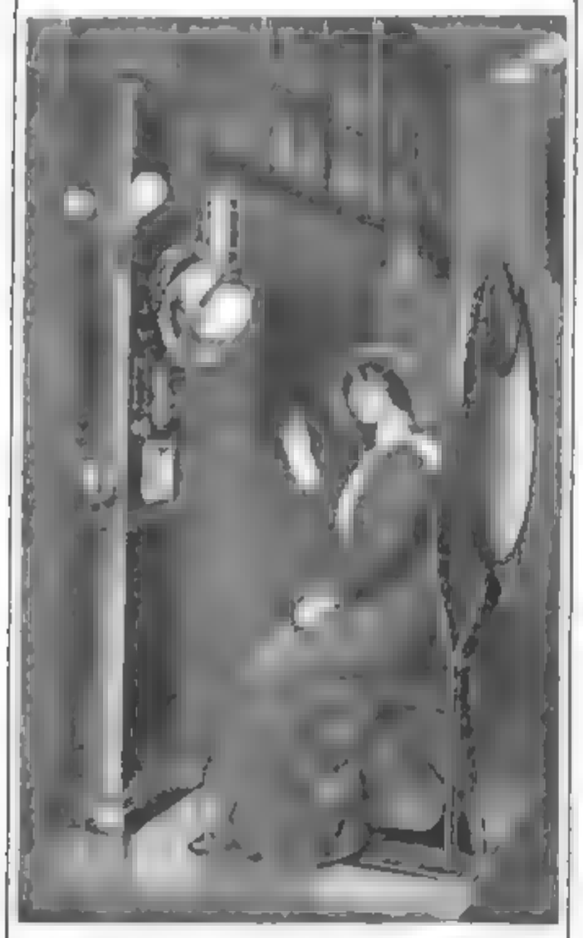

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"She'd be glad to get me away from the bright lights!" It was said with a simple directness worthy of Aunt Harriet at her most fearsome.

"And the smoke?"

"Silly!"

"Don't you suppose she was worried about you last night? Why wouldn't you let me telephone?"

"Worried? Her? What for?" Martha brought her eyes from the stars to her neighbor. "Like as not she forgot to take the census—we're a Roosevelt family. Even if she missed me she probably thought I'd got a job somewhere. Seems like I never hold a place down. . . . Long distance, please! We live out in the hoop-skirts and we don't keep a 'phone. Of course I might have called up Biff Lee—he knows the way to our house. But what's the odds? They know I can look out for myself."

"Biff Lee?" Coburn's tone was like that of one who, with a wrinkled nose, regards a noxious insect.

"Biff? Best batter in the Shoestring League. Good old Biff!" said Martha cheerfully. "Thought every one knew Biff!"

Coburn flung the insect aside.

"So you don't stay in one place long?" he suggested.

"Long? Honest, Curly, if they knew about me they'd run me in the Sunday Supplement: Mournful Mattie—She Gets Fired! I've been in 'most every room in the shops; I can make the whole dinky shoe, from hide to wearer. I've been fired for cutting hours and fired for cutting leather; for being sassy and being surly; fired because I wouldn't let the foreman make love to me and fired for making love to the foreman; fired for not doing enough work and for doing too much work—yes, I have! That was piecework. I fired myself from the hotel because the graveyard was so crowded, and I quit the cafeteria for a reason I had. Then the nickelodeon—I stayed there the longest—singing; fired only last week. . . . I busted the piano stool over the professor's head. S'pose that had anything to do with it?"

III

"YOU may say what you like, Harriet," urged Mrs. Euphemia Mix. "I tell you that girl can't afford to dress the way she does on what you pay her."

"Think so?"

"I know it. Whoever heard the like—chambray and French gingham for working clothes? And them short sleeves!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Aunt Harry. "I'll raise her wages."

Mrs. Euphemia bit back tears of vexation.

"Harriet Hall, you're just bekacked with that good-for-nothing gadabout—and she knows as much about housekeeping as a cat does about Sunday."

"She's learning—not fast enough to shock me, maybe; but I like her and I like her pretty dresses too. She sort of lightens up the old place. I wouldn't have her any different. I like to see her round. So does John."

"Oh, I dare say—and Coburn too!"

"And Coburn too." Aunt Harry serenely clicked her needles. "We like to hear them sing—John and I."

"You're as blind as a bat! Harriet Hall, do you know that bold-faced piece sang in the moving-picture shows at Dennison?"

"So she says."

"And was discharged for improper conduct?"

"So you say."

This was too much even for Mrs. Euphemia Mix. She rose, shaking.

"I suppose you'd take her word against mine!"

Aunt Harry counted her stitches.

"Did you discharge her yourself, Euphemia, or did some one tell you about it?"

"I knew you'd take some such stand as this. Harriet Hall, you've put me down mighty often and snubbed me off short; but this time I've got you where you can't help being convinced." Malice gleamed in the beady little eyes. "I never was one to be inquisitive; but when I run up here last week to look over the Vesper Bell I couldn't help noticing the police items had been cut out. I kept it in the back of my head, and when we took the eggs to Vesper yesterday I went to the Bell office and got last week's copy. I want you should see it." She brought the paper from her folded shawl with a triumphant flourish. "Read that, will you?"

"You read it to me," said Aunt Harry. "I'll tend to my knitting."

So Mrs. Euphemia Mix read, with vindictive emphasis:

"Edward Blossom pleaded guilty in police court yesterday to petit larceny, having stolen a gold watch valued at forty dollars, belonging to Mrs. S. A. Halliday, proprietress of the Halliday Hotel. The watch was found in a West Avenue pawnshop, and when Blossom was taken into custody he confessed that he took the timepiece from Mrs. Halliday's room on Friday evening of last week. Mrs. Halliday had not suspected Blossom, her star boarder, but had sworn out a warrant for Sally Menlick, a wayward girl who was discharged by Mrs. Halliday the day the watch disappeared. The Menlick girl was already on probation from the juvenile court at Dennison. Blossom was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in jail."

"Well?" said Aunt Harry.

"Ain't that enough? Now you see the kind of a girl your precious Martha Menlick is!"

"I don't seem to follow you," said Aunt Harry humbly. "I thought you said Sally Menlick?"

"So I did. But you don't want the sister of such a creature as that hanging round you! No knowing what she'll take."

"Exactly. If three times three is eleven, three times eleven is eighty-six. Just so!" Aunt Harry rose with the briskly unmistakable air of one who terminates an interview; she appropriated the Vesper Bell as contraband of war. "I'll light the supper fire with this. Excuse me for not being surprised, Euphemia. I cut that little item out of the Vesper Bell myself!"

"What! You stand up for such rubbish as that—and you a respectable woman!"

The respectable woman snapped her fingers.

"That for Pheb' Halliday! She accuses a girl of theft; the accusation is proved false, and you blister your feet and your tongue telling it for true. Respectable woman! Bah!"

With such peroration, this estimable lady, more grenadier-grim than ever—if ever a grenadier wore steel spectacles and a Little Orphant Annie apron—bore down upon her shrinking foe, apparently intent upon physical violence. Whether such were indeed her design, or some more diplomatic measure, can never be known. Mrs. Euphemia Mix opened her mouth once, thought better of it, and flung herself through the door, dismayed and dumb.

Aunt Harry laid the fire with an unwonted vigor of lid and lifter that verged upon the profane; in which duty she became aware of a tall, white Martha at the pantry door.

"I heard every word, Mrs. Hall. You're—you're very good to me. I appreciate it. I'm grateful to you for all your kindness—indeed I am—but hadn't I better go?"

Aunt Harry scowled ferociously.

"And the house full of company next week? Let me catch you at it! Grateful your granny! Hark! Because I like to cross and bedevil Euphemia Mix? That woman just naturally sets my teeth on edge. You needn't flatter yourself 'twas on your account—except that I need your help for a while. You go peel the potatoes!"

"Aunt Harry!" Martha used the term quite unconsciously and for the first time. A runaway tear trickled down her freckly nose. "Did you—you didn't ——" With a quick step she hid her burning face in Aunt Harry's martial bosom. "It wasn't you who cut that story from the Vesper Bell, was it—really?"

"My word!" said the scandalized grenadier, and she groped for adequate comment. The pressure of warm young arms was not wholly unpleasant. "You heard what I told Euphemia Mix, didn't you? What do you want me to do—own up that I lied?" The arms conveyed an insulting affirmative. "Well! Well!" To her great astonishment, Aunt Harry observed that her own hand was bestowing surreptitious and awkward pats on Martha's rounded arm. Shamefaced and incredulous she glared at the offender. "As Euphemia would say, I never was one to grudge a good lie in season. You go get those potatoes!"

At the potato bin Martha shook aside an angry tear.

"Curly did it—for me!" she whispered to herself happily. Then she drooped. "You?" she scoffed. "You silly, slangy little dunce! Not good enough! You—You—doing a Weepin' Winnie!—going into a clinch with that dame and givin' the snap away—you make me sick! Do you want to pull him down to your level? Beat it, you little fool! Beat it—see!"

"S'matter, pop?"

It was plain to be seen in the mellow glow from the hall lamp that something was the matter. There was more than anger in the boy's puzzled eyes; the bewilderment of a faithful collie who has felt injustice for the first time and does not believe it possible.

"I guess you know. That she-poison-pedler ——"

"Mrs. Mix?"

Coburn's guardian angel sighed. Martha laughed.

"Cheer up, old hand," she said. "Sometimes things will go wrong like that—ever so long; and then turn right round and get worse! Some class to Phemy; but she can't show me up the way I could myself—she don't know!" She laughed again; but the spontaneous, light-hearted bubbling changed on her lip to a harsh and strident sneer. "Oh, what's the use? Except mother and the kidlets, we're a hard lot. Sam—he's the oldest—he's all right. He got away. Guess the rest of us didn't have much chance. My dad's a booze-hoist. He used to be good to us, at that—before he took to bending his elbow and making a little amateur hell between acts. And Sally—you know about her; you did the little scissors stunt with the Vesper Bell. That was white of you, Coburn!"

On the porch-rail a brown hand closed over a white one.

"I don't care one copper cent about your family! I care more for you than ——"

"Forget it!"

"I do—you know I do. I want you, Martha."

"You're a good driver, Curly Puzzlehead, and kind to dusty little girls. Let it go at that!"

"Will you marry me, dear?"

She flared scorn at him.

"Can it! Nothing doing! Line busy! Ring off!" At each coarse and repellent word she shriveled and shrank away in some horrible anamorphosis, as though a butterfly should change back to a grub; she put by sunlight and wings, calling desperately on her store of pitiful knowledge. "Me? Me marry a roughneck? Oh, go hoe your cabbage! I want a live one! The short and merry for mine!"

But he was close; he saw in her eyes the little skipping lights that belied her. She read his purpose in his face and wrenched loose her forgetful hand.

"Why, you great chump! If I was fool enough to want to marry you—which I'm not—do you suppose your folks would let you marry Sally Menlick's sister?"

His arms were open, pleading.

"I love you! If there were fifty Sally Menlicks ——"

She laughed in his face with a bitter and brazen tone; her voice was hard.

"Aw-w, you will have it! You big mutt, I'm Sally Menlick!"

Then Coburn went away.

She stood on the porch and watched him go. Her throat was aching and dry with the ashen taste of triumph. . . . Tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow! . . . Into her tired brain came a thought of refuge—the midnight train for Dennison. She grasped at it—the one sure thought in a whirling world! . . . Aunt Harry? Aunt Harry would understand! Desperate, afraid, she fled between the glimmering tall syringas and set her feet toward Windsor and the midnight train.

Alone along the winding way, swift and strong, breasting the moonlight, bareheaded, all in white, she went as she came; and, so remembering, she sang—lest Heaven should guess or warm earth sense her pain. High and clear her young voice rang bravely into the perfumed night; to sink at the last—pitiful, sagging and slow:

Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing—
The breeze is sighing—the nightbirds crying;
For afar, 'neath his star, her brave is sleeping—
While Red Wing's weeping her heart away!

IV

AN AUGUST sun beat upon the stone soldier. At his feet the public fountain brimmed in a great iron basin; and here Coburn Hall let his horses drink. No one

would call Coburn apple-cheeked now; the stone soldier himself was scarce more gaunt and hard.

While Coburn put out his team at the feed-stable, Aunt Harry waited in the park, grateful for the cool shade. Farther along the walk a young man and a young woman sat on another iron bench, much engrossed. The girl was handsome in a bold and sullen way; her voice was pitched too high.

To Aunt Harry, waiting, came trippingly Mrs. Euphemia Mix, with manner ominously pleasant. She sank down upon the seat.

"Warm, isn't it?" she smiled.

Aunt Harry admitted as much, with misgivings, and prepared to receive cavalry. The stone soldier, for his part, saw gladly that Coburn Hall was near at hand, coming across the street; and was also aware, out of the tail of his eye, that belated Boney Hardman, with an empty cab, was clattering trainward over the brick pavement; and he heard the eastbound local at the whistling-post.

Mrs. Euphemia Mix unmasked another smile, and even Aunt Harry, for all her hardihood, flinched a little; she longed for her knitting needles.

"You remember that Menlick girl who came so near making trouble between you and me, dear? Well, I never was one to hold a grudge, but I've got something to tell you. I've just been calling on Phœbe Halliday; and what do you think?" She beamed delightful intelligence. "Her sister's had the face to come back to town; and that's her yonder—that chattering, bedizened creature, over there on that bench."

"Pheb's?" suggested Aunt Harry.

Mrs. Euphemia Mix was not to be baffled today, however. She was in her best form. She laughed vindictively.

"Oh, no! Your precious Martha's sister—the girl that stole the watch—Sally Menlick."

"You are sure of what you are saying, Euphemia Mix?"

"Pheb' Halliday pointed her out to me."

"Thank you," said Aunt Harry. "It was real good-hearted of you to tell me. Coburn, come here!"

Coburn had been hanging back in dread of Mrs. Mix; but he came at the call.

"Nephew," said Aunt Harry, with fine directness, "look at the overdressed young woman on the next seat. Take a good look! Did you ever see her before?"

"Why, no. What about her?"

"Coburn Hall—that girl is the real Sally Menlick!"

"Aunt Harry!" He whirled, ran and flung up his hand at Mr. Boney Hardman. The cab barely checked; Coburn swung up to the driver's seat.

"Catch that train!"

The cab made the corner on two wheels. The local was just pulling in.

"Afraid I can't do it, sir," said Boney as they took the bridge at plunging gallop. "They'll arrest me, too."

"That will be afterward," said Coburn. "*Catch that train!*"

The stone soldier's eyes were dreaming.

BACK-FIRE

Continued from Page 16

"Do you really think so?" she murmured. "He was terribly sorry, and promised me that he'd never touch another drop of anything or get in any more fights, and he meant it too."

Penfold laughed. "Don't you see the hand of Providence in it all?" he asked. "What's a black eye and a scratch on the forehead, if it's the price of making a man of somebody? You leave Carl to me. I've handled a number of Carls in my time. One of them gave me that swipe across the cheek with a kris, and he's now my blood brother, in a manner of speaking, and one of the mainstays of my mission."

"Couldn't you do the same with Carl?" demanded Lucia.

A sudden light shone in Penfold's eyes. Lucia saw it and drew back instinctively, frightened yet fascinated. He stretched out his long arms, captured her hands, drew them toward him and the lithe girlish body behind them. Lucia seemed on the verge of suffocation.

Penfold's quiet voice restored her to some extent.

"Of course I can," said he, "if you will help—when you are grown up, of course."

"But I'm grown up now," Lucia protested, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Well, then, you can help now," he laughed, drawing her closer all the time. Lucia closed her eyes and her head fell back, exposing her round, creamy throat. It seemed to her that she was dying very happily of some poison distilled from the magnolias. Then it suddenly occurred to her that it was cowardly to die without a struggle, no matter how pleasant the death, and she recovered herself with a tremendous effort.

"Talbot, you hurt my wrists! What do you mean? I don't understand!"

He loosed her wrists and flung his arm about her shoulders, drawing her close against him.

"I mean that I love you, you darling," he answered, talking into her disordered hair. "I love you and want you for my wife—as soon as you are old enough."

"But, Talbot, I'm old enough now."

His laugh pealed out, loud and joyous, and again the decoys scuttled for cover. No such triumphant call as that lay within the limits of their seagoing experience, and a wise siren of the black mallard breed, who was known as Tetrazzini from the carrying quality of her voice, cocked a skilled eye aloft. Here, thought she, must be coming some stranger from foreign parts—an albatross or dodo or angel or other winged fowl of exultant note.

"You are an infant in arms!" Penfold exclaimed.

"I don't care, as long as they're your arms," answered a rather smothered voice from the region of his shoulder.

"But listen, sweetheart." Penfold's voice was vibrant as the hum of a motor when it propels an aëroplane through celestial heights, and it seemed to Lucia that she was being borne along under precisely such conditions, with the dark storm-clouds far beneath her and nothing on all sides but fathomless space and rosy shine. "I love you more than all the world"—Lucia thought of that gray world so far below and could not blame him—"and I want you to be so happy, that even when your feet do touch the ground they won't leave any prints." He drew her closer and a laugh struggled to escape. "You are old enough to know what love means, perhaps, but you are not old enough to know your mind."

"My mind knows me then," whispered Lucia. "I know what is troubling you, dear. You are a little like Aunt Nell, Talbot. You think that I might not be happy to share the life that you have chosen for yourself—or rather for others. Just put that out of your darling, silly head. I'd be happy with you anywhere. All I want is you, and when one has all that one wants one has everything. You see I'm not so young as you thought. Lots of people live their whole lives without quite knowing what they want. I'm not that kind. I knew what I wanted the moment I heard you speak in the chapel and your voice made me feel as if I were in a swing. You are the one who has a lot to learn, you darling old Lama, and the sooner you begin the better!"

She twisted about in his arms and turned her rosy, smiling face to his, and the airship rang for full speed ahead and steered straight for the wide vault of heaven.

Penfold, hailing as he did from the Eastern Shore, was possessed of certain old-fashioned ideas seldom encountered in these days of self-assurance. Consequently before the airship had made as extended a flight as Lucia would have enjoyed, he brought it skillfully to earth without so much as a jar, stepped out, still rather giddy from altitude and the rush of heavenly bodies, and asked his palpitating companion where she thought he might find her father.

"I left him in his den going over accounts a little while ago," she answered rather dazedly. "Why, Talbot?"

"I want to apply for my pilot's license. Will you wait for me here?"

She threw herself into his arms again. It was a family trait of the Gillespies that they were not given to half measures.

"Yes, but don't be long," she pleaded. "What do you think he'll say?"

"I don't like to think. He will probably tell me to stick my head under the pump and put a beefsteak on my eye, and then order me to keep out of the nursery."

"Talbot!"

"However, being himself in love, perhaps he may prove clement. If necessary I will point out to him that he owes his own happiness indirectly to me. Wait here, sweetheart."

He got up rather unsteadily and laid a course for the house, reflecting as he went that after all his courage was not of the grade he had liked to esteem it as the result of certain situations he had faced in the Far East. It was one thing to demand redress of a hostile mandarin and another to require of a fond parent the custody of his dearly beloved daughter. Gillespie was a man of the world, and he had, no doubt, formed ambitious projects for both girls, and what had he, Penfold, to offer?

He went up the steps to the veranda, passed through the anteroom and billiard room, and summoning his courage rapped at the door of the office. "Come in," called a crisp voice, and Penfold entered, to find Gillespie at his desk, leaning back in a revolving chair, the heels of his white shoes in a litter of papers, a panatela between his fingers and blowing clouds of smoke at the lofty ceiling. He looked very happy and contented and Penfold hated to disturb his calm.

"Hello!" said Gillespie in a tone of surprise, letting his rubber soles come down with a flap on the tiled floor. His keen eyes rested for an instant on Penfold's face. "Good Lord, what's happened you, doctor?" He was on his feet in a second, with the light, easy grace of an athlete, and he slid a cushioned wicker chair toward Penfold. "Sit down; you look all in. Had a fall? Here, you'd better take something." His hand reached for the bell.

"Don't ring," said Penfold. "I don't want anything to drink. I want to talk to you a few minutes if you don't mind—if you are not busy."

Gillespie looked at him doubtfully.

"Strikes me that for a man just out of bed you've been overdoing your strength a bit, old chap. I told Nell—Mrs. Duane—that you were prancing about a little too soon. You'd better go up and lie down, and I'll be up directly. I suppose you want to talk to me about the Duane Home." He threw his half-smoked cheroot into the fireplace. "There's plenty of time to go over that."

"No, it has nothing to do with that." Penfold felt his strength slipping away in spite of his efforts, and it gave him a feeling of desperation. "There's plenty of time to talk about the Duane Home. I want to speak about something ——"

He was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Carl. This young gentleman came in without the formality of knocking, though in a manner sufficiently subdued. At sight of Penfold his sunburnt face flushed.

"I've just been looking for you," said he awkwardly. "Lucia told me that you'd come up to speak to father, and I want to say—er—to tell you how awfully sorry I am. I say, why didn't you tell me ——"

He hesitated for an instant and Penfold looked at him irritably.

"Oh, that's all right," he snapped. "I've forgotten all about it. It doesn't matter two whoops. I'm talking to your father about something more important, so if you don't mind ——"

"But I do mind," Carl interrupted. "I just want to say that I acted like a mucker and I'm awfully sorry, and if there's anything that I can do ——"

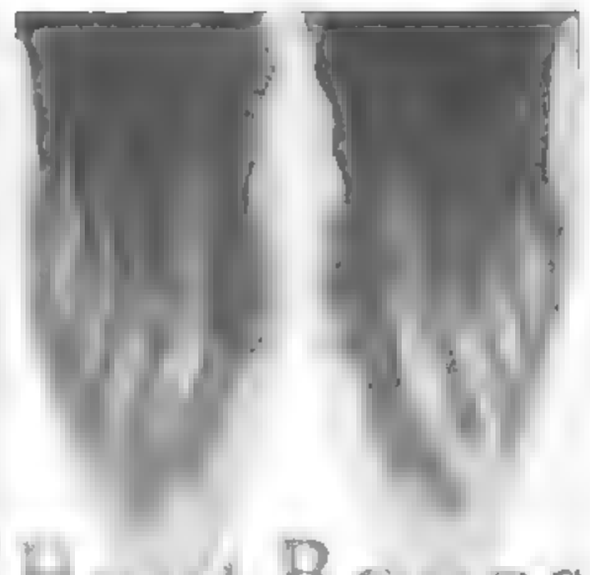
"The best thing that you can do," Penfold retorted, with rising vexation, "is to forget it. I think that we agreed that the less said about it the better. What I have to say to your father is a lot more important, so if you will wait until we've finished our interview ——"

"What are you two talking about anyway?" Gillespie demanded, glancing from one to the other with a mystified expression.

Penfold waved his hand wearily. "Nothing of any importance," he answered curtly. "Look here, Carl, I want to talk to your father. For Heaven's sake be good enough to clear out for a few moments."

Gillespie's puzzled gaze passed from one to the other. He had already seen his son and exchanged the brief greetings habitual

(Concluded on Page 27)



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That is precisely what has come to pass in this new car.

The principal contributing factor—the two speed direct drive axle—is described in detail elsewhere.

The Cadillac Delco electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition, the first practical system ever made and first introduced by us, has, after experience with it on 27,000 Cadillacs, been still further developed, improved and simplified and the slight attention required from the user materially reduced.

The carburetor has been improved, its efficiency and its well-known economy increased. It is hot water jacketed and electrically heated to facilitate starting in cold weather.

The rear springs are six inches longer.

The body designs are new and strikingly handsome.

Front seat passengers may enter or leave the car at either side.

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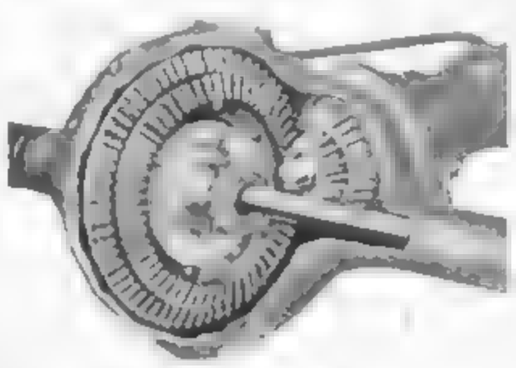
Cadillac two-speed direct drive axle

The advantages of this axle do not lie in its being an improvement so far as its functions as an axle are concerned, but rather in the manifold advantages attained in other directions through the medium of the axle

In place of the single bevel pinion and single bevel driving gear common to ordinary construction, there are two bevel pinions and two bevel driving gears. This affords two different gear ratios, each driving direct from the engine to the axle without intermediate gearing.

The usual single direct drive gear ratios range from about 3.5 to 1 down to 4 to 1 according to the car. Any single gear ratio is necessarily what it is because a single gear ratio must be, or should be, the particular one which is best adapted for all around general use.



No one single gear ratio can possibly be just right for all speeds and for all conditions. But by using two direct gear ratios we have exactly doubled the means for promoting the economical and efficient application of power developed by the engine to the driving of the car.

In the new Cadillac axle we have, as before stated, two direct drive gear ratios. The low direct drive gear, which is 3.66 to 1, is especially adapted for city driving, where starting, stopping and slowing down are frequent and where cautious operation is necessary

The high direct drive gear ratio, which is 2.5 to 1, is of special advantage where speeds of about 16 miles or more per hour are permissible and desirable

The change from one gear ratio to the other is made by means of a simple, convenient electric switch.

The advantages of the high direct drive gear ratio lie primarily in the fact that with it, any given speed of the engine produces an increase of about 42 per cent in the speed of the car. For example: at an engine speed of 700 revolutions per minute, with the low direct gear engaged, the car will travel approximately 21 miles per hour, while on the high direct gear it will travel approximately 30 miles per hour with no increase in engine speed

This great increase in car speed in its relation to engine speed accomplishes a number of desirable things

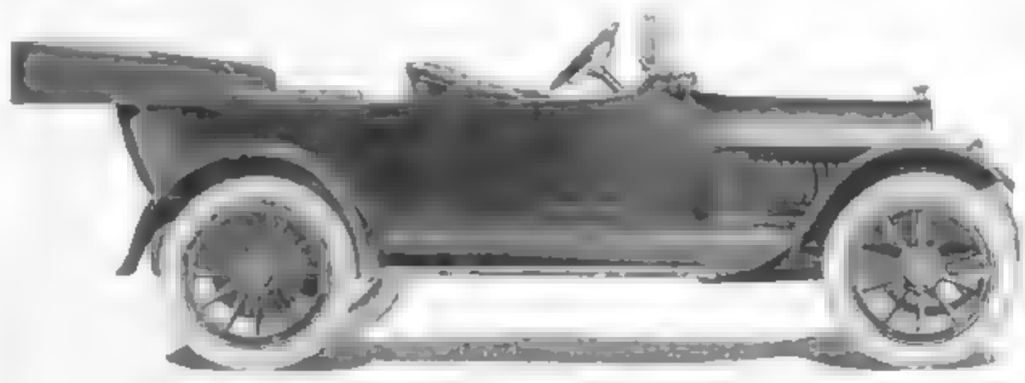
Among these is a decrease in gasoline consumption for a given mileage. This is due to the fact that with the engine turning over slowly—comparatively speaking—a given quantity of gas is utilized to greater advantage and generates more actual power than with the engine turning over more rapidly. Friction also is materially reduced by reason of the parts operating more slowly and this, too, is a factor in reducing gasoline consumption when driving on the high gear.

Another great advantage is that with this direct drive high gear ratio, there is obtained an extraordinarily luxurious smoothness in running, together with a marked quietness and a comparative freedom from the vibration which, to a greater or less extent, is ever present when traveling at high speed with a low gear ratio

In attaining these much desired qualities, instead of adding complications to the power plant which make for greater fuel consumption and for greater upkeep expense, they have been attained by methods which are strikingly the reverse, viz., by methods which lessen the fuel consumption, methods which decrease friction with its resulting wear and methods which make for longer life, together with an appreciable decrease in the cost of operation and maintenance.

Specifications in brief

ENGINE—Four-cylinder, 4¼ inch bore by 5½ inch stroke; silent chain-driven cam shaft, pump shaft and generator shaft, enclosed valve mechanism. Five-bearing crankshaft. HORSE-POWER—40-50. COOLING—Water, copper jacketed cylinders. Centrifugal pump, radiator, tubular and plate type. IGNITION—Delco dual system. CRANKING DEVICE—Delco Electrical, patented. LUBRICATION—Cadillac automatic splash system, oil uniformly distributed. CARBURETOR—Special Cadillac design of maximum efficiency, hot water jacketed and electrically heated, air controlled from driver's seat CLUTCH—Cone type, large, leather faced with special spring ring in fly wheel. TRANSMISSION—Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse. Chrome nickel steel gears running on five Annular ball bearings. CONTROL—Hand gear change lever and hand brake lever at driver's right, inside the car. Service brake, foot lever. Clutch, foot lever. Rear axle gear control, electric switch. Throttle accelerator, foot lever. Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Carburetor air control, hand lever on steering column. DRIVE—Shaft, to two sets of bevel gears of special cut teeth. AXLES—Rear, full floating type; special alloy steel live axle shafts, two speed direct drive (see detailed description). Front axle, drop forged I beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and roller bearing steering spindles. Front wheels fitted with Timken bearings. BRAKES—One internal and one external direct on wheels 17 inch by 2½ drums. Exceptionally easy in operation, both equipped with equalizers. STEERING GEAR—Cadillac patented worm and worm gear sector type, adjustable. 18 inch steering wheel with walnut rim; aluminum spider. WHEEL BASE—120 inches. TIRES—36 inch by 4¼ inch; Q D demountable rims. SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptical. Rear, three-quarter platform. FINISH—Calumet Green with gold stripe. STANDARD EQUIPMENT—Cadillac top, windshield, full lamp equipment, gasoline gauge, electric horn, power tire pump, foot rail and cocoa mat in tonneau of open cars, robe rail, tire holders, set of tools, tire repair kit Warner Autometer



Five passenger Touring Car $1975

Seven passenger car	$2075	Landaulet Coupé, three passenger	$2500
Phaeton, four passenger	1975	Inside drive Limousine, five passenger	2800
Roadster, two passenger	1975	Standard Limousine, seven passenger	3250

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit and include standard equipment

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

(Concluded from Page 25)

between them on meeting after a separation, but being at the moment occupied had asked no particulars of the cruise. What might have occurred between Carl and Penfold he could not imagine, but the manner of the latter showed plainly that he was disturbed at the interruption; so Gillespie said in his habitually curt voice:

"Don't interrupt, son. Doctor Penfold has something he wants to tell me. You're excused."

Carl's face turned from scarlet to crimson.

"All right, dad," said he rather awkwardly. "Sorry to have interrupted." And he withdrew, closing the door after him. Gillespie looked inquiringly at Penfold.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing of any importance," answered Penfold in a tone of annoyance. "Carl came along while I was talking to Edna, and took it into his silly head that I was bothering her. He shoved me across a bench before he had time to find out just what he was doing. There's no harm done, and Carl is very sorry about it."

"He ought to be!" Gillespie cut in impatiently. "What that boy needs—and he's going to get it before he's much older—is good hard work." He tugged at his crisp mustache and frowned. "In fact, I believe it's what everybody needs."

"There's no doubt about it," Penfold answered. "Some sage, whose name I can't remember, said that idleness is the worst of vices. However, I'm glad that Carl behaved as he did, because when he learned from Lucia that I had been ill he swore a solemn oath to stop drinking and quarreling. The youngster is really very much cut up."

Gillespie looked at him thoughtfully.

"You are a good man, Penfold, if you don't mind my saying so. If Carl made such a promise he will keep it. His deeper instincts are those of a gentleman. Most chaps who had been treated as you have would be very nasty about it. I'd like to shake your hand."

"Thank you," said Penfold. The two exchanged one of those grips that mean a great deal between men of a certain caliber, and the ceremony, though brief, cements a friendship that is usually enduring. Gillespie leaned back in his chair, an expression of slight diffidence on his thoroughbred features.

"I suppose you know that Mrs. Duane and I are going to be married?" he said.

"Yes, and I can't tell you how glad I am. Please accept my most sincere congratulations."

"Thank you, doctor. I really feel that I owe you a tremendous lot, not only for your care of my daughter when you were lost in the woods and for your fine attitude in regard to my boy, but for other things." He paused, slightly embarrassed.

Penfold leaned forward in his chair, his face rather pale.

"You don't owe me anything whatever, Mr. Gillespie," he said, "but I'm awfully glad to know that you have this friendly feeling for me, because I am going to ask a great deal of you. I want to marry your daughter."

Gillespie stared for an instant, then sprang suddenly to his feet. But before he could speak there came a knock at the door, and without waiting for a reply Edna came into the room. She was dressed in a yachting costume of white linen, with a panama hat and a chiffon veil. At sight of Penfold she hesitated for an instant, then walked to her father and dropped her hands on his arms.

"Goodby, daddy dear," said she; "I'm off for a cruise with Harold and Hermione Applebo."

Gillespie looked down at her helplessly, then threw a quick glance at Penfold.

"Off for a cruise!" he repeated; "but why are you going off for a cruise?"

Edna laughed and looked frankly at Penfold.

"To blow away some cobwebs," she answered gayly. "I'm afraid that if I don't go away I might fall in love with my prospective brother-in-law. Then you and Lucia would both be jealous—she of me and you of him, wouldn't you, you old dear?" She raised herself on the toes of her little shoes and threw her arms round her father's neck. "And I might be jealous both of Lucia and Aunt Nell! It's terrible to have such an affectionate nature! So I'm going off with Harold and Hermione on their new little schooner and we're going to pick up Cécile at Nassau; and I'm not quite sure whether I'll come back a poetess or a suffragette! Harold will probably be writing odes to the spray from the wings of a flying fish, and Cécile flirting with British officers and securing converts of male constituents for women's rights."

"What the deuce are you talking about, Eddie?" Gillespie looked at Penfold.

"I'm trying to kiss you goodby," she answered plaintively; "and I might manage it, too, if you didn't hold your stupid old neck so stiff. I seem to have an awfully hard time getting somebody to kiss me these days. Duck a bit, daddy, there's a dear."

She laughed, drew down her father's head, then, still laughing, released her hold of him and turned to Penfold.

"Goodby, brother dear," said she, and offered him her cheek. Penfold, who had risen, took her in his arms and kissed her. Edna turned to the door.

"Goodby, you two splendid men—the best in the world," she cried gayly, and the next instant the door closed on her smiling face, barely in time to hide the tears that filled her eyes a moment after.

Gillespie turned to Penfold, his expression bewildered.

"I thought of course that you meant Edna!" he cried in amazement. "You don't mean to say that it's Lucia you wish to marry?"

"It is though," Penfold answered.

"But she's a mere child! It's only been a few months since she left school!" Gillespie began to tug at his mustache, a mannerism of his when perplexed. "Lucia's a baby!"

"You think that because you are her father," Penfold answered. "Lucia is not a baby; she's a lot more grown-up than some of the rest of us." It struck him suddenly that he had never realized the childishness of most adults. He felt toward Gillespie a good deal as he had felt toward Carl. Perhaps this was due to some extent to his long experience with Orientals, who are born very old. "Lucia is old enough to marry, Mr. Gillespie; it's merely a question of her marrying the right person. Perhaps I may not be the right person, although I can promise you that no man will ever love her more dearly or try harder to make her happy than I shall. The trouble is that I haven't much to offer her in a material way. But when a man really loves a woman as I love your little daughter, there are a good many things that count for more than wealth. I want to guide her feet so that they shall never step on a sharp stone, and carry her over the rough places, and protect her so that she may keep on growing 'straight toward the sun,' as Edna described her nature. You are her father and love her in a way different from mine, but if you will give her to me I'll promise to take good care of her. Will you?"

Penfold sank back in his chair and looked at Gillespie. There came at that moment a rapping at the door, but the two men, being somewhat occupied by their own emotions, failed to notice it. Then the door opened and Mrs. Duane came in. She glanced from one to the other smilingly. Both men rose, Gillespie with his usual light alacrity and Penfold rather wearily. It seemed to him that people might at least have the decency to give a man the chance of asking for his bride. But as he looked at Mrs. Duane his personal pique gave way to pleased admiration. He felt that he had never realized what an uncommonly pretty woman she was. As he saw her now, with a soft light in her gray eyes and a delicate flush on her cheeks, he could scarcely believe that this was the same diaphanous semi-invalid who had received him in that grim parlor of the old house on Gramercy Park. Mrs. Duane wore a white dimity dress faintly striped with black and covered by a long dustcoat of pale gray silk, with a little panama hat peaked over the forehead and wound about by a mousseline-de-soie veil of the same tint as the dustcoat.

"I hope I'm not interrupting," said she, glancing at Gillespie.

"You are," Penfold answered dryly, "but we will forgive you. I came in a little while ago to ask Mr. Gillespie if I might marry Lucia. He says that she is too young. What do you think about it, Mrs. Duane?"

Her eyes opened very wide; then her red lips curved in a smile and she turned impulsively to Penfold.

"I think it's perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "Of course she's not too young! Dear me, what's happened to your eye?"

"Oh, nothing much. I had a fall. Then you don't think that Lucia's too young? I'm awfully glad, because, you see, Mr. Gillespie is rather inclined to regard me as a nursery pirate."

"Nonsense! Lucia's the only one of the family that's ever really known her mind. I'm so glad!" She gave Penfold both of her hands, smiling into his face. "And I'm not a bit surprised. I knew that it was bound to happen so."

Penfold placed one hand upon the other, and stooping over brushed the back of the uppermost with his lips. Then he straightened up and looked at Gillespie with a smile that brought out the deep lines in his lean cheeks.

"What do you say to that, Mr. Gillespie?" he asked.

"Kissing Nelly's hands? Oh, I suppose it's all right ——"

"Egoist!" interrupted Penfold in his deep, resonant voice. "No, not kissing Nelly's hands" - he looked at Mrs. Duane and laughed—"kissing mamma's hands! May I marry your daughter or not? That's what I want to know. And I'd like to have my answer as soon as conveniently possible, as there's a certain small child waiting for me down on an ant-eaten bench by the decoy pond ——"

He was interrupted by a rap at the door, a rap that carried a quality of imperious impatience.

"Oh, come in," snorted Gillespie. "Come in everybody. No respect for privacy in this hectic household!"

The door swung open and Lucia entered.

"What's going on here?" she asked.

"Nothing much," Penfold answered. "That's just what I've been complaining about."

"What did daddy say when you asked him?" Lucia fixed her paternal parent with her sparkling eye, and that gentleman quailed perceptibly. She turned to Penfold, who glanced at Gillespie and made a futile effort to drop a puffed lid.

"He says that you are too young," Penfold answered, struggling with the lines of humor at the corner of his mouth.

"And what does Aunt Nelly say?" Lucia turned to regard her aunt.

"She thinks that it might be possible sooner or later," Penfold answered sadly.

Lucia stamped her little foot and her face flamed.

"Well, then," said she, "I'll just tell you all what I think. I think that you all make me very, very tired—especially Aunt Nell and daddy. When I saw daddy coming up the magnolia path I was wild to rush down to meet him, because I was horribly worried about him; but I wanted Aunt Nell to kiss him first. So I just bolted up to my room and waited. I may be a kid, but I know what it is to love somebody so much that it makes you—makes you ——"

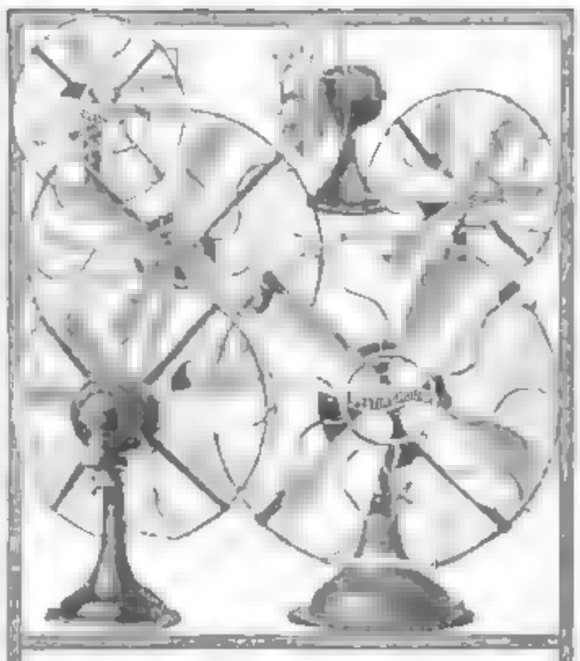
But at this point everybody began to kiss Lucia, wherever there was room to do so.

If you ever happen to be down in the neighborhood of the Eastern Shore you ought really to visit the Duane Memorial Home. It should do you a great deal of good to see so many small children having such a lot of fun. Besides, they are taught useful things. The little girls learn how to cook and sew and wash their dresses without burning holes in them, and the boys are taught the use of tools and glowing iron. The chances are that when you arrive at the landing you may hear shrill pipings from a lot of very small ones paddling along the beach in the warm, clear water. You might see a good-sized schooner yacht handled quite ably by youngsters, though naturally it takes a lot of them to do it. In the opinion of many people the Twilight ought to be rechristened the Sunrise, because that is what she now represents to a lot of youngsters, who for no fault of theirs were born in the perpetual twilight of a great city and are learning for the first time what a real sunrise means.

You would find the superintendent a strong and kindly person whom you would like at once, especially as he would make no appeal to you for his fold. The chances are that you would volunteer this later. His wife is lovely, and you might wonder how so splendid a woman could content herself with conditions of modern life that do not include theaters and operas and dinners and the joy of giving so many things they don't want to people one doesn't like.

The answer is quite simple. It is not that the superintendent and his charming wife are so noble and altruistic and unselfish. It is simply that she loves him and he loves her, and they both love the results of loving each other so dearly.

(THE END)



Electric Fans Made by Westinghouse

IF you are looking for service in an electric fan—

Every dollar you invest in Westinghouse fans goes twice as far as in the cheapest first-cost fan on the market.

Here is an electric fan that with ordinary care is good for many years' service.

It has many features that you cannot purchase in other fans.

Frame, pressed steel, the strongest, lightest construction yet produced. Takes a handsome, smooth finish. Heavy felt base, takes up vibration and protects polished desk tops.

Motor, smooth-running, finely balanced, and economical of current. Runs all day for a nickel. Direction of breeze adjustable. Force of breeze under instant control.

If you want a fan that will last, the Westinghouse is worth your insistence.

Any good dealer and all electric light companies can sell you the Westinghouse fan.

Send for booklet showing various styles for all purposes.

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It's Uncomfortable."

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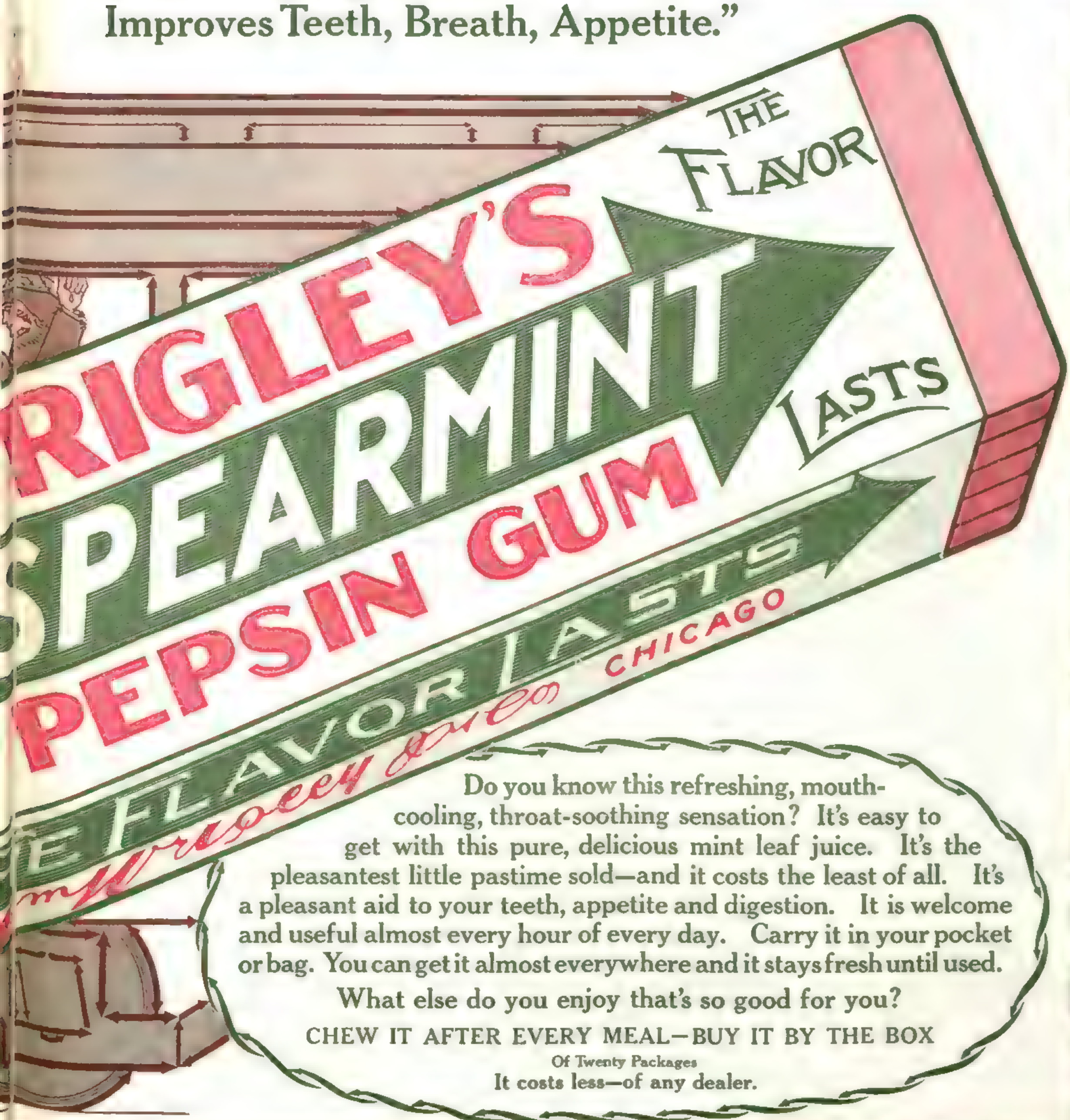
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT

Look for the Spear.
Avoid Imitations.

It Benefits Digestion, Improves Teeth, Breath, Appetite."



Do you know this refreshing, mouth-cooling, throat-soothing sensation? It's easy to get with this pure, delicious mint leaf juice. It's the pleasantest little pastime sold—and it costs the least of all. It's a pleasant aid to your teeth, appetite and digestion. It is welcome and useful almost every hour of every day. Carry it in your pocket or bag. You can get it almost everywhere and it stays fresh until used.

What else do you enjoy that's so good for you?

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL—BUY IT BY THE BOX

Of Twenty Packages

It costs less—of any dealer.

E. D'Emo Adv. Chicago

"Put in six of the Vegetable, she says."

And many of his customers say the same thing. In fact this is how most of the practical housewives always order

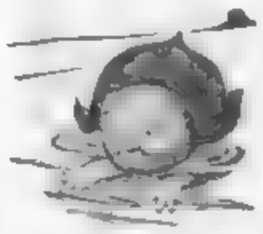
Campbells'

VEGETABLE SOUP

Everybody likes it so much and wants it so often—with its fresh, wholesome, right-out-of-the-garden flavor—that you save time, and avoid disappointment by having a supply always on hand.

Hadn't you better order this nourishing satisfying Campbell "kind" *today?*

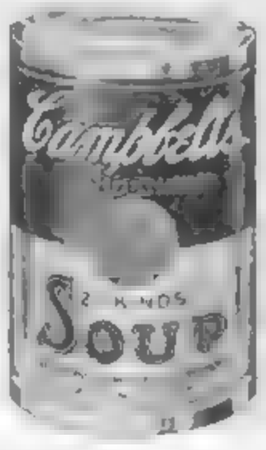
Why not phone your order right now?
Your money back if not satisfied.



"'Twas Campbell's Soup
That made me bold
To brave the foaming sea,
However cold
The waters rolled
'Twas warm inside of me."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli Tomato



Look for the red-and-white label

THE MEDICAL QUICK-LUNCH COUNTER

(Continued from Page 14

Sometimes the *portier* in charge conducts one of the shops. In any case he keeps in order, more or less, the hall and stone staircase, opens the door, cooks onions all day, and wears a bandage over his mustache all night to keep the ends curled. He is the supreme authority of the building, putting up a chain across the door at ten P. M. and charging five hellers, or one penny, for each person he admits or lets out. He has another source of income. At the same hour the feeble hall lights are extinguished, and from that time until daylight one coming in lights himself up the staircase by means of a birthday-cake candle, as long as a cigarette but not so thick. Another penny!

Many rooms our pilgrim inspects, past many *portiers'* lodges with varying onion odors—onions fried, onions boiled, yesterday's onions, shades of dead-and-gone onions; rooms with wall paper over the doors; rooms with double windows, to keep out that arch enemy, fresh air—double windows, with red cushions between to make assurance more sure; rooms with two narrow beds, and a bath if notified the day before; rooms with green stoves and white stoves and pink stoves, but all shining cold.

He does one of two things—takes a room with *Frühstück*, or breakfast, at a krone or so a day extra, *Frühstück* consisting of a cup of coffee, two *Semmeln*, or rolls, one pat of butter, and one dab of honey or marmalade—this brought to him on a tray. Or he does as many do—goes to a pension and has a room and three meals a day.

The pensions average well. Most men with families find them comfortable and a solution of all difficulties. Without heat a good room and board may be had for about fifteen dollars a week—or even a little less. The cooking is good in Vienna—much better than in Munich or Berlin or any purely German city.

The light *Frühstück* is all the average pension serves in the morning. The main meal of the day—soup, meat, salad and dessert—comes at two o'clock in the afternoon. The evening meal is served at seven-thirty—usually cold meat, compote or stewed fruit, cakes and tea, with Swiss cheese. At five o'clock most Viennese men hie them to the coffee houses, have beer or coffee, and read the newspapers. Newspapers are not sold on the streets and have comparatively small circulation. The masses read them in the cafés.

Language No Bar

Our student knows a little German—not much. He travels with a dictionary in his pocket and plays innocent havoc with verbs and grammar generally; but here in Vienna he is up against a dialect that leaves him gasping and drowning in a sea of local idioms. He wonders whether the lectures and clinics are held in Wiener and whether he might as well go home!

Ah, but he has not yet struck medical Vienna, where every one speaks English—or at least understands it. Every now and then somebody wonders at German commercial aggression; we find the German selling shoes to the Eskimos and Christmas toys in South America, and we wonder how he does it. The reason is very simple. He learns the language. An Englishman in trade sits back and writes his trade letters in English. It's good enough for him; it's got to be good enough for the other fellow. And the Americans are a little that way. But the Germans and the Austrians learn the other man's tongue.

So in medical Vienna. They lecture, nearly all of them, in English. You can get a complete course of special training in English. It has been a part of the commercialization of medical Vienna.

Having located himself, then, our pilgrim seeks the A. M. A., called familiarly The Club.

The American Medical Association of Vienna was established in 1903 at a Thanksgiving Day banquet. A Doctor Ravold, of St. Louis, proposed it. It had thirty-five members then. In 1911 it had fifteen hundred; and it is, of course, always growing.

Its first quarters were in the corner of a coffee house; but in 1910 it moved into rooms across from the General Hospital, with a lounge, a reading room, secretary's room and a women's room. On account of the rapidly changing membership, officers are elected for only six months. It is here, then, that medical history is made for the American student in Vienna; here that courses are laid out and filled; here that complaints are brought and a clearing house held for teachers and pupils.

A couple of years ago a dispute arose. The *Docents*—*Docent* means teacher—sent word to the association, as employees to employer, asking that each side name a committee to arbitrate disputes. The association sent word back refusing to recognize the *Docents'* union, saying, in effect, that the association kept open shop!

Our little doctor then, after locating himself and trying to be satisfied with the European substitute for fruit, ham and eggs and hot biscuits, discovers the A. M. A. and is immediately comforted by the sound of his own tongue, by the sight of American papers and magazines, by smooth-shaved American faces, by the tramp of American shoes. *Gott sei dank* for all of them!

Specializing in Earnest

Even then he is at a bit of a loss. These are busy people—coming into the little club; glancing at the bulletin board, where lecture courses are posted; slinging orders in fearful German to the youth from the coffee house below; paying out with ease Austrian money, the very look of which is dazing. The little doctor is rather shy and looks cold and haughty. He does not expect ever to reach that stage of nonchalance and ease. He does, of course; in about a week he is hurling German expletives at the boy who brings up the beer, and is expatiating in the coffee house about how much better certain things are done at home.

The first step toward the specialty is taken. There are three: first step, getting over to Europe; second step, learning something while you are there; third step, cabling for money to get you home again.

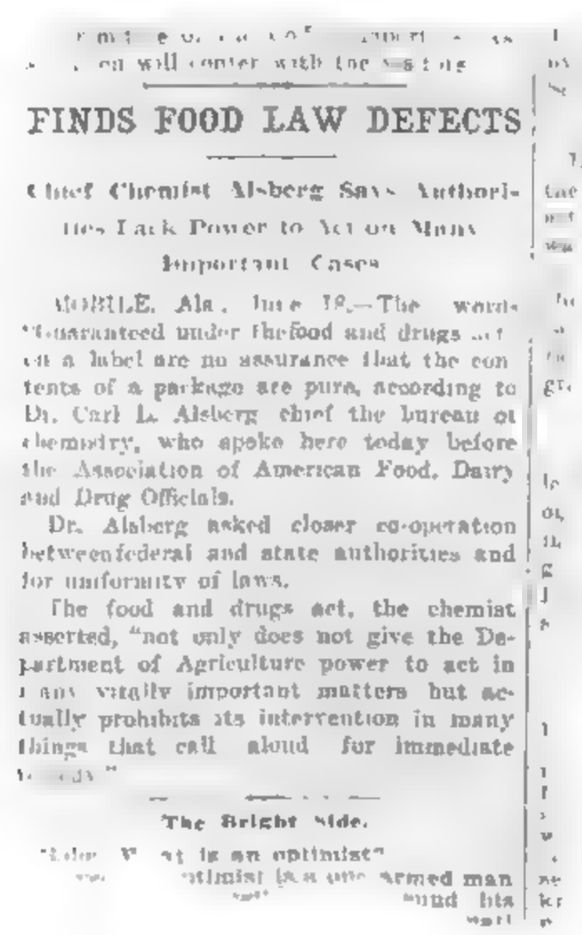
Second step now—to learn something. There's quite a lot to learn. Suppose he is going to take up nose-and-throat work. He's had some nose-and-throat in college, a little anatomy on the cadaver among a hundred other men, and some odds and ends. During his year of general practice he has used a nasal spray now and then, and inflated an ear or two. Once he tried to catheterize a Eustachian tube—and failed; but it's a good specialty. People have to keep coming, like going to law. There isn't any end. A surgeon cuts off a man's leg and it is all over; but the nose-and-throat man can keep on touching up with evil-tasting drugs and spraying until the cows come home, day after day. And a cold, rainy spell enables him to build an addition to his house with a porte-cochère. It's a bully specialty! Of course there are others: babies; eyes—eyes make good specialties, nice clean work with no messing unless you do operative work, and then it ceases being a plain specialty and becomes a high art.

Quite suddenly our young hero learns that he doesn't know anything about the nose and throat. He wonders his own have served him so well when he knew so little about them. He gets listed for courses in anatomy and in the pathological therapy of the accessory sinuses, in bronchoscopy and clinical diagnosis. He remembers the nasal spray back home with a shudder. He lays out enough work for a couple of years and gets at it with enthusiasm. Some of the lectures—one or two—are in German. He takes a German lesson every day from a stout woman who specializes on medical German, and decides he could make up a better language himself.

He's getting something, however. He's getting both theory and practice. He examines hundreds of Austrian throats and noses. If cases run short they are recruited from other departments. Perfectly well people, so far as their bronchial tubes go, are set in chairs with their heads back, while our inexperienced but enthusiastic specialist-to-be rams a tube down their

(Concluded on Page 38.

How Strong is Your Desire for Real Pure Foods?



...will confer with the ... ing

FINDS FOOD LAW DEFECTS

Chief Chemist Alsberg Says Authorities Lack Power to Act on Many Important Cases

MOBILE, Ala., June 18.—The words "Guaranteed under the food and drugs act" on a label are no assurance that the contents of a package are pure, according to Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, chief the bureau of chemistry, who spoke here today before the Association of American Food, Dairy and Drug Officials.

Dr. Alsberg asked closer co-operation between federal and state authorities and for uniformity of laws.

The food and drugs act, the chemist asserted, "not only does not give the Department of Agriculture power to act in many vitally important matters but actually prohibits its intervention in many things that call aloud for immediate ..."

The Bright Side.

"Tuber: What is an optimist?" ... optimist is a one-armed man ... hind his ...

IS IT strong enough to devote three minutes to its consideration? Do you really want to know positively how you can have on your breakfast, luncheon and dinner table real sweet, pure, wholesome foods?

For three years we have realized the truth of Dr. Alsberg's statement, shown in the clipping above, and have endeavored to find the way to protect the food of the nation.

Now we have found it.

We unqualifyingly certify and guarantee the following articles of
YOURS TRULY CERTIFIED FOODS:

Rolled Oats — Macaroni — Spaghetti — Tomato Catsup
Condensed Soups — Pork and Beans — Teas — Coffee
Peanut Butter — Prepared Mustard — Spices — Flavoring Extracts
Breakfast Cocoa — Salad Dressing — Premium Chocolate
and other quality products.

This is how we do it.

At a cost of many thousands of dollars we have retained the services of the famous Miner Laboratories where every article of Yours Truly Food is thoroughly examined, tested and microscopically inspected.

But this is only the first step to insure protection.

In every factory where Yours Truly Certified Foods are made there is on guard every moment of the day a scientist who watches every article of food that goes into a Yours Truly package. He begins with the raw material. He weighs, tests and examines it. He always preserves the same high standard of Yours Truly quality, which is from 10 per cent to 60 per cent higher than required by law.

And he watches the cleanliness of the factory. He insists not only upon the purity of the material but that everything surrounding it while it is made and packed shall be sweet and wholesome

This is the acme of food protection. We would not dare to make this claim unless it was wholly true.

Have these three minutes with us really brought you to a realization of your need? Is your desire for real pure food strong enough to not only ask your grocer for Yours Truly Certified Foods but to absolutely command that you get them?

You can revolutionize the food standards of the nation if you will. If you will insist on getting Yours Truly Certified Foods it is bound to force every other food manufacturer to the same high standard. Your part consists of getting Yours Truly Certified Foods right from the beginning.

Please read the certificate of guarantee at the bottom of this page.

Any further information you may desire about the Yours Truly Pure Food Movement can be obtained on request

The Yours Truly Company, Chicago, Illinois

Yours Truly
TRADE MARK

CERTIFIED FOOD PRODUCTS

This
Certifies ... Yours Truly ...
... that they are absolutely free from adulterants, artificial colors or flavors and preservatives other than salt, sugar, vinegar and pure spices—conforming to the **Yours Truly Standard**, which is higher in purity quality and strength than prescribed by existing Federal Food Laws ... so providing for proper care and cleanliness in preparation.
The Miner Laboratories, Chicago
Carl S. Miner

Yesterday

ACROSS the plains, into the vague obscurity of nothingness, the prairie schooner and the savage have melted.

Ambition—that thing within us, which makes us yearn always for greater things—has taught us that the light of the tallow candle was feeble—that the days of the past were narrow and colorless—that beyond time and space are rich treasures of experience which by right belong to us.

We have learned that the open country and the convenience of the metropolis can be blended into a single day. We have learned to live on pneumatics and to turn the hours into living, which, at one time, we wasted in waiting.

Progress has turned her back upon the shadows of her past servitude. She has seen the light—and among the things which she now beholds is "The Standardized Car"—The Cole.

Today

STANDARDIZATION is an empty word to those who have not sensed its meaning.

Standardization took the experiment of Bell and gave us the telephone; perfected Watt's engine and gave us the Transcontinental Limited; took the old galleys of Rome and built the Olympic.

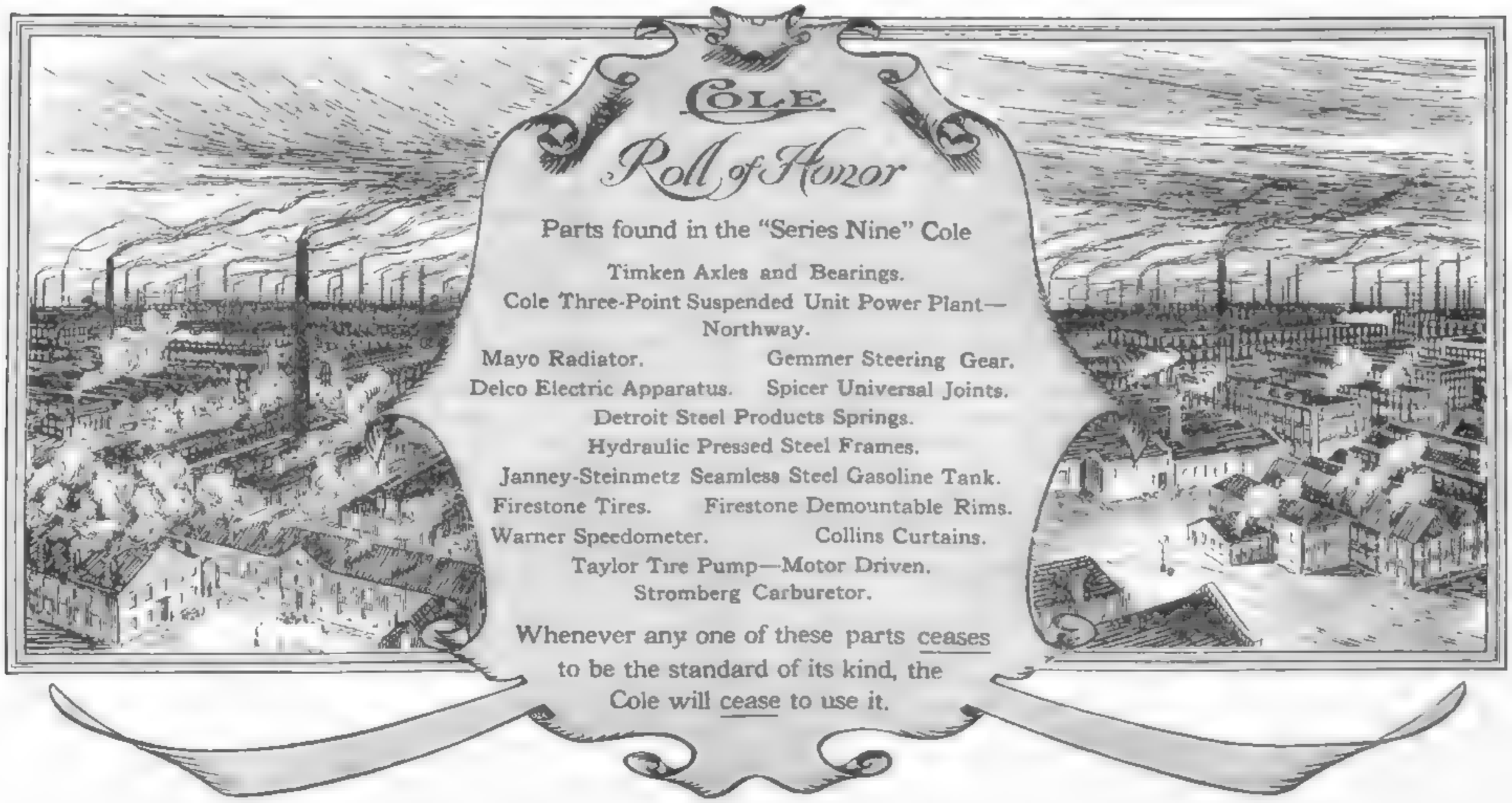
It was Standardization that took the first Atlantic cable and bred out of it a spawn of nerves over which the sensations of the continents vibrate.

Standardization has turned night into day, put the treasures of the world at our finger tips, and preserved the speech and songs of yesterday for us and our children.

And now Standardization heralds her newest achievement—"The Standardized Car"—The Cole—the motor car which gives you and me and all the rest of us the best on terms which our limitations can meet.

STANDARDIZATION, as applied to motor car building by the Cole Motor Car Company, of Indianapolis, is that system of manufacturing from which the best possible product for the lowest possible price results. The tools with which Standardization builds up quality and brings down price are purchasing power, modern factory methods, the brains of specialists, the hands of men who do but one thing all their days, and thereby learn to do it best and most rapidly. Standardization means making one kind of a single thing instead of making many things of varying kinds—it means concentration, singleness of purpose and resulting skill. It means employing all that everyone knows to your personal advantage and for your convenience.

When we speak of the Standardized Car we mean a motor car built entirely, from radiator to rear axle, only of the world's recognized standard parts—and, of course, you know that a standard part is any part which has been built so well that it has become the standard whereby all other parts of its kind are measured. *The Cole is the world's first completely standardized car.*


COLE
Roll of Honor
Parts found in the "Series Nine" Cole
Timken Axles and Bearings.
Cole Three-Point Suspended Unit Power Plant—Northway.
Mayo Radiator.
Gemmer Steering Gear.
Delco Electric Apparatus.
Spicer Universal Joints.
Detroit Steel Products Springs.
Hydraulic Pressed Steel Frames.
Janney-Steinmetz Seamless Steel Gasoline Tank.
Firestone Tires.
Firestone Demountable Rims.
Warner Speedometer.
Collins Curtains.
Taylor Tire Pump—Motor Driven.
Stromberg Carburetor.
Whenever any one of these parts ceases to be the standard of its kind, the Cole will cease to use it.

The Standardized Car

THIS advertisement will entirely reconstruct public opinion on motor cars. When you reach page six you will never again have to depend on the judgment of another—you yourself will know.

That third and new type of motor car, which you said somebody would some day build, has actually been built—it's really here—the name of it is The Standardized Car. This means a changed order of things in automobile building—it means a much better car for you at less money.

You and I and everybody else have heretofore known of only two types of motor car—the manufactured and the assembled.

Any car built by a single group of men, under a single roof, was called a "manufactured car."

Any car put together under a single roof, after the parts had been collected from various outside sources, was called an "assembled car." But things move fast in the automobile industry.

When these two original types became modified, the good points of each were preserved. Newer and better systems of manufacture were added.

A big fundamental thought has been introduced. This thought was "build from nothing but the recognized bests—and it makes no difference where these bests come from so long as you get them."

This new principle of construction was worked out by the Cole Motor Car Company, of Indianapolis, originators and builders of The Standardized Car.

A Standardized Car is any car built entirely of perfectly inter-related standardized parts—a standardized part being any part which has been built so well that it has been accepted as the standard whereby all other similar parts are measured.

Note this distinction—The Standardized Car differs from the assembled car just as the carefully tailored-to-your-measurement suit differs from the ready-to-wear garment after the latter has been altered for you. A standardized part requires no altering after it leaves the specialist. It is a completed unit—mechanically true to the Cole specifications.

The first motor car built was a manufactured car—built entirely under a single roof—manufactured because there was no other way—the specialist part builder had not yet arrived. The first motor cars were not merely crude—they were expensive—the sole problem was to drive the pistons at any cost.

After the motor car got so it would work fairly well, the manufacturer found that he had now to reduce the cost of it.

Whereupon he left the engineers to perfect the machine and called to his assistance the hard-headed business man—the economist who knew the meaning of overhead and volume.

Price reduction without depreciation of quality or loss of legitimate profit is the specialty of the American business man.

It is very reasonable then that the man who was to reduce the price of the motor car and increase its quality should be, primarily, a business man instead of a mechanic—an efficiency engineer instead of a mechanical engineer. The organizer of the Cole Motor Car Company, of Indianapolis, is just such a man—he is a typical American with a keen ear and eye and a clear head. He cares nothing for the things of yesterday if they were wrong. He hesitates at no task of tomorrow if in his opinion it is right.

Cole – "The Standardized Car"

First he reasoned, "I must arrive at a big principle of manufacturing which shall be so sound, so true, so dominantly correct that, no matter what trend affairs may take in the future my course will always be clear." The principle which he accepted years ago is the principle which is in the air today, the new law which the entire motor car industry must eventually obey—the law of complete standardization.

The next move was to surround himself with a group of men capable of grasping the big idea, and when these men were found the Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis was organized.

The success of the Cole Motor Car Company proves that the principle upon which they built was correct—that the people were ready for better motor cars at less money, that you and all the rest felt the best of everything was none too good, and that if the right sort of business methods were employed the best of everything could be obtained and at reasonable prices. "The same thing has been done in other things," you asked—"why not in the motor car?"

"It can be done," replied the Cole Organization, and—the Cole did it—the standardized Cole is the result.

Success means simply being ready when your chance comes – and that's all a matter of forethought

Many men will build air ships, but the Wrights of Dayton built the first. Many men have built steamships, but Fulton made the first trip up the Hudson. Many men will adopt the principle of standardization, and apply it to making motor cars—but the first One Hundred Per Cent Standardized Car was built by the Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis.

Many men have felt the necessity of standardization in motor cars—they have heard the great mass of motor car buyers calling for the standardized car, but the fact remains that the Cole Motor Car Company grasped the thought first and were therefore able to execute it first. They were prepared, they had already done the pioneer thinking. Complete standardization in the manufacturing of Motor Cars was their goal in the beginning. They had no mechanical, economic, or mental obstacles to remove. Complete standardization meant no re-adjustment in their organization. The only thing which prevented the Cole Organization from building a 100% standardized car long ago was the fact that the best motor part-building specialists had not yet brought their various products to a uniform state of development.

The day you prophesied has finally arrived —you can now get a car built from the tested bests of everything—the Cole

The Cole Organization didn't build a completely standardized car the first year, nor the second year, nor even the third year. They had to wait on the parts makers. It soon became apparent, for example, that the Timken was the best axle—but there were other parts of the motor car in which supremacy and undisputed superiority had not yet been established. All Cole could do while this elimination process was going on, was to use as many standardized parts as could be determined upon from season to season.

This was the only consistent way to work out the Cole idea of complete standardization; and, as a result, the Cole has been a good car right along—one of the very best at any price.

Right here, just recall the definition of a standardized part—"A standardized part of a motor car is any part which has been built so well that it has become the standard whereby all other parts of its kind are measured." This you see makes you the judge. A part must be generally regarded as the best of its kind before it can get into the Cole—and even then it must be capable of fitting in perfectly with the standardized principles of construction which are absolute in the Cole factory. Now it has at last become possible to find a radiator which has grown to be the quality unit of all radiator measurement, a motor which fixes the relative worth of all motors, and so on throughout the entire car. This has made possible the completely standardized car—you can now own such a car—the Cole.

Get this one thought in mind—***partial standardization is no better than no standardization at all.*** The Cole idea is to build an entire car out of absolutely nothing but standard parts. To leave out a single one of the standard parts in the Cole and to substitute an inferior part would be as fatal as cutting an inch out of a telephone wire.

How you may know a standardized part

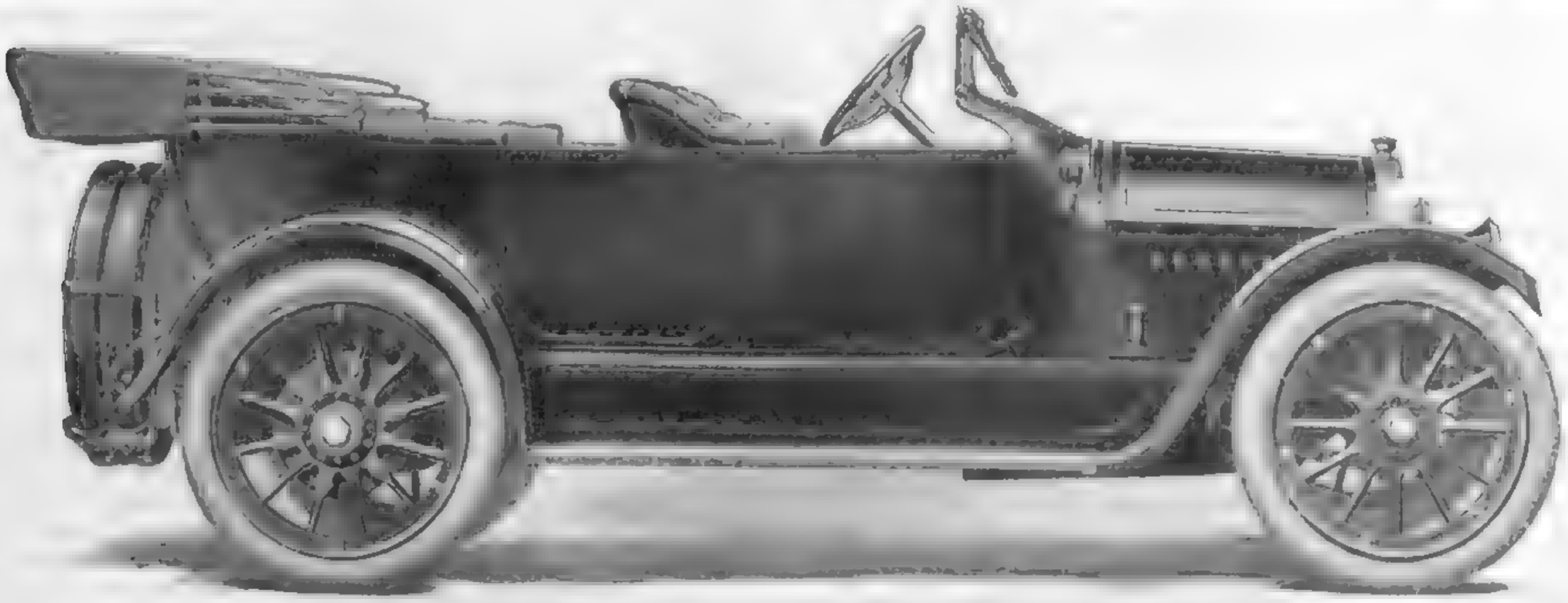
You can recall having known, at some time in your life, some man who was so good, so true, so capable, that for the rest of your natural days you will invariably measure every man you meet by him. He is therefore your standard man. You may have had a certain motor under the hood of your car, at one time, which was so powerful, so dependable, so quiet, that you will henceforth compare all motors by it. This motor is therefore your standard motor.

The same is true of a radiator or a steering gear—there is always one you consider best. Now what pleases you in a motor car will please others, for we all expect the same things in a motor car—efficiency, service, economy, quietness, beauty, and grace. People finally reach an agreement on all big questions. In motor cars the judgment of the people is the composite judgment of the user and the engineer.

The people buy all the cars in the world—they drive them hard—they break everything that will break—wear out everything that will wear out. When they get through they have stopped guessing what parts are best—they know.

Now if it is possible to know what parts are best, and you are trying to build the best possible motor car, there is no way around it—you simply must get those parts or you can't build the best possible motor car. This is precisely the Cole idea. And right this minute you are convinced that the Cole principle of standardization is right. There's no conceivable chance for difference of opinion on a point so broad as this.

The Cole gets only the best parts, previously determining how they may be blended into an integrally perfect structure which works in



Cole—Model Four G—five-passenger Touring Car, completely equipped, including Delco Electric Cranking, $1925.

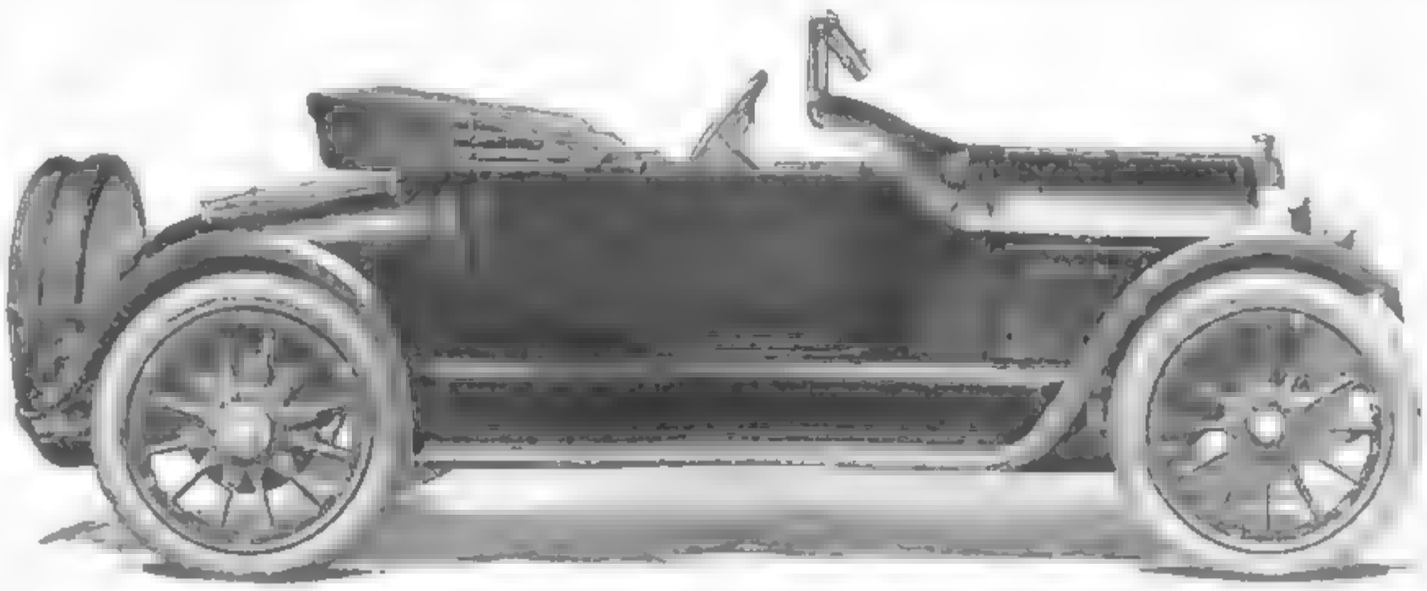
Cole – "The Standardized Car"

harmony and as a unit. In the Cole this blending has been so perfectly accomplished that the result is absolute efficiency and service. The big part that the Cole organization plays, therefore, in addition to selecting only standardized parts, consists in organizing them and adapting them to each other so that the Cole when finished is an institution within itself and not simply a haphazard aggregation of parts.

How the Cole finds out what parts you consider standard

When a new Cole is about to be built, a conference of all Cole distributors is called in Indianapolis, and these men, who at all times are close to the people—to you—agree with our engineers what the car ought to be in order to give complete satisfaction. Every part of the car is discussed, and in this conference the entire sentiment of the motor using public is concentrated. If you have condemned a given motor car unit, your envoy, the Cole representative from your territory, will likely vote against the part you have judged "Not standard." If you have praised a certain part, this man will be influenced in its behalf; your opinion will tend to prove to him that among its kind it is your standard.

Now the voice of every other motorist gets into this Cole standardization conference in just the same way, so that when a complete set of parts is finally agreed upon, the standardized car, which will be built out of them, will be actually built to fit your personal needs. In an indirect way you have helped build this Cole. That's why a Cole owner will fight for his car—it is the mechanical embodiment of his own judgment.



Cole—Model Four-J, Roadster, completely equipped, including Delco electric cranking, $1925

But now to the main point—how the standard parts are blended in the Cole—that's what you want to know.

Co-ordinating the standardized parts

This step constitutes one of the most important in the construction of the standardized car. In order to prevent all possibility of mistake in properly co-ordinating the various standardized parts, each specialist is informed on the specific design of the model about to be built, and asked to submit, through his own Engineering Department, a set of complete blueprints descriptive of the particular unit which his company is to build for the Cole. If the plan outlined is in absolute conformity with the plans of the Cole, these blueprints receive the official O. K. of the Cole Motor Car Company, and from that moment on every parts maker who contributes a unit to the construction of the Cole respects these blueprints as law. They combine all the knowledge in each instance of each expert specialist, and put this knowledge into the car you buy—your Cole.

Why Cole can save you money

The Cole organization buys in relatively large quantities. A parts maker is willing to give the Cole the lowest possible price because he knows that from the day his product gets into The Standardized Car he will tend to be oversold.

The work of a specialist is always better and cheaper because the specialist, by doing one thing over and over again, acquires rapidity and skill—and he thereby increases production without increasing cost.

The profit you pay on your Cole when spread over the various parts becomes so thin that the profit you pay us on a steering gear, for instance, is scarcely perceptible. If we built our own steering gears our profit on each steering gear would necessarily be a great deal larger than our present small profit plus the present small profit of Gemmer.

The Cole pools its purchasing power with every other maker who uses, in another car, any part incorporated in the Cole.

Under the Cole system there is no non-productive overhead—no vast machinery investment.

The Cole Motor Car Company in its entire history has never yet failed to discount a bill—meaning a saving for you.

Replacement of parts easier and surer on The Standardized Car

Each specialist who builds a part for The Standardized Car is selected because he has the reputation of being the best in his particular line. This is a reputation of which he is jealous. He is willing and eager to defend it by co-operating with the Cole Motor Car Company's factory Service Department in replacement of parts. Of course, in The Standardized Car, you get the regular Cole factory service on replacements, which has long since come to be regarded as a synonym for perfect satisfaction, and this extra assurance—that the various parts makers will also protect you—is just an additional asset which you get only in The Standardized Car.

The object of this announcement is to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that the standardized method of building a car is right; that the Standardized Cole is the car for you. It is a money-making, money-saving matter, so far as you are concerned, and it is to your personal interest to get every phase of the subject firmly and clearly in mind. You will automatically convince yourself now and here that the principle of standardization is right, no matter how skeptical you may have been in the past.

The Cole organization claims no credit for discovering a new economic law—they merely state frankly that before the Cole, the law of standardization, in its economic sense, had never been consistently applied to the matter of building motor cars. No one will ever dispute this statement, after all the facts are intelligently at hand.

The principle is right, and what is right will be accepted.

If you are in the market for a car now, familiarize yourself with standardization, because it will be, from this moment on, the all-absorbing topic among the motor-wise. If you had not intended buying a car, for the time being, at least, watch the development of this standardization idea—by keeping your eye on the Cole.

The Cole does not assemble a single unit

You have noticed that the parts of the Cole have been referred to as units. A motor car unit is any part which performs a single mechanical function. The aim of any intelligent builder of anything is, first to reduce his product to its simplest units, and then associate the various units in absolute harmony. The Cole Motor Car Company buys parts in vital units—and these units come from the part maker to the Cole, crated, oiled, tested, inspected and in a state of final assembly.

That is why the Cole Motor Car Company could not call its product "Assembled."

The fact is, every unit is assembled by the specialist who builds it—each specialist knows best how to get that absolute precision demanded by the Cole—because his unit is the child of his own brain and hand and therefore particularly obedient to his control.

"Now where's your tangible proof?"

You have said to yourself—"Some day some manufacturer is going to build a motor car my way." As this Cole Standardization thought has been unfolded to you, you have been convinced, point by point, that the thought is absolutely right. But the crystallization of this thought into a real motor car, which will actually represent in your mind a better value for less money—that's what you want demonstrated. "Where's your tangible proof?"—that's your question. And our answer is—The New Series Nine Cole. Here is the proof—all the standard units described on the next page are in the Cole.

Cole – "The Standardized Car"

These are the parts which have been built so well that they are now standard

MAYO RADIATOR—selected because it is the best radiator—embodying the best principles of construction. It's the cellular honeycomb type.

THREE-POINT SUSPENDED NORTHWAY UNIT POWER PLANT. The standard—because the workmanship and material used in the Northway are of the highest standard, making it the quietest and most efficient.

TIMKEN AXLES AND BEARINGS THROUGHOUT. When you say Timken, you have said all—in axles and bearings Timken means the best. In your Cole both front and rear axles are Timken—and the bearings are Timken.

STROMBERG CARBURETOR—selected because it has earned for itself the right to be called standard.

GEMMER STEERING GEAR. The most flexible, obedient and reliable steering gear ever made—the acknowledged standard.

DELCO ELECTRIC SELF-CRANKING, LIGHTING, IGNITION AND HORN. In your Cole all electrical apparatus is combined into a single Delco electrical unit—even the horn is a Delco, and among automobile electrical apparatus manufacturers the Delco is recognized as the standard.

SPICER UNIVERSAL JOINTS—because Spicer has made and is making the best universal joints—the standard.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS SPRINGS. Cole springs are made from a superior quality of spring steel of high elastic limit, suitable to withstand the stresses to which they are subjected—standard.

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL FRAME. Special frame steel—heavy in gauge—extra wide and deep in section, insuring minimum deflection—standard.

JANNEY-STEINMETZ SEAMLESS STEEL GASOLINE PRESSURE TANK. Compressed air pressure feed with a gasoline tank supported by the frame at the rear of the car—the standard construction on high grade cars—and the standard tank.

FIRESTONE DEMOUNTABLE RIMS—the standard of all rims.

FIRESTONE TIRES. The cars which won first and second place in the last 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway were the only cars in the race equipped with Firestone tires. This was the most severe test to which a stock tire was ever put, and the Firestone proved itself standard.

STANDARD ACCESSORIES—Warner Speedometer, Taylor Tire Pump, Solar Lamps. The hinges, dash equipment, lever control set, and all parts down to the minutest nut and bolt are strictly the best of their kind—standard throughout.

You can get all these standardized parts only in the Cole—all the best cars have some of them. Not only is every part of the Cole the standard of its kind, but every principle employed in its making is the recognized standard principle of construction.

For example, Three Point Suspended Unit Power Plant, all working parts enclosed; Pressure Gasoline Feed; three-quarter elliptic springs in rear, and on your new Series Nine Cole you will have left hand drive with right hand center control, making access to the front seat through the right or left doors equally convenient.

Announcing "Series Nine" Cole

The Cole for the past four seasons has been regarded as one of the most aristocratic cars ever built. Its beauty of design, its almost noiseless motor, its superb appointments have been the pride of every Cole owner. The Cole has incorporated every new desirable feature as soon as it became absolutely practical—and not before.

The New Series Nine Cole is easily the most superior and best looking Cole ever built. It has earned a right to be called The Standardized Car, which is the greatest compliment that could be paid it.

The new "Series Nine" Cole comes in two chassis—a four and a six cylinder

The four cylinder Cole with a wheelbase of 120 inches comes in the following models:

Five-passenger Touring Car .	$1925
Four-passenger Toy Tonneau .	$1925
Two-passenger Roadster . .	$1925
Three-passenger Coupé . . .	$2350

The prices on both Fours and Sixes, include as complete equipment:
Genuine Pantasote Top and Dust Cover, Rain-Vision Windshield, Warner Speedometer, Delco Electric Horn, Power Tire Pump, Firestone Demountable Rims, extra rim and rear tire irons.

The tire sizes on the four cylinder Cole will be regularly 34x4½, permitting an oversize of 35x5. On the Cole Six, 36x4½, permitting an oversize of 37x5.

The Cole Six with a wheelbase of 136 inches comes in the following models:

Seven-passenger Touring Car .	$2600
Six-passenger Toy Tonneau .	$2600
Two-passenger Roadster . .	$2600
Four-passenger Coupé . . .	$3000
Seven-passenger Limousine .	$4000

The Cole shown below is the new seven-passenger six cylinder Cole Touring Car. See the car itself on the floor of your local Cole Salesroom.

Cole – "The Standardized Car"

NOW—

If you believe that the electric light is better than the tallow candle—you believe in The Standardized Car.

If you believe that the Transcontinental Limited is better than the stage coach—you believe in The Standardized Car.

If you believe that the telephone is better than the carrier pigeon, and that the Panama canal is better than a trip around Cape Horn—if you believe that today is better than yesterday—you believe in the Cole—The Standardized Car.

And you not only believe in the Cole, but you also believe in the Organization which was capable of working out a system of manufacturing such as has been described in these six pages.

You believe that any group of men capable of seizing such a profound truth and sticking to it undauntedly until the world accepts that principle as right is capable of building you a car that is right and selling it to you at a price that is right and giving you service that is right after you get your car.

Imagine that fine, luxurious car in front of your home. Imagine your satisfaction when wife, or daughter, or sister exclaims on its long, graceful beauty, its soft Turkish upholstering, and its refined brilliancy.

And then when you seat yourself at that steering wheel and see everything right there on the dash—all the conveniences which Cole has worked out for you—imagine the pleasure as you press a button and start that simple, almost-silent motor—the Cole power plant which has purred its way into popularity.

There you are. The family have sunken into the comfortable depths of the tonneau. There is nothing to worry about.

You have only to play with the quaint little turns in the road.

All the work was done before you got your Cole—you have now left only the sheer joy of it. You know that everything under that hood is steady, dependable, *standard*.

It's a wonderful thought.

And it will mean so much to you to know that no one will ever park alongside of your Cole with a more aristocratic car.

We all like the best—it's in our blood.

Why deny yourself and your family a Cole another twenty-four hours?

Think, too, how satisfied you'll be when you find those dollars you have saved still in the bank.

You've made up your mind. Why wait? Go to the Cole representative and say, "I'm ready—I'm convinced—I want my Cole."

If you happen to be where there isn't a Cole representative handy—write for the Cole Blue Book. Certainly it deals with the Cole, but it does seem a pity to call it a catalog—it's so much more interesting—and it's so full of general information about all motor cars. The minute we get your request for a Blue Book we'll communicate with the nearest Cole representative—and he will come to you.

Now, just a moment. We've been talking directly to you, a future Cole owner, through six whole pages. If you'll pardon us, now we want to digress.

Every automobile dealer in America and Canada is hearing every word we're saying to you.

This is a party line and they're all interested.

We feel, too, that they're entitled to a word.

As a dealer, you now realize how easy it is going to be to sell any car made entirely of standardized parts. When Mr. Prospect walks into your salesroom and asks you—"Is this car standardized?"—think how comfortable you will feel if you are selling the Cole.

The demand for this standardized Cole is going to be unprecedented in the history of automobile selling.

We know it now. You'll find it out later.

It's going to force us to build twice as many cars this season as we did last.

We are going to get more good men to help handle this increased volume of business. Maybe this rearrangement means that you are going to be in open territory.

How can you know unless you write us about it?

And believe us, if you can arrange to get the Standardized Cole, from the moment you unload your first demonstrator your automobile business will pay increased dividends.

And now, back to you—

No doubt you have read this little message of ours to the dealer. There is nothing confidential in it. It was merely a digression from the main business of making you realize what The Standardized Cole means to you, as a user.

Just a final word. We know the Cole is right because the principle of complete Standardization is right. You have undoubtedly made up your mind that if the Cole is as good as you now believe it to be—you will buy it.

We believe firmly that you have already made up your mind to own a Cole. Our only suggestion is that you get your order in at once—this merely to insure prompt delivery.

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Indianapolis U. S. A.

Originators and Builders of the Standardized Car

This week will be reception week at every Cole salesroom in America and Canada—Come!

There's Sunshine

Every day of the year for the mother whose "little ones" are well and happy; and the health of children depends largely upon their food and drink.

The toothsome, mild flavour of the new food-drink,

INSTANT POSTUM

quickly appeals to the normal childish appetite. Postum contains genuine nourishment, and is a most wholesome breakfast cup.

No Boiling

A level teaspoonful of Instant Postum in an ordinary cup of hot water dissolves **instantly** and makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like **strong** things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it made that way in the future.

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

(Concluded from Page 30)

windpipes, switches on an electric light at the bottom of said tube, and writes what he sees with a blue flesh pencil on the lit-up individuals' chests.

You see, our student is progressing. He is working pretty hard and learning every minute, picking up an instrument here and there, going out to supper now and then with one of the *Docents* who likes him, and trying to explain the single-tax idea over beer and *Wiener Schnitzel*. He is going to make a pretty good nose-and-throat man: he has a good method, good technic, and a light, firm touch. Also it is in his favor that he works quickly, without unnecessary movements.

Eight hours a day for work. How about the other sixteen?

Well, he plays rather more than he had expected. He goes to the opera, because he likes music and it is cheap. He can get a good seat, up high among the music lovers, for about forty cents; but the opera starts early and is over by ten or a little later. After that he goes to a coffee house or the American bar until midnight. Not a carouse, this—a decorous sitting at small tables, sipping coffee or beer and waiting for midnight.

Vienna After Clinic Hours

At midnight, you see, the real amusement places open—little theaters where two or three mildly shocking farce skits make up the program, while people sup and wine; dance houses like the Tabarin and half a dozen others, with mad Hungarian orchestras, a program of Apache dancers from Paris, darkies from the States who sing and clog, Spanish dancers, and Russian Cossack dancers.

They dance in the center of the room, while all round, at the little tables, men—and women—drink and watch, elbows on table, chins in palms. There is much wickedness, much vice; but there is also much innocent amusement. Because of the picture in his watch our little doctor gets away at three o'clock or so, yawns and goes home to bed. He has a clinic at seven-thirty in the morning.

That is his play. In the winter he skates a bit—skating is immensely popular—walks on Sunday afternoon in the great Ringstrasse, goes to a free band concert or to the Prater Park. He takes a party of young women from the pension to the moving-picture theater, or to Demel's in the afternoon for tea and to see the aristocracy. He buys half a dozen meerschaum pipes and accumulates a set of filled notebooks on his bedroom table. Also he is beginning to worry about his bank account.

Even his mild pleasuring costs money. Beer and cigarettes, native wines, opera tickets, an occasional supper and evening at one of the big variety theaters—all this is eating into his capital. He gets a bank statement, for which he pays two kronen—a statement two feet long and a foot and a half wide, written out patiently in longhand, which rather alarms him. It is not only the getting back home, you see—it is going to be some little time before his waiting room fills up; and a man must live. Nevertheless he refuses to worry long. He compromises by deducting from his bank balance enough money to take him home, and putting it in another bank.

He is not going to stay in Vienna all the time. He is going to Halle for one thing; to Berlin for something else. He is conscientious, this youth; he means to charge ten dollars and give ten dollars' worth. There are other men in the classes who will go back when he does, and who will charge ten dollars and give about fifty cents' worth. Just going to Europe, you see, does not make a man wiser.

He is doing pretty well—has been put on the executive committee of the A. M. A.; helps to organize the Christmas dance; has learned to keep his mouth shut when something goes wrong in a clinic and the professor flings an instrument or a sponge at a nurse; has grown a little calloused as to life and death—the tolling bell does not get on his nerves as it did at first; has learned to tip the street-car conductor without blushing, and to cross the crowded streets with caution—because if a man is knocked down by a taxicab he is liable to arrest for obstructing traffic; and has begun to have a homesick aching for America and the girl in the back of his watch.

He came in the early fall. Winter has come now—the wet and chilly winter of Vienna. He walks through slush to the hospital in the gray morning, and back again through soft, fine rain at noon. The tiled stove warms only a corner of his bedroom. He posts a few Christmas presents early in December, and receives one or two from home, depressingly early or tantalizingly late.

Christmas, with its gayety, leaves him rather sad. Clinics are off for ten days. The boar's head with cranberry eyes does not appeal to him. He unites with the other guests at the pension to buy a Christmas present for the genial lady who runs the place, and gives tips to the hard-worked serving maids.

America seems very far away, success dubious, Christmas a farce; but at New Year's a party of the doctors, with their families, goes up to Semmering, in the Tyrol, for the holiday and a week-end. Here it is clear and cold—the snow is deep and frozen hard. Men on skis, with poppy-red cheeks and green feathers in their hats, puff up and down the slopes dragging tiny sleds. The sun shines; the snow creaks underfoot.

The little doctor forgets the wet and gloom and hard work back in the city of the plain. He takes a dozen small expatriated Americans, goes coasting, and brings them in rosy and starving.

The *Hausfrau* has a brother in America and knows what is what for New Year's Day; so she serves turkey *à l'Américaine*, and a berry that is first cousin to the cranberry, and a plum pudding with an American flag stuck in it.

Home Again With a Specialty

It is New Year's Day. The little doctor's heart rather swells, seeing the turkey and the plum pudding and the flag. What is this new year to bring him after all? He sits rather still during the gayety of the meal. If only he can make it go!

They drink, as is but courteous, to the Emperor of Austria, all standing—even the children, with a bit of wine in a glass. The little doctor reaches down and takes the flag out of the plum pudding. He had meant to make a short speech, but he has a lump in his throat. He holds the flag above his head.

"Home!" he says rather huskily.

And so after a time he sails for home. He is a little older, a little wearier—assuredly more assured. Where before he had tried to spread himself in a thin layer over a large slice of medical generalizations, he is now a concentrationist, a man of one field, one battle—a specialist in a day of specialization.

In his way he is epochal, revolutionary. He marks the passing of old methods, the advent of new. It is all for the best, no doubt; but he marks a loss also—the passing away of an old friend—that wise, sane, infinitely experienced, infinitely kind old friend, the family practitioner. The race is to the swift after all.

Home then, with eyes straining for the westward land; home, with the girl waiting; home, with new hope and opportunity, fame perhaps, and a shamefaced desire to help a little with the Great Problem. Home! With shining eyes he bends over the rail toward the sunset.

Pressing forward "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling ——"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Too Numerous

A DARKY employed as an office boy in Kentucky came to work one morning with a face that looked as though it had been run through a meat grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a little argument las' night wit another nigger, and one thing led to another twell I up and hit at him. Well, suh, it seemed lak dat irritated him. He took and blacked both of mah eyes and bit one of mah years mighty nigh off, and split mah lip and knocked two of mah teeth loose; and den he th'owed me down and stamped me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I never did git so sick of a nigger in mah life!"

Dry Humor

THE chief forest ranger of the big Government reserve along the Grand Cañon, in Arizona, had occasion lately, in the course of a somewhat extended trip, to travel as far east as Kansas City. When he returned to his post of duty he brought along an Irishman who had expressed a desire to go West and grow up with the country.

When they struck the desert the Irishman looked for a spell at the dry and arid prospect. Then he said:

"Mister, I don't want to say anything unpleasant about this country, but it looks to me like it would take nine acres of it to rust wan nail!"

Directive Heaters

DIRECTIVE heaters have now appeared for electric heating in homes as a supplement to regular heating systems on cold days, or on chilly days of the fall and spring when ordinary heating systems are not in use. The new heaters appear much like the little electric heaters that have become well known lately, but they have the added quality of largely directing heat to one spot. Accordingly, if a person wishes to warm his feet he can direct all the power of the heater to his feet. Parabolic metal mirrors are used on much the same principle as a searchlight.

Moving the Sandbar

THE great spring floods of this year here and there did a little benefit, enough to get floods in on the old proverb of ill winds. A Virginia ore and iron company on the James River, for instance, had the rare good fortune to find the flood to be only beneficial.

The company was erecting a plant and needed a large amount of sand for its casting house. Up the river, on the other side from the site of the new plant, was a sandbar that was composed of the right kind of sand; so the company had planned to have teams haul the sandbar to the new plant. But the flood came before the hauling was to start, and when the water went down it was found that the sandbar had been picked up by the water and carried on to the company's property, convenient to the new casting house.

Light Boxes

LIGHT boxes or water torches, which will float on the water and give a great flare of light for an hour, are the latest application of the modern chemical marvel, calcium carbide. In Paris such light boxes are being sold for use as fireworks at celebrations, but in Germany they have been developed much further.

Cylinders of the calcium carbide are fired from guns like ordinary shells, so that a ship can surround itself with a circle of great flare-lights, each burning at three thousand candle power for an hour. When the cylinders strike the water they sink slowly and water seeps into the carbide. This generates gas and brings the cylinders back to the surface; and then an automatic device lights the gas.

Husbandly Solicitude

IN CHICAGO not long ago a vaudeville comedian married a woman who was likewise connected with the profession. Immediately after the ceremony he left his bride in her room and went down to the bar where, meeting a number of very congenial friends, he proceeded to celebrate the recent event fittingly. Several happy hours passed.

Toward dusk the bridegroom went to the telephone and called up his room. His new wife answered. In a slightly husky voice he said:

"Is that you, friend wife? Well, this is friend husband. I just made a date for dinner. How're things breaking for you?"

"Yes, Ma'am,—it's the Carnation Milk that puts that rich butter and cream flavor into everything I cook."

The housewife who uses Carnation Milk in her weekly baking and daily cooking gives herself and family a continual treat. Cream your vegetables with Carnation Milk—it adds to the flavor and makes them simply delicious.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Cream Tomato Soup Recipe

One-half can Carnation Milk diluted with same quantity of water. One can tomatoes, 2 lb. Two small onions. One teaspoon salt. One teaspoon sugar. One-half teaspoon soda. One-quarter teaspoon pepper. Small sprig of celery or dash of celery salt. Dash of cayenne pepper. Boil all but the milk together 20 minutes. Strain through a colander. Add milk and let come to a boiling point. Serve at once.

Thin White Sauce Recipe

(For vegetables or meat dishes.) Melt two tablespoons butter in sauce pan; when bubbling, add one and one-half tablespoons flour and stir until flour and butter are well blended. Pour in, very gradually, one-half cup water mixed with one-half cup Carnation Milk. Stir constantly. Season with one-quarter teaspoon salt and a little pepper. Beat until smooth and glossy.

Pure—clean—sweet—economical

Here are just a few of the good things that Carnation Milk will make *better* and *more appetizing*—Cream Tomato Soup, Oyster Stew, Cream Salad Dressing, Rice Pudding, New England Succotash, Breakfast Ramekins, Creamed Codfish, Creamed Chicken, Biscuits, Doughnuts, Bread, Custards, Pumpkin Pie and Fudge.

Recipes for the preparation of these are in the Carnation Milk Recipe Book. Ask your grocer for it—also have him send you some Carnation Milk—you will find an every meal use for it

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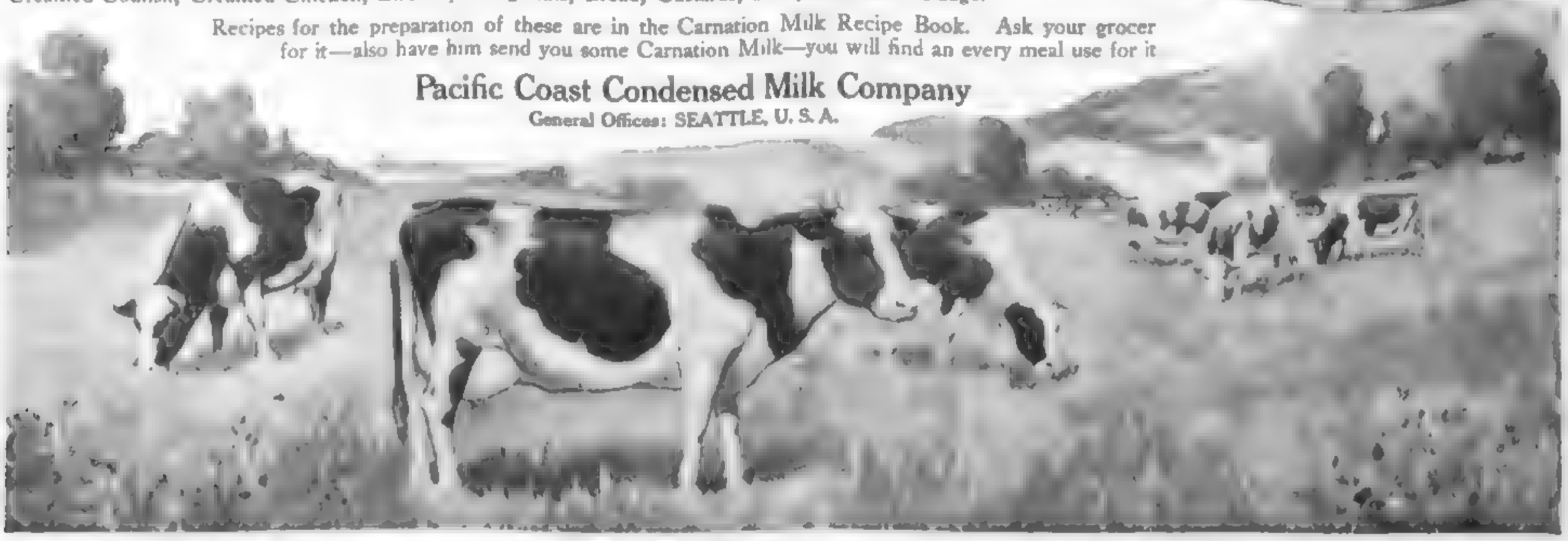

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The Revolution of the Automobile

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Two years ago electric cranking was smiled at as an impractical dream.
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The real refinement of the motor car began with the elimination of the crank.
The heavy, high powered car that a couple years ago required expert knowledge and a strong arm to operate, now submits itself with lamblike docility to the gentle touch of a woman's hand.

Probably never before in the history of any modern industry has there been such revolutionary development in so short a time, and it has been due largely to the fact that Delco Equipment was a perfected, practical machine before the first Delco equipped car appeared.

The Delco System

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The pioneering of Delco Engineers and Designers was well done.

Engineering problems were solved, and mechanical difficulties eliminated in the seclusion of the Delco experimental shops before the public ever heard of electric cranking.

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That is why the 12,000 Delco equipped cars that were produced last year simply revolutionized the automobile business.

That is why it has been necessary for us to produce Delco equipment for over 40,000 cars this year, and to undertake the production of practically 100,000 Delco equipments next year.

There is only one possible explanation for such remarkable development in so short a time—the Delco System was fundamentally and mechanically right from the very start.

And just bear this in mind—big as the production has grown to be, it is not supplying the demand.

A lot of automobile buyers who want Delco equipped cars this year are not going to be able to get them, simply because of the limits of production possibilities.

Delco equipped cars are now and will continue to be at a premium.

Delco equipment for 1914, even more simple and compact in construction than formerly, higher in power and, if such a thing is possible, more positive in operation, marks probably the highest type of electrical apparatus that has ever been produced for motor car service.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE

(Continued from Page 4)

"You really may as well," she murmured with a blush. "What's the use of a fuss?"

Something in her voice touched the Duke with a sense of that sympathy which all adventurous people have for one another, however widely different the sphere and method of their activities may be. He pressed the Countess' hand for a moment and laughed.

"The last thing I want is a fuss," said he, "especially as I dare say other people aren't as careless with their revolvers as I seem to have been with mine. But I haven't got the sapphire, and that's the fact. Search me if you like."

The Prince lost control of himself. Half rising from his chair, he cried: "Damn it, we will!"

"Oh, your temper'" murmured the Countess soothingly. "So dangerous! So bad'"

The Prince, very purple, seemed all the same to acknowledge the justice of her rebuke. He sank back into his seat again.

"You should exercise common sense, Monseigneur," she pursued. "If the Duke had suspicions of us ——"

"Oh, madame!" protested the Duke with a smile.

"He wouldn't bring the sapphire," she continued. "If he had no suspicions he wouldn't hide it. If he brought it, it was to show to ladies. Well then"—she blushed more markedly—"he wouldn't have it in—well in a place where he could not easily reach it."

The Duke admired her common sense: but it is characteristic of common sense to confine itself to obvious alternatives.

"Why didn't you bring it, *mon ami?*" she went on, turning to the Duke.

"Well, really I—I feel a bit awkward: and"—he indicated the tall servants—"we are not alone."

"Oh, yes, we are; quite enough alone," said she with a smiling nod. "You're the only stranger here, Duke."

"Madame, I will be as candid as you are, if candor is to be the order of the day. The sapphire is valuable. I never take it anywhere without consulting the police."

"There now, what did I say? I told you he wasn't a fool!" exclaimed the Countess. The Duke may have been mistaken, but he certainly thought that the remark was addressed, primarily at all events, to the second footman. "And what did the police say when you consulted them?"

"You'll excuse me? You know it's their business to be suspicious. They said that I knew too little of your—your *ménage*, Countess, and that they ——"

"Knew too much?"

The Duke waved his hands. "I might tell you that. It would sound well. If I had wanted to bluff I should have said that. But I prefer to tell you the truth. They said they knew nothing at all, but that if I wished they would make inquiries." At this point the Duke flattered himself that he was lying with a pretty discretion.

"And you said?" pursued the Countess with that appealing persistence of hers.

"Oh, I said," laughed the Duke, "that I should be better able to tell them about that if they'd call at my place tomorrow morning ——" He lit a cigarette —— "Which," he added through the first puffs of it, "they agreed to do."

With this the Duke rose to his feet, not being, however, quite sure how the company would receive his movement. The immediate result of it was a sudden turn of all heads toward the second footman. He, for his part, looked at the Countess and then held up his hand. Nobody moved.

"It's all quite understood between us," the Duke went on, assuming now an air of some authority. "You are to sacrifice my cousin's acquaintance and the remainder of your tenancy of this house, fortunately only a fortnight."

"How do you know that?" blurted out the Prince.

The Duke took no heed of him; he knew now who were the leading spirits of the party, and Monseigneur was not among them. "On my part I agree to forget this evening, except so far as may be necessary to satisfy my cousin's curiosity. You may wonder that I make you this offer. You will hardly hesitate to accept it." He pushed his chair back from the table, and, turning round, came face to face with the second footman. Their eyes met, the Duke's alert yet confident, the second footman's ruminative, puzzled, searching his opponent's face.

Looking into the second footman's eyes, which were of the shade commonly called china blue, the Duke realized that he was not out of the woods yet; the second footman, whatever might be the case with his associates, was not satisfied. Then he must tread very warily; he must above all show no eagerness and no anxiety.

"You look thoughtful, my friend," he remarked. As he spoke the little Countess rose suddenly from her chair, came to the second footman and put her arm through his. The next moment the butler and the first footman took the two empty chairs and helped themselves, the butler to an apple, the footman to port. The Duke looked at his watch. "Masks off at ten-thirty, is it?" he asked the Countess with a smile.

"You have puzzled my husband, and he's a very clever man," she said.

"Happy to make the Count's acquaintance in a new and I'm sure much more pleasant capacity," remarked the Duke, smiling at the second footman.

"I'm wondering how it is that Your Grace risked disappointing Lady Anastasia," said the second footman, who preserved throughout a pensive gravity.

"Prudence before politeness sometimes? No?"

"I hardly think so with Your Grace. It doesn't accord with what I've heard of you."

"You think I've contrived to hide the thing since I came into the house?"

"Not since you've been in this room, I'm sure of that, but I'll do myself the honor of escorting you to the front door. If you have hidden it, I should wish it to remain where it is for the present."

The Duke laughed. "Let it remain where it is by all means. I've no quarrel with that."

"Come, Duke," said the Countess. "Give me your arm. My husband will follow us."

The Duke obeyed, though clearly the act of courtesy would cripple his actions in case he wished to pick up Simonetta's sapphire from an improvised hiding-place. Perhaps the Countess was awake to that consideration. They passed through the drawing-room, followed by the second footman three or four paces behind.

"I'm afraid," said the Countess as they went downstairs, "that you think very badly of us."

"I beg your pardon?" The Duke had been thinking, but not of the moral character of his hosts.

"I mean that we should adopt this—this mode of life."

"Oh, on the contrary, it must be extremely interesting. I myself have always found a pleasure in evading the law—in the matter of motor cars, for instance ——"

"Oh, but we never take those; that's very vulgar!" cried the Countess, genuinely shocked.

"I don't think I meant exactly what you do," smiled the Duke.

They were at the bottom of the stairs: the hall door, the way of escape, lay before the Duke; it would be an affectation to deny that he felt somewhat excited.

On approaching the door, still arm-in-arm with the Countess, still followed by the second footman, the Duke perceived his hat and coat on the table; and not in the pocket of his coat, but lying beside it, gleamed the ivory butt of his revolver. The Duke's first impulse was to disengage himself, rush forward and seize it. The wisdom of second thoughts restrained him. He knew that the look of questioning was still in the second footman's eyes. Much as the Duke valued Simonetta's sapphire, his keenest desire at that moment was the second footman's defeat.

The little Countess let go his arm and took up his coat. "Let me help you on with it," she said.

Apparently the second footman had satisfied himself with regard to the coat at an earlier stage. At any rate he paid no heed to it now. He took up the revolver and stood turning it over idly in his hands

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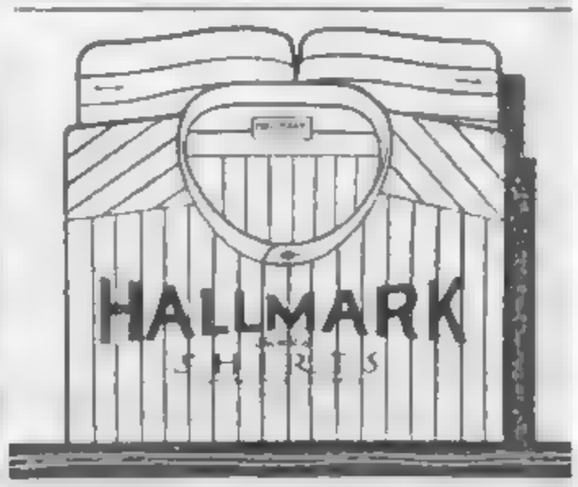

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and frowning thoughtfully. Not looking at him, the Duke busied himself adjusting his scarf and buttoning his coat. Then he took his hat in his left hand and held out his right to the Countess.

"I'll give your remembrances to my cousin," he said. "Of course you put her off tonight?"

The Countess nodded, the Duke smiled, the Countess opened the hall door.

"Oh, but I hope I may have my revolver," added the Duke; "it's an old friend." And on this spoken sentence there came in his head, urgent, vivid, charged with overpowering anxiety, the silent questions: "How did I say that? Was it right? Was it wrong? Was it too anxious? Was it overcareless? How in Heaven's name did I say that?"

The second footman raised his eyes to the Duke's face again and held the butt of the revolver toward him. "I'm afraid I've taken the liberty of removing the cartridges, Your Grace."

"I thought that possible," said the Duke, smiling, as he put out his hand to take the weapon.

That sounds a simple thing to do. But if his hand should tremble, if he should snatch eagerly, if his eyes should light up with premature exultation! The second footman was—or seemed to be—a long time handing over the revolver.

"You felt me take it, didn't you?" he asked. "When you came in, I mean?"

"I thought I felt you—just felt you."

"I thought you did too. Clumsy of me! Here it is."

"If I'd had the sapphire you would certainly have put me on my guard. But that wouldn't have been much use."

Not till he had said this did he put out his hand to take the revolver—a perfectly steady hand. Indeed the Duke always declared—and if his word were doubted, maintained with something more than his usual warmth—that nothing whatever in his demeanor, neither hand, nor mouth, nor eyes, in the least betrayed him. "No, he thought of it himself," the Duke would say; "but, as the gods would have it, just too late."

However that may be—and the Duke was not accustomed to claim credit undeserved—just as he had restored the revolver to his hip-pocket and had backed politely to the door, which the Countess still held open for him, the second footman raised his hands high above his head for an instant, uttered a loud cry, and hurled himself forward toward the Duke.

The Duke sprang back, seizing the outside handle of the door and thus wrenching the inside one from the Countess' grasp. He had time—time and not a second more—to slam the door behind him, and he took the five steps that led down from it in a flying leap. Landed in the winding avenue which ran from the house to the road, he made the best speed he could.

He had need. He heard the door open again behind him; he heard the Countess' shout: "Don't shoot, dear, don't shoot!"; he heard the second footman's feet land on the gravel of the drive with a thud far heavier than his own had made. Distrusting the effect of the Countess' appeal, the Duke ran for his life—and for Simonetta's sapphire.

The drive was perhaps a hundred yards long. The Duke had too big a start to be caught in that space, except by a bullet. The second footman ran well, but he did not gain much. "He may yet catch me on the road; it's very quiet at night. And there are lamps on the road; they'll give him a better aim!" To run the hundred yards took him perhaps eleven seconds, but there is plenty of time for thought in that.

Suddenly he came to a stop. Suddenly too the pursuing feet behind him ceased to beat the gravel. A long, low, cautious whistle had sounded through the stillness of the grounds of remote Meldart Lodge. The Duke cast one look into the murky drive behind him; then he walked forward easily, a smile on his lips. He knew that whistle.

Outside the gate was Monsieur Ferdinand, not in the small electric brougham, but in a powerful touring car. He touched his cap respectfully.

"I didn't call you up, Ferdinand," remarked the Duke.

"No, Your Grace," said Ferdinand; "but the fact is, happening to be in a public house the other day, I chanced to hear a man say that the lady at Meldart Lodge was no better than——"

"Mere gossip, Ferdinand," said the Duke, getting in beside him. "There was no reason for you to come."

Ferdinand looked up at him. "Your Grace seems a trifle out of breath." Ferdinand touched him on the arm; a slow, heavy, retreating step echoed from the avenue. Ferdinand chuckled softly.

"Have it your own way, Ferdinand," smiled the Duke. "I think I'll take a whisky and seltzer at the Blenheim Club."

"Very good, Your Grace. I shouldn't wonder if you need it."

The Duke finished his narrative and his chocolate. Lighting a cigar, he leaned back in his chair and regarded his cousin with appreciative eyes. She had looked in on the way back from her morning ride. She wore a dark-blue habit and a small stiff hat. Her feet, in topboots, entirely warranted the disposal of the shoes that had proved too small for Marie Antoinette. Besides all this, her cheeks wore a bright flush not entirely attributable to her recent exercise.

"That's all very well, Basil," said Lady Anastasia; "I dare say I ought to have tumbled to what they were, and I dare say you were very clever, as indeed you seem to think yourself——"

"Rather fortunate than clever," suavely interposed the Duke.

"But if the people had been all right, and if they hadn't put me off, and if I had gone——" The Duke smiled slightly and Lady Anastasia looked haughty. "All of which are quite—quite—er——"

"Probable hypotheses, dear Anastasia," the Duke suggested with a nod.

"Just what I was going to say—quite probable hypotheses—well then I should have been very disappointed and ashamed, because I'd promised them that you'd bring the sapphire and you'd promised me that you'd bring it. I should have looked a fool, and you—well, it's the first time you ever broke a promise to me in your life."

"Talking of the revolver with the ivory butt," said the Duke, "here it is." He took it from the table. "It began life as a single-barreled pistol, and the story goes—I give it for what it's worth—that it was made for Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and that he carried it at Waterloo, in case of accidents. However that may be"—the duke smiled—"he made no use of it."

"Accidents?"

"You see the little round gold plaque on the top with a crowned N and three tiny bees? Well, of course that would be an obvious fake if they were faking, wouldn't it? All the same it does do this, you see."

As the Duke spoke, the little gold plaque with the three bees and the crowned N rose slowly on four tiny golden legs, and formed as it were a little tabernacle on the top of the ivory butt. "Room for a small bottle of poison, you see," remarked the Duke, "and just nice room for——"

"Why, I never thought of that!"

"No more did the second footman—till a moment too late."

An oblong ball of cotton wool lay in the tabernacle, carefully attached to the four legs by fine twine.

"It wouldn't have done for it to rattle," the Duke pursued as he broke the twine and took out the little bundle. Then the legs slowly sank down again and the gold plaque fitted neatly into its place. The Duke laid the ball of cotton wool on the table by him.

"How does that work?" asked Lady Anastasia, naturally curious.

"Just a spring," answered the Duke, smiling. "Should you like to see if you can find it?"

She shook her head and, taking up the ball of cotton wool, disengaged the sapphire from its wrappings. It lay in her hand and she regarded it for a long while. At last she raised her eyes to the Duke's.

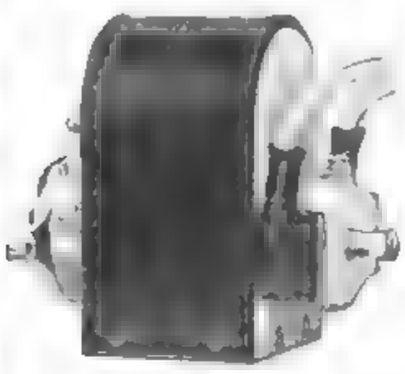
"It was a shame to make you risk it," she said. "Is anything else in the world blue, really blue, except this?" She held it out toward him on the palm of her hand.

"Just some eyes," said the Duke.

At this moment Frank entered. The Duke's air indicated surprise, if not displeasure. Frank carried a small antique leather case open and empty in his hand. He looked sadly flustered. The Duke turned to him, but Lady Anastasia's eyes were still set on the sapphire.

"I beg Your Grace's pardon, but I—I can't see Simonetta's sapphire anywhere this morning, Your Grace!"

"Oh, yes, you can, Frank, if you look in the right place," said the Duke.



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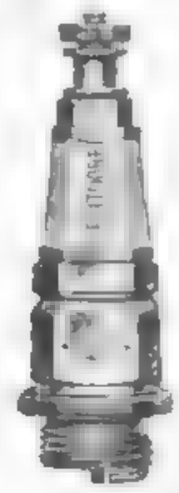

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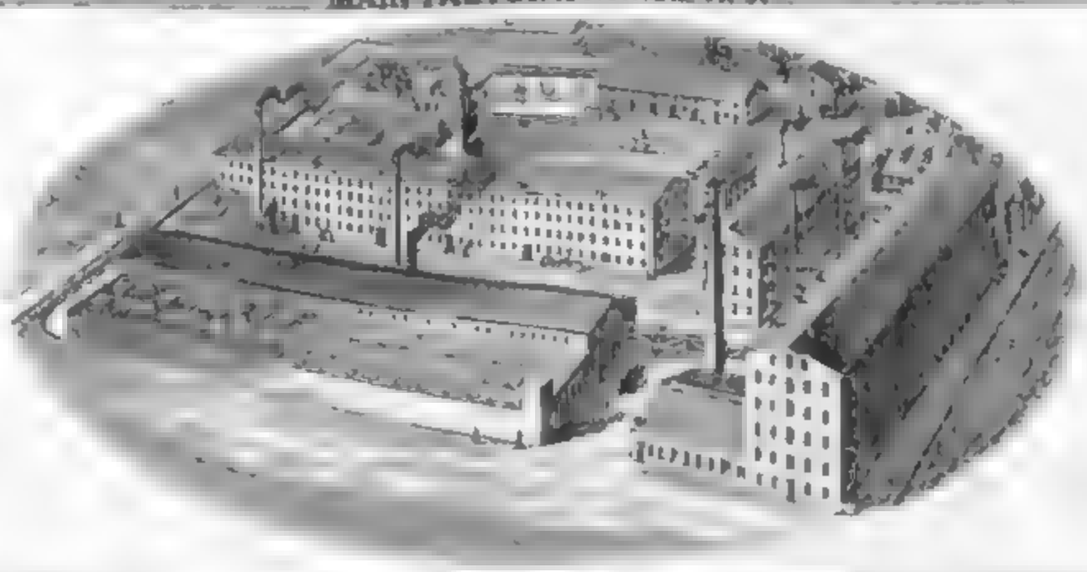

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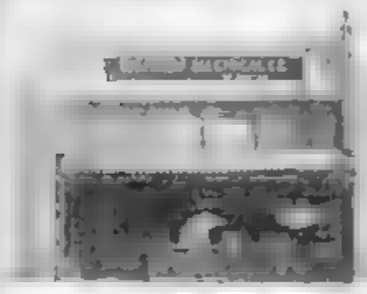

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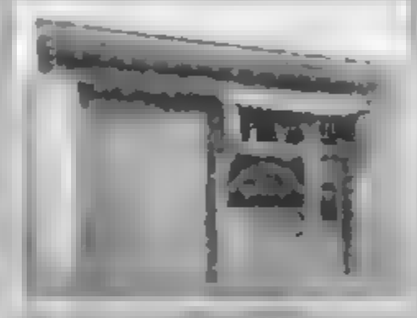

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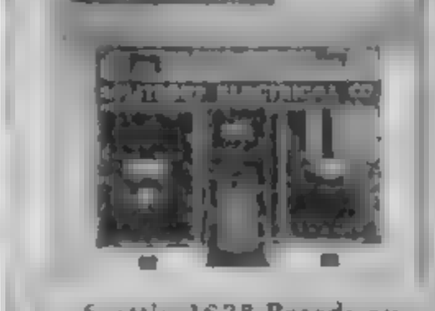

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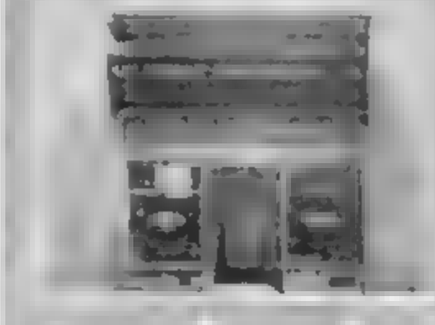

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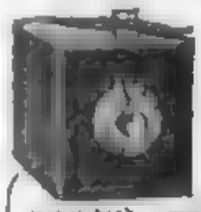

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THE PRICE OF PLACE

(Continued from Page 19)

attitude of McManus. So far as he knew, McManus conducted his political affairs honestly and shrewdly, although he always demanded his reward, and Marsh, after thinking much about it, came to the conclusion that McManus was bound to him by no ties that could not be broken if Marsh so desired. That is, he decided McManus needed him as much as he needed McManus. He was merely getting into a frame of mind that illustrates the truth that politics is the most selfish business on earth.

Marsh did as much as he could at the law, but that wasn't much, for politics kept him busy. He collected some money due him, took a retainer or two, and sold a few lots he had in a subdivision of Morganville. McManus had been successful in getting a fair amount from the National Congressional Campaign Committee, and he assessed Marsh only five hundred dollars, warning him that he would have to put up twenty-five hundred dollars next time he ran. Marsh found his one session in Congress had given him a standing in his district he had not hitherto enjoyed, and he was well pleased with himself when he returned to Washington, immediately after Thanksgiving Day, for the short concluding session of his first term.

Money was uppermost in his mind—money and how to get it. He had resorted to every device, and had been able only to come out even at the end of his first session. He had even gone to the lengths of naming Mrs. Marsh for his personal clerk, hiring a stenographer for fifty dollars a month to do the work, and pocketing the balance, a little scheme he found was in general practice among the members who had no incomes outside their salaries. He also found that sons and daughters of influential men in the House were carried as clerks and secretaries and messengers, and he was one of the first to draw his mileage and to commute his stationery account. He had cultivated the disbursing officer, and could get an advance of a hundred dollars or so on his salary from time to time. It was nauseating business, though, this constant scheming and contriving to make his income meet his expenses, and he was eager to find ways to make money and relieve himself of the horrors of being constantly hard-up.

One thing that bothered him was Mrs. Marsh's insistence they should move from the Bruxton to a more fashionable hotel. Marsh was well satisfied with the Bruxton, although he intended to get better quarters as soon as he could manage it. Mrs. Marsh said the Bruxton was impossible, and had selected a place on an avenue where she knew the society was more select. She argued unceasingly with Marsh that she was deterred in her earnest desire to help him to advancement in his career by her Bruxton environment; but he, figuring on the expense, decided to wait for a time. Besides, Dorothy was finishing her school that year and would come to Washington with them next December, when Marsh would begin his second term, and that would mean an increase in expenses; for Dorothy's upkeep, aside from her simple frocks, was nothing in Morganville, as she lived with her grandmother.

The short session passed quickly. Mrs. Marsh was devoted to her calls and receptions. She had developed into a stylish, correctly attired, distinguished-looking woman, had learned much in the way of the amenities as Washington official society practices them, and was known, among those who knew her at all, as "the clever Mrs. Marsh." She had a gift of light conversation, was quick-witted, good-humored, extremely self-confident and had developed poise. Her gowns caused Marsh some financial stress, but he was proud of her, and he managed to get her what she wanted, although he hadn't much left when all her demands were met. He worked hard in his committee and was popular with the men he met there and in the House, where he knew about a hundred of the members and had a bowing acquaintance with a hundred more. Rambo continued on friendly terms, but volunteered no further stock-market information. Once or twice Marsh asked him if there was anything in sight, and Rambo each time shook his head and said the times were not propitious.

"If anything turns up that looks good I'll let you in it, Marsh," he said. "No use of our bucking it ourselves. Wait until we get the inside stuff."

Marsh had no pressing political worries when he reached Morganville a few days after the Congress adjourned on March fourth, and he went vigorously at his law business and had good luck. He lived quietly, asserted his authority when Mrs. Marsh decided to go to a fashionable summer hotel for July and August, and sent her and Dorothy to a small place in the mountains. He brought three thousand dollars in cash with him when he returned to Washington in November, and owed nothing in his home town save current bills. He took the three thousand dollars to the banker who had loaned him the same amount a year or so before. The banker was smilingly glad to see him, he said, had wondered what had become of him, offered him every accommodation his institution afforded and assured Marsh it was a pleasure to serve him. Marsh noticed that the banker's smile was confined to his lips. His eyes were cold and steely-gray.

Senator Paxton sent a note to Marsh and asked him to drop round when it was convenient. Marsh went immediately. He had heard, out in the district, that Paxton thought well of him and predicted a future for him, and Paxton was a greater state power than McManus.

"Marsh," said the senator, "there's a vacancy on the Public Lands Committee you can have if you want it."

"I thought I would like to stay on the District of Columbia."

"Oh, that's all right, only there is no end of work to it. You can stay there, too, and you'll get up on the list, for three of the men above you are not coming back." Marsh knew this and had figured on it. He had learned that length of service is what counts in attaining high committee places, that seniority is more potent than ability. The dropping out of these three men put him fourth from the bottom instead of at the bottom of the committee on the majority side.

"You see," continued the senator, "I sort of own a place on that Lands Committee—you know we are interested in land questions out our way—and I thought you might like it."

"Is the speaker willing?" asked Marsh.

Senator Paxton smiled a little whimsical smile. "I guess he will be," he said in a matter-of-fact way.

Marsh felt he was being shoved on that Lands Committee. It didn't interest him particularly, but he felt also that his being on the committee did interest Senator Paxton greatly, and he took the place. As the senator had predicted, the speaker was willing to name him. Indeed, the speaker suggested it.

Marsh's colleagues said he was lucky in getting two such important places. Marsh didn't know whether he was lucky or not. He had doubts.

The hotel question was a permanent topic of discussion between Marsh and Mrs. Marsh. They had returned to their old rooms in the Bruxton, but they had been obliged to take an additional room for Dorothy. Mrs. Marsh had ambitious plans for Dorothy. She intended to put her in the most fashionable school for young ladies in the city, where, she said, "she can meet and associate with the daughters of exclusive people." Marsh knew all along there would be but one compromise on the hotel question, and that would be to do as Mrs. Marsh was insisting, so he finally gave in. They moved to a hotel on an avenue where they rented two rooms and a bath, not so comfortable as those they had at the Bruxton, for $300 a month instead of $200, with an additional charge for Dorothy.

Then came the school problem. Mrs. Marsh had made a study of that. Washington had many schools, ranging from one so high-priced that it was patronized only by daughters of very rich men down to less pretentious ones, where the tuition was but $500 a year.

"But five hundred?" said Marsh, when Mrs. Marsh mentioned this sum to him deprecatingly. "For Heaven's sake, isn't that enough to pay a year for any girl's education?"

Dorothy thought it was too much. She was not keen about finishing at a "finishing" school. She was a girl of good spirit and good sense, and she said she'd just as soon stay in Morganville as be cooped up in a seminary and taught to play the piano and

to talk French. She said she hated the piano and loathed French, and she liked to be with her grandmother, if she couldn't be with her father, whom she adored.

Mrs. Marsh was shocked. "But my dear Dorothy," she protested, "think of the opportunities this will give you to meet the daughters of the best families, and to fit yourself for the position you are to assume!"

Dorothy pouted. "I don't see how it will help papa any to stick me away in one of those horrid schools and fill me full of things I don't want to know."

"Anyhow," declared Mrs. Marsh, "you are going. That's settled."

However Dorothy didn't go to the school Mrs. Marsh had selected. Marsh had a talk with Cragston, a rich member from the East who had two daughters in school in Washington.

"Don't be fooled by that thousand-dollars-a-year stuff, Marsh," cautioned Cragston. "The thousand is only the beginning. It pays for tuition and board and room. About everything else is extra. It costs me about five thousand a year for my two girls up there. And, believe me, they are being finished in a way that will cost me a good many thousand more than that after the final touches have been applied."

Marsh flatly said he couldn't afford it. Dorothy stood boldly by and said she didn't want him to afford it. Finally a compromise was reached, and Dorothy went to a school not so fashionable as the other, but still fashionable enough to cost six hundred dollars a year, with extras that would make the total reach about a thousand. She started late. Next year, Mrs. Marsh declared, she would have to be in Washington for the school opening.

After the organization of the House had been perfected and the Christmas holidays were over—the Marshes stayed in Washington instead of going to Morganville—the first call for a meeting of the Public Lands Committee was issued, and Marsh dropped round to get acquainted with his associates. They were mostly Western men, men who were concerned with the questions affecting the public domain, and the bulk of them had been several terms in Congress and knew all the ropes. They all greeted Marsh kindly, especially Rambo, who was the second man on the list, ranking next to the chairman, and, as Marsh soon learned, a good deal of a power in the affairs of the committee. Rambo spent several afternoons with Marsh, outlining possible land legislation, and was deeply concerned over the revision of several of the existing land laws, which, he said, were unfair both to the settlers and to the Government. He argued there was entirely too much red tape about land matters, and especially about patenting land claims, and was in favor of a less restricted system, whereby the public domain might be easier of access and settlers would not be so hampered by a multiplicity of detail. Rambo said the land laws had been changed and amended and confused until the practice under them, in the Interior Department, gave too much power to the Commissioner of the Public Land Office.

Marsh was not particularly interested, but he listened politely to all Rambo said and decided to look into the subject when he had time.

One day Marsh was talking with Senator Paxton, and the name of a former senator, who was practicing law in Washington, and who represented certain diversified interests that had matters of concern before Congress, was mentioned.

"I suppose," remarked Marsh casually, "he is a crook."

"Hold on, Marsh!" said the senator. "Don't fall into that loose manner of speaking about others here in Washington. A man may practice law as legitimately here as in Morganville, and as illegitimately, too, if it comes to that. The mere fact that a man does practice law in Washington, that he has been in Congress and that he does represent clients who are interested in what Congress is doing, does not make him crooked any more than it makes him a Mohammedan. It is so common a custom to call a man who does not agree with you a crook that it is almost universal. You see, we all predicate the total honesty of the world on the honesty we personally assign to ourselves. We all think we are honest—think we are—except in rare cases when we have reached the sublimity of philosophical maturity and cease trying to fool ourselves. Therefore, inasmuch as we are honest, according to our own estimation, we also think any man who does not agree with us is dishonest, a crook, and we say so in many instances without any knowledge of the facts, or any other kind of basis except our own egotistical self-appraisement.

"It is one of the cheapest tricks of the demagogue and the hypocrite—and we have scores of them here as there are scores of them everywhere—to try to discredit opposition by saying opponents are crooks and liars. We assume all the virtues ourselves. We refuse to allow any who disagree with us credit for any honesty of opinion or honesty of practice. This vaunted civilization of ours, Marsh, is carried on by two sets of people. The first consists of a large section of the populace who are insistent you shall do what they want you to do; and the second is you yourself, who are equally insistent that all others shall do what you want them to do. In the struggle it always falls out that neither side—all others and yourself gets others to do what it wants them to do, nor do you do what you want to do yourself. No man gets any other to do what he wants that other to do, but every man unceasingly, from the cradle to the grave, does what others want him to do, never what he wants to do himself.

"Failing to recognize this great truth, we persist in our opinions, and when we find a man who persists against those opinions we seek to demolish him by calling him a crook—not because he is a crook, mind you, but because he opposes what we want, we being, in our opinions, immaculately honest. Now it is the same here. It is the common custom to speak of men as crooked because they have an opportunity to be crooked or because we think they have that opportunity. You said that man was crooked, and you didn't stop to reflect that the only reason on this earth that gives him a chance to be crooked is his opportunity. And that opportunity exists because we are crooked ourselves, for what business can a crook do with honest men? And if he is a successful crook, the men he deals with must be crooks also, and we are the men he deals with—you and I and the other members of this Congress. He doesn't steal anything, for example—he has no power to steal anything; but if anything is stolen we steal it for him, at his request or for a share of the swag."

"Well," said Marsh doggedly, "I heard he is a lobbyist."

"Lobbyist! Faugh!" snorted the senator. "That word always makes me tired. There may have been times in this city when there were lobbyists who could lobby, but those times are gone. If you could gather all the so-called lobbyists in this city into statuary hall you would find that the whole bunch of them haven't as much influence on Congress as one of the marble effigies there. They are legislative hangers-on, cheaper than messengers, who seek to sell their supposed acquaintance and influence with legislators to unsophisticated come-ons who want favors from Congress. Most of them could not get into the office of a senator or a representative, certainly not into the office of a senator or representative who knows the game; and they have about as much real effect on American legislation as the Russian Duma. They slither in and slither out, and hang about hotels and cadge money, and it is all a confidence game both ways. It is cheap and nasty and predicated on the widespread belief that legislation can be bought.

"Let me tell you something, Marsh. Legislation can be bought all right enough, and legislation can be obtained by influence, but legislation cannot be bought by the raw passing of money. There are some men in this Congress who would take a bribe—take the money—but not many. Intrinsically, the majority of these men here are straight that way. Most of them would kick you out of their rooms if you tried to hand them money—most of them, not all. That isn't the way legislation is bought, nor is it the way individuals are bought.

"The real lobbyists, the men who buy legislation or get it without buying it—sometimes—work another way. They are not former members or former senators or former anythings. They are the real, live heads of the big interests who want legislation. And they don't work with the individual members. They work through the organization. They apply their political knowledge. They get the bosses. The bosses get the rest of the crowd.

"When anything important is going on here you don't find these former congressmen in any capacity other than errand boys,

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these lobbyists you speak about. You do find on the spot the biggest men in the interest affected. They come here. They deal with the men who control the Senate and the House. They help maintain the organization, and they pick out here and there a man who is important and influential and get him. He gets the others. The rank and file are not dishonest, for one great reason if for no other—they haven't the chance. The big fellows deal with the big fellows and the rank and file take their orders, and there you are."

"Then it's largely political," said Marsh, with interest.

"It's entirely political. Everything in Washington is political. Politics is first in all legislation, and all other considerations—the people, the country, everything else—are trailing along way behind. We legislate for one purpose only, and that one purpose is to maintain ourselves and our party in power. Every bit of legislation has a political end to it, even the getting of an eight-dollar pension. The men in Congress have one great, imperative interest—to stay in Congress themselves and keep their party in power in Congress and in the White House. All legislation is directed to that end. Thus when a big interest is affected by any proposed legislation that big interest has learned not to try to deal with individuals, but to deal with the heads of the organization that controls the individuals, the organization that must be maintained because it in turn maintains the individuals and helps them maintain themselves."

"Where do the people come in?" asked Marsh.

"They do not come in. When you get down to bed-rock, despite all the yawp and yammer about the people and despite the public parading of love for the same by the men in Congress, you discover that the people, the real people for whom legislation is passed, consist of two senators from each state and whatever number of representatives there may be. They are the people. The rest of the population of their state is a means to their ends—incidental. These others are necessary for voting purposes, but the primest necessity in the case consists in directing their purposes so they will vote for the persons who are legislating, in order that those persons may continue legislating; and those persons—meaning the members of Congress—legislate first with eyes single to how the legislation will affect their individual political fortunes, how it will delude the people into continuing their support; and their legislation is framed for no other purpose. If the people derive any incidental benefit all well and good. But the legislator wants to remain in power and he is actuated by no higher motive than that. Popularity means power. Hence he does what seems the politic, the popular, thing in order to help himself. Occasionally there comes a man who fights out in the open for what he thinks the people should have, regardless of his own fortunes; but there are not many of them and they do not last long. I hope I'm not boring you?"

"Go on," said Marsh.

"The chief evil of every political system, not only in this country but in all the world, is not dishonesty, but hypocrisy—this eternal pretense of legislating for the people, when we are legislating for ourselves first, and the people get only the crumbs of it. Occasionally the people take matters in their own hands and do some legislating with axes and the torch, but not often. They are too much concerned with getting enough to eat and to wear and with keeping warm to look into politics, except emotionally and spasmodically; and when they overturn an organization they forget what the system produced, and look hopefully for new results from the organization they have put in power. They do not remember that the men who are in power are exactly the same, in every human attribute, as those they put out of power, and after the preliminary splutter will strive to continue in power and place just as their predecessors did. The people get an advantage by the overturn of a party, and then fail to press it. The politicians know this, and it is not a matter of such terrifying moment for a party to be beaten, for the leaders know the pendulum swings back and forth, because the swinging machinery, the people, forget how they regulated things and substitute hope for watchfulness."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE TRAIL OF THE LOBBY

(Concluded from Page 9)

the rates on the articles they manufacture or the article manufactured by their clients. This is a fruitful field of employment for the lobbyists who live in Washington, and most of them welcome a tariff change. A railroad rate bill or a change in a trust law, or anything affecting any of the big corporations, not only helps the local contingent but brings in large numbers of attorneys from the outside; and these men come to Washington for a specific purpose, make no bones of what they are doing, and generally work out in the open.

There is a certain class of these apparent lobbyists who work with claims and who urge items in appropriation bills for projects in which they are interested. A number of lobbyists, who call themselves attorneys, take claims against the Government of various sorts—claims for overtime on the part of clerks or employees; claims for damages; claims of every sort—on contingent fees; and these are the most suspicious of the list, for if the claim is big it is never improbable that the contingency may be divided in such a way as to expedite the legislation allowing it. The affairs of the Indians have been extremely valuable to various lobbyists, and so have been other similar matters.

There are two sides to apparent lobbying, of course. Much of it is legitimate work, done by legitimate attorneys. It is quite possible that much of it is not so legitimate, but the bulk of the lobbying done in Washington comes under this head. It covers most of the legislative matters that are out of the routine, and there never is an appropriation bill that does not have items of benefit to some person or persons, or one where there are not swarms of interested persons trying to include appropriations for their projects.

The Lobbyist Absurd

Now all this is lobbying if lobbying is the process of influencing legislation. As to the methods used in influencing appropriations and legislation, these are as various as the individuals who employ them. Personal knowledge has much to do with it, and political conditions—and it may be that other and baser considerations are used at times, but it is only fair to say that the apparent lobbyist does not often do anything that is not apparent. The real reason for this is that he could not. Not many men in Congress would take a bribe. All in all, this sort of lobbying is not crooked, is not mysterious, is nothing but representation by attorneys, either legal or otherwise—not always, but usually.

The Lobbyist Absurd is a deplorable creature, who is a sort of cross between a bunco-steerer and a petty larcener. He hangs about the hotel lobbies and the corridors of the Capitol. His stock in trade is a claim of intimate acquaintance with influential senators and representatives, an ability to influence the newspaper correspondents and to get them to provide publicity, and an unmitigated gall. It may be he has a speaking acquaintance with a few members, but that is only because he has the nerve to approach them; and he undoubtedly knows newspaper correspondents by sight. But the truth of it is, he can deliver nothing. He is a confidence man, living by his wits and on his ability to sell goldbricks.

He would be thrown out of any senatorial or house office room, and he never ventures into them. He would promptly be booted downstairs if he tried to get a reputable newspaper correspondent to print any of his stuff; but he poses about the hotels and in the Capitol, and occasionally he lands a visitor for a few hundred dollars—never, by any chance, giving anything in return for the money; because he has nothing to give—nor can he get anything. He manages his little larcenies on his boasted acquaintance and influence.

He knows the ways of Congress and often can dazzle a greenhorn by the prompt securing of documents or information that he can obtain over the telephone from clerks and doortenders; and he is strong on retainers of whatever sum is handy—from five dollars to five hundred—before he begins to show his unexampled prowess in the way of influencing legislation or making his come-on acquainted with the leaders.

He always carries a list of the important newspaper men in the Capitol, and boasts that he can control them and get them to send out whatever he desires. He is on hand in the principal hotels every time a train comes in to see whether a greenhorn may not be among the arrivals.

Washington people are perfectly familiar with these panhandlers, but they collect a good deal of money in the course of a year from strangers who have little personal errands in the Capital. Also, they are used for purposes of securing information by some of the apparent lobbyists, and they have no scruples about how they get what is desired. Loosely these men are called lobbyists. Concretely they are bunco-steerers.

The Lobbyist Innocent is any person, from high to low, who comes to Washington to advance his own interests by urging Congress to do some specific thing. This is his right. If he thinks a tariff bill will hurt him certainly nobody can deny him the privilege of protesting to his senator or his representatives or to any others, against that tariff bill. He is an American citizen and entitled to that. Usually he gets nowhere, but is perfectly honest and aboveboard in what he does and more power to him!

Lobbying is a complex subject. The difference between lobbying and corrupt lobbying is great in a general way; but where one stops and the other begins is hard to determine. Undeniably it is wrong to use money to influence legislation. Then how about using politics? A man is entitled to exert his personal acquaintance and influence to expedite matters in which he is interested. Where does the use of that influence cease being right and become wrong?

Is the effect to be considered before the cause is condemned?—that is, if it is wrong to lobby for a wrong thing is it right to lobby for a right thing? It seems to me that the same situation exists in lobbying as in every other human activity—it all depends on what you do and how you do it.

Photo-Sculpture

SCULPTURE by civil engineers—portrait busts and statues from life—produced by surveyors instead of artists, recently has been accomplished. It is hardly likely that sculpture by the surveyor's methods will rival sculpture by artists in the way that photography has rivaled portrait painting; but it has enough advantages to be used in some cases and may even be adopted as genuine by sculptors themselves as an aid in their work. At any rate, it ought to put an end to the honoring of public men by displays of portrait busts that are neither good art nor good likenesses. The new method, it is to be hoped, will make poor likenesses inexcusable.

It is all a matter of exact mathematics. The person of whom a portrait bust is to be made simply gives a sitting to a photographer. Photographs of him are taken simultaneously from various angles, at fixed distances from him. The prints are then turned over to the surveyor. It is then a matter of applying mathematical principles similar to those of surveying, and preparing an exact reproduction in clay of the person who was photographed. The simplest way yet found is for the surveyor to draw, on the basis of his figures, profiles of the face, at different depths—or, in other words, to make a series of cross-section drawings of the head. With such a set of profiles, a clay worker can readily build up the head. The retiring president of the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia, recently said that tests of this method produced sculptured heads that according to measurement did not in any place vary more than one-thirtieth of an inch from the originals.

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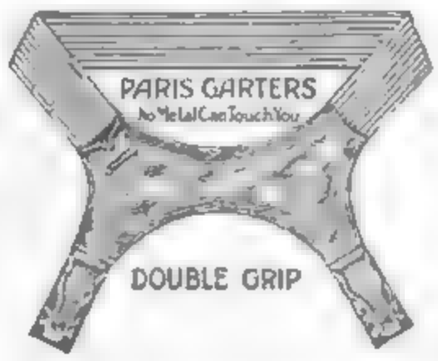

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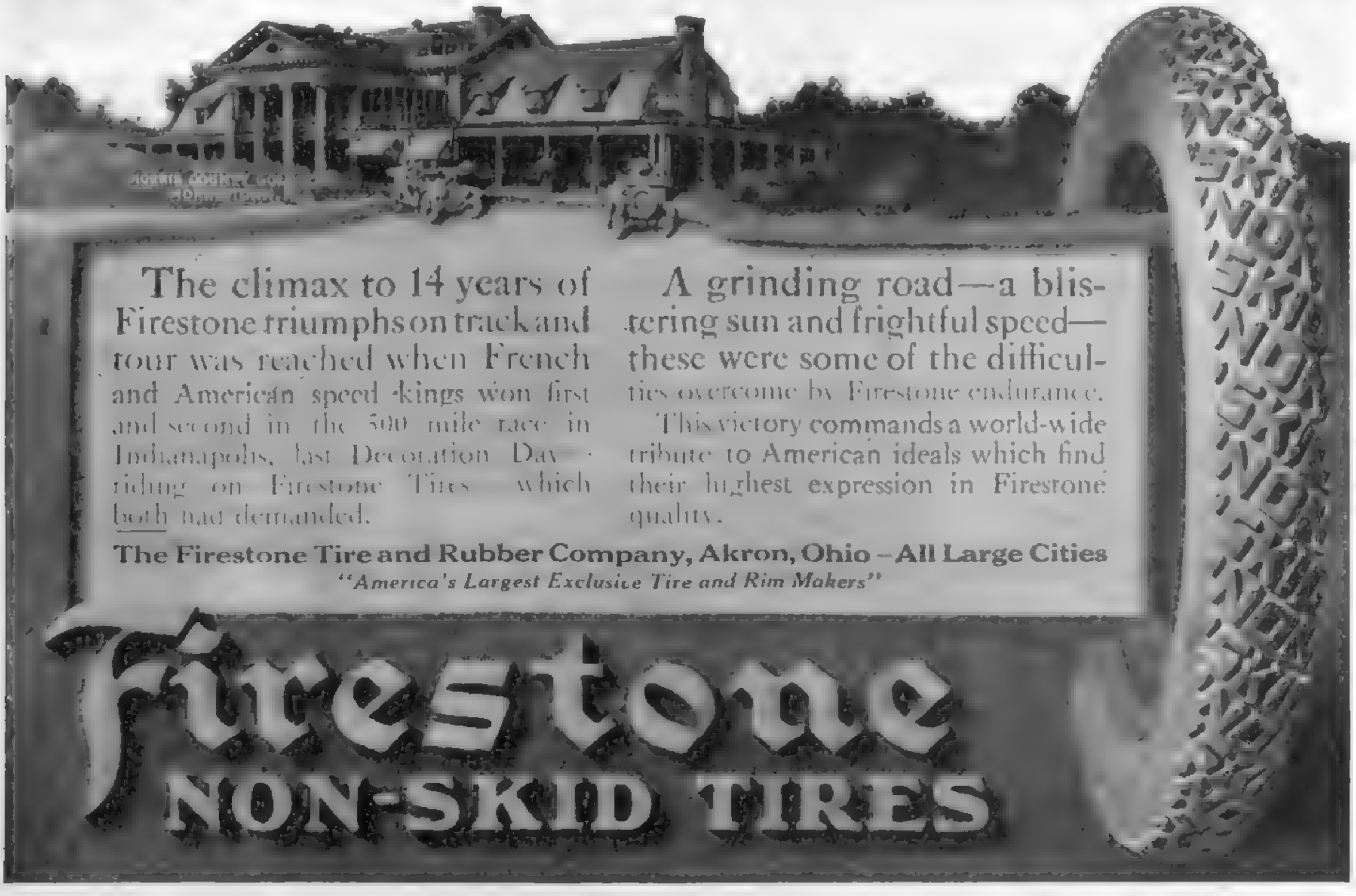

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GETTING A WRONG START

(Continued from Page 11)

There were some sudden fortunes made in good and in bad historical novels at that time, before the thing began to be overplayed in America, as everything else is. The long road never turned for me until I wrote my first historical novel—a very bad one.

As up to this time I had been engaged in out-of-door work, Western work—studies of earlier American history and the like—the critics all reproached me very much for deserting my chosen field of work and being tempted by the glittering rewards of historical fiction. In other words the critics were about as wise then as they usually are. A critic is the only business man in the world who can dispense with facts. As a matter of fact I began my first historical novel when I was ten years old. I found the beginnings of it in the first volume I ever read—Henry Howe's Historical Collections of the Great West. A part of my novel was located in the Old World, but the life of it was the idea of the New World and the American West. So that, after all, my performance was perhaps as consistent as that of my critics, who did not like to see me make so much money. My friends all generally resented that, the same as yours do when you succeed.

I was obliged to do this novel as I had done my first one—at night, after a very hard day's work. At last I got through with it, though the additional reading necessary in the preparation cost me a lot of time. Then, very naturally, once more I did the blundering and ignorant thing, as I had done pretty much all my life.

I was entirely ignorant of the literary game. That is why I prepared five copies of my imperishable work of art and—all at the same time—sent them out to five different publishers, including a good percentage of the oldline, dignified sort, who were accustomed to keeping a short story three years before they sent a printed card to an author asking him why he had done it. And then, to my great surprise, in about thirty days all five of my selected publishers—even those august ones whose names once caused authors to tremble—accepted my novel at one and the same time, and made me an assorted line of propositions about it!

I have never yet got done explaining this thing to four of those publishers. I have never done such a thing as that again, of course, because now I know it is not considered ethical. Still, I submit, I was not a bad business man, for now I had done five times in one month what I had been trying all my life to do! I was now like a young minister who has five calls to good pulpits. I accepted the call which called the loudest—the one that offered the most real money and the fewest reservations.

The Turn of the Road

I presume we may say this was the place where the road really turned. It had only been bending before that, but now it turned. My novel began to go—thanks, as it seems to me, to my publishers, and thanks to the popular taste for that sort of thing at that time. It went to the top. It was not so very much of a book, to be sure, but I had done my best with it—the best I could do under the hard conditions of my work at that time. I believe that is as good a way to work as any. When a man has so much money he does not need to write and can take his time about writing, he usually does not write—or if he does his stuff is not worth much. What makes you sting under your shoulderblades when you read a story, and sit up and take notice, and wait for the next installment? It is the life that is in the copy—the human life—is it not?

So now I began to have friends—a thing which amused me very much. I don't in the least want friends—average friends. I rather like my enemies, because I know what to do with them; but average friends are far more difficult. In all the long, hard years of my life no one of my college friends of the old days ever wrote a word to me. When I came to the city it was my ambition to be forgotten—and in that at least I succeeded. But now, all at once, without warning, there began to pour in on me more real money than I had believed there was in the whole wide world. And when you have money you have friends—average friends. All my life I have had my share of the real, thick-and-thin sort—you know how few they are, and how precious beyond all price.

It came a little late, this turn in the road, too late to find me with much vanity left; so, after all, I was not much disturbed and, indeed, not very much surprised. When an author writes his first success he usually is very much pleased and delighted with himself. I was happiest in my wife's happiness. I remember one morning when we were riding downtown on the elevated road she caught me by the arm and pointed down at the window of the city's biggest bookshop. It was piled full of a display made up entirely of copies of my immortal work! It certainly looked good to me! Before that time, too, I had thought that the chap must be awfully happy who ever could see piled up on the floor of a bookstore a big stack of his own books—right there in the middle of the floor, in front of the door. I saw several of those piles now. They certainly looked good to me! I believe they looked much better to my wife, the girl who had taken a chance far back on the long road, when we could not sanely have prophesied any sort of turn.

A Rolling-Stone's Moss

One very sobering attendant of my success—for we might as well call it that, and not be foolish—was the fact that I could not share it with my own family. The road had turned just too late after all. My mother had died several years before this; my father had been dead three years—just three years before the time when I could have told him that I had expiated my offense of abandoning the profession of the law, in which he had worked so hard to place me. So all I could do now was to be Chinese—or Virginian, which is the same thing—and pay my debts to my ancestors and to the principles and standards of my ancestors. That did not mean I should have any swelled head about my luck, and it did not mean that I should live like a miser and save every one of my new dollars. It did not mean that I should take all my future for granted. It meant that I should soberly settle down into my stride, and pay my debts of every nature. I had no financial debts and never have had in all my life.

The turned road led into strange scenes for me. The social world now beckoned; but I declined with thanks, for I knew I should need all my time for more night work. My old friends discovered me—and said: "I knew you when ——". My college discovered me—and asked me for money. Everybody discovered that I was a great man—and asked for money. If I had honored every request ever made to me for money I should not have a dollar of my royalties left today—and they have counted up into large sums.

I had had no intention in the world of abandoning any of my business connections. I did not have presumption enough to think that literature would do me as a crutch, and was using it only as a staff. But now my old boss came to me and gently but firmly intimated that I had better look on it as a crutch; so I terminated my career in my chosen line of outdoor journalism precisely as I had said I would when I began it. I had told myself then that I would stay in that job until they threw me out. It took them about fifteen years to throw me out. At any rate, when I came to I realized that I had been fired. Here was something of a kettle of fish! At least it meant that I could now work in the daytime and not wholly at night.

An American is a shifty sort of proposition and hard to get into a corner. I realized that I had been a rolling stone after all. Now I proposed to cash in on the moss I had not gathered while rolling. And I did that. In other words all this time my unconscious education had been going on. I have done many books, many short stories, many special articles, and am among the better-paid writers of the country—things I would rather not myself say, of course, but which ought to be said. In all that work I have later found the moss I did not gather earlier. For instance I lost a year trying to practice law in a little Western town; but in the fiction I have written many years later, revolving round my experiences in that little town, I have cashed in, in one year, more than all the

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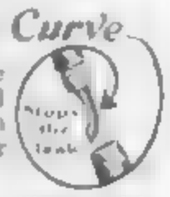

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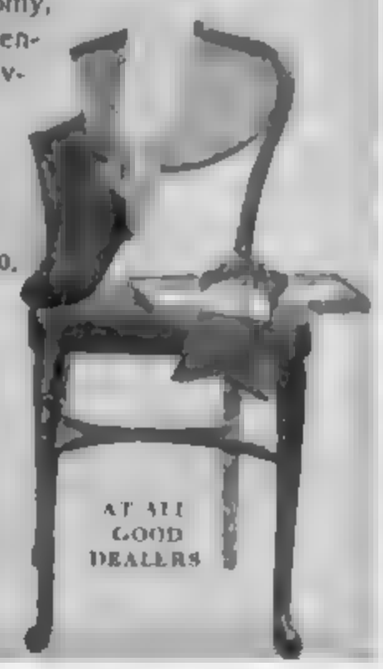

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lawyers in that county ever made in two years—perhaps more than half the lawyers in the territory ever made in one year at that time of the country's development. And all my vagabond trips in the wilderness began to be of use to me. All the hard experiences of my life now flashed up before me; and I recognized them not as disasters but as elements in success, and as a part of my education in life. I shot back at Fortune Fate's own arrows. This is not boasting. In my hard, sad life I long ago got past the boasting place.

It was a sort of mockery, seeing how much I had suffered in my earlier years. Whether it was the side door or the front door which now stood ajar for me I do not know. And since matters now come too close to the present date I cannot say anything more about the road that turned—only I know that, where once I could not see anywhere the hand of a friend, I now have many friends all over the country—some summer-day friends, some real ones. In the West long ago I learned to read men—we could detect hypocrisy and insincerity without failure in that country, and we despised every sort of bluff and pretense. A man had to "stand the acid" there—to prove that he was pure gold. Under the acid test I have a few real friends and don't want any other sort. But all over the country I have what every author has—thousands and thousands of friends whom I never have seen, from whom I never have heard, whom I do not know and who do not know me. I see them in the night sometimes—a sea of faces, far off, not distinctly visible, many thousands of them. . . . Well, I have said I would pay my debts to the principles of my ancestors. All the wish I have left in life, all the purpose, is the intention to pay my debts to these unknown friends. They came to me when I needed help—which will about do for the possibly too personal side of my confessions.

There are interesting business questions that come into the horizon of every man who gets hold of a little money late in life. I was not an absolute fool in business, but not in the least deceived about myself. My wife and I sat down and held a thoughtful consultation soon after we began to get more money than we cared to spend. We went over the problem carefully. Our start had come late in my life. Our investments could not run long now in the nature of things. I could not go West now and grow up with very many countries, and the West now was gone. I could not afford to take very many gambles, for the time of recouping on gambles would not be very long.

An Author's Investments

It seemed to me that our investments ought to look rather to the safety of the principal than to the size of the dividend. A little bit I would gamble, but only a part of my fortune. I increased my life insurance now—an expensive thing late in life, to be sure, but a good thing if you care as much for your wife as I do for mine. Before making an investment I would take counsel with my banker and my lawyer, and with good business men. I would not buy a bond just because it was printed on green paper. They had to show me what there was back of the bond. I did not gamble in common stocks. I had to know something about the industrial concern the preferred stock of which I bought. Railroads I let alone, because it seemed to me then and does now that the unscrupulous speculators who try to control this country use railroads most often as their means of speculation. I figured out that people will always have to use gas a great deal, so gas bonds and even a few gas stocks seemed safe. I discounted, by buying at low levels, the fluctuations public utilities have, hammered as they are by politicians. It seemed to me that electricity was a coming thing in many uses in our country; so electric bonds and good stocks seemed safe when bought right. When the president of a big public-utility concern began to branch out all over the country and to make his fortune by watering the stocks under all sorts of corporation names, I quietly got out of his company as fast as I could safely. In short I believe my ideals always were those of the old America, not of the new and inflated America.

However, just to show how luck does change perhaps I may mention the story of one of my gambling investments—I can count on the fingers of one hand the few thousands of dollars I have lost in bad investments. About eight years ago I bought stock in a copper mine some friends of mine were developing. It was a gamble and frankly regarded as such. We had copper below somewhere, and a lot of it; but when we got down about a thousand feet we developed about nine hundred feet of water—physical water, not stock water. For six years our mine lay idle. This year a neighboring concern, a big copper corporation that does pay dividends, came along and bought our mine; so that after many years the bread we cast on the water has come back to us, and on each loaf hang dividends payable quarterly in real money! Still there are some people who do not believe in luck or accident. They are mostly the ones whose fathers left them money rather than a squirrel rifle and a sheet-iron coffee-pot. So much am I encouraged over my copper-mine experience that I am disposed to think the remaining dollars of my bad investments will sometime be found nicely tucked under the doormat some spring morning. When the long road turns it sometimes turns for fair!

Ought a man to keep on in his old and dwarfed way of life when he has been pretty much an alley cat all his life and finds himself able to get up on the table with the cream jar? I never could see any use in stinting or denying one's soul or character for the purpose of making money alone. So far as it means the coming true of the dreams we all have, none of us has any right to sneer at money. So far as it seems the working out of our personal equation; so far as it brings us independence of the state and of other individuals; so far as it means paying the debts to one's ancestors, and more especially the debts to oneself—then there is no substitute that ever has been or ever will be discovered for money.

The Pleasant Road to Easy Street

So now in a gentle way the game girl who had taken a chance with me began to see some dreams come true—little innocent dreams that we used to talk over, sometimes at café suppers in times when we had not very much money to spend. I remember the first diamond ring I ever bought for my wife—it was not an engagement ring, for we could not afford diamonds then, but a ring that came six years after our marriage on one of our many honeymoon trips. I remember her first sealskin coat—bought when that seemed to be about the height of luxury and elegance in our simple belief. I remember a lot of little things that seemed fine to us—oh, we had great times when the road turned! We traveled; bought books and pictures; read books we could not buy; saw pictures we could not afford; increased our education the best we could by studying the great and useful and beautiful things that, with or without good starts, other fellows have done in the world in generations past or present. A good many of our dreams came true; and we never did have the dream of extravagance and display. Any one can take that who likes it. There are two courts which have no terrors for me, as I have said earlier—the bankrupt court and the divorce court. So perhaps, after all, even a rolling-stone chap may have rather sound principles of life; and also may see the luck change when the road turns—years after he had a right to expect it.

I have spoken of one's debts to one's ancestors. My father failed in business late in life; but he had been a gentleman and a man of means before that, and our family had been a good one. Counting the latter part of his life and the earlier part of mine, there had been a generation of failure—a generation that was lost. I included now in my personal ambition the intention of making good that generation of lost time. Deliberately I surrounded myself with about the same scale of living—the same sort of household—my father once had known, and his father before him. I went about this in a cold-blooded and systematic way, and I did it. I did, on the same basis and for the sake of a dead man, a great many things he would have liked to do. I traveled where he would have been glad to go; killed all the big-game animals he used to talk of meeting. If the old man were alive today I believe he would call the whole business squared and say he could forgive me for forsaking the profession of the law. Until I reached the place where I thought he would say that, I kept on paying my debts to my ancestors; Virginia being much like China in our family. I think he rests in his grave now. The three young men I once was—they also rest now in their graves.

Human ambitions are odd things. As a boy I wanted all the grapes I could eat. I got them. Later I wanted to kill a buffalo—and did. Then I wanted a grizzly. I got several. I wanted to see a pile of my books on the floor of a shop. I did. There still remain the greatest ambition and the greatest debt. My own personal problem, even, is not yet settled. I need a certain sum to finish that wall of protection round the woman who will be alone when I die.

The Best Professions of All

"Of course," say all my friends who have made success and found their fortunes growing, "when you get that amount of money you will set your mark just that much farther ahead." That usually is true; and it might be true if I had followed the road of rules and not a road of exceptions. The difference between them and me is they say they will do that thing, and then do not. I say I will do it and know I will.

My ambition in life now—and I date it ahead precisely from the time when I shall have attained my given sum of money yet needed—is to do something useful for human beings. Let the fellows who like it better try to see how much money they can roll up. That is the least of my ambitions. I want to do something useful sometime—something that will help other fellows, and which perhaps will keep some of them from heartbreaking experiences similar to my own.

As to the profession of the writer in America today, no man advises another to go into his own profession; and I would not advise any young man to cherish the ambition to be a writer. If he cannot withstand that ambition it is another matter. If he can do nothing else but that it is another matter. But in that profession, as in any other, the parents of the young man and the young man himself should with serious deliberation ponder what that young man wants to do rather than what he is wanted to do. We are a bundle of ancestors—each one of us—as Doctor Mendel could tell us. The trouble is that parents forget Mendel's law, and they look at their children as parts of themselves whereas they are nothing of the sort, but parts of hundreds of years of life; parts of heredity and circumstance and accident carried on through many, many generations. Lucky the young man who knows which one of his great-grandparents he resembles. If there was an inky ancestor back there somewhere no use trying to make a lawyer of that boy, perhaps. It ought to be studied out. The way to do a thing is first to know what you want to do, and then to do it—or take your potter's field grave.

There is nothing particularly interesting or instructive in the career of the man who makes these confessions. They have no merit save their own sincerity and frankness. Certainly I am in no shape to advise other people how to succeed, for I have not yet succeeded. I am only beginning. For the man whose ambition is simply to make a great material success in the world, to amass money, I have no interest; nor has he any for me. I know what that man will be when he is as old as I am—he will be alone. And the inner hell of all hells is the hell of a selfish solitude! That threatened me once. It does not now. But for the young man who has the ambition to be of some use—to be in poise, in balance, to be of help in the country—why, there is nothing this country needs so much as precisely that young man and his fellows. And for the man who does not deal wholly in the labor of other men, but who engages in creative professional work, there is nothing better than a place in the fourth estate—the writer's business in America.

The professions of the writer and the publisher are the noblest and cleanest of them all. The writer gets no pay for his failures and his mistakes, as do the lawyer, the doctor and the minister. He must win every case; make good at every step. So must a publisher. Theirs is the acid test. Theirs is the very cleanest of all money that is made, their reward is the very essence of success. In that profession one can be sincere and can do the things in which one believes. In that profession—on either side of the inky trade—perhaps some day—if the long road has turned—one even may be useful!

Editor's Note—This is the third and last article on Getting a Wrong Start.

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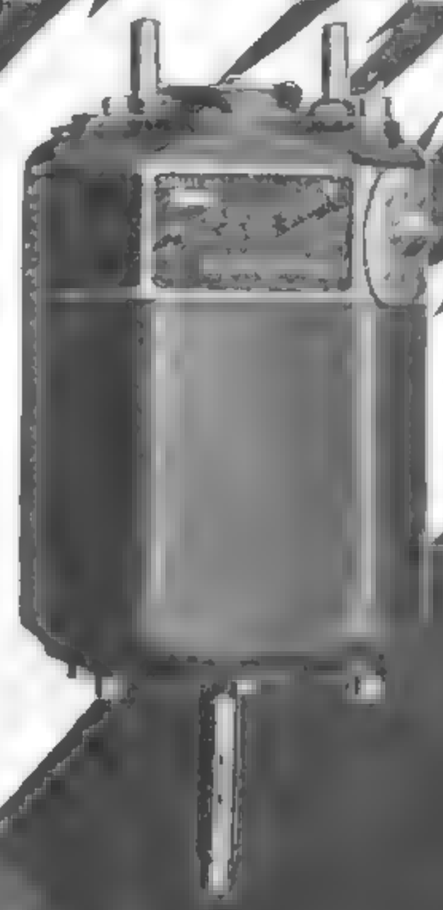

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MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-WARDROBE

(Continued from Page 7)

and shot him full of holes while he was getting that gun into action! It was awful! And all the time he was jimmyin' round so he could look straight into the camera. I've seen some extry men that was pretty tol'able anxious to take a pretty picture, but he skinned 'em all! Jim had to keep bawling him out for that every few seconds, and we had to make the scene five times before he could forget there was a camera round."

"The boss will lose a lot of money on him," said Ben.

"It ain't the firm's bankroll that worries me," said Buck; "but whenever I think of them elegant clothes—wasted—just naturally squandered on a guy like that, I get kind of sore at Providence. Hale's got as much use for them things as Baldy Bradley had for the presents his sister sent him from Boston after he had the fever that time. Baldy had quite a long spell o' sickness, and it left him without a hair on his head and stone deaf."

"What did he get?" asked Ben.

"A phonograph and a pair of silver hairbrushes!" said Buck.

IV

A FEW days later two men sat in the darkened projecting room, the tiny theater where moving pictures make their first and often their last appearance upon a screen. As soon as a scene is photographed the film goes to the developing room, and when the negative is dry it is flashed upon a screen and scrutinized for defects. At times the action of the players is at fault or the camera man has erred, but more often the condition of the film itself presents a reason for rejection. Pinholes; tiny electric flashes generated inside the camera, known and bitterly cursed under the name of static; blisters upon the emulsion side of the film; and the queer perpendicular scratches called rainstorms—these are only a few of the unavoidable things that cost moving-picture concerns small fortunes in makeovers.

One man passes upon all the film turned out by the various directors, and his word is final. A shake of the head may cancel days of hard work and entail additional expense of hundreds of dollars. On this particular day Bill Cartwright, projecting-room expert and also the Western representative of the Titan Company, had summoned Jimmy Montague to the theater of judgment, there to witness, in a completed and assembled picture, the initial appearance of A. Lester Hale as a movie star.

"Jim, I want you to look at this stuff," said the expert. "The negatives are good, but the picture itself is hopeless. Your runs and chases haven't got any life in 'em. You're away over on your footage, and this fellow Hale is impossible. Yes—worse than that! Even in the studio stuff he kills half the scenes he gets into. What's the matter with him? Can't you beat anything into his conceited head?"

Jimmy Montague sighed and took a fresh grip upon his cigar. The criticism was not unexpected.

"I've bawled him out until my throat is sore," said he wearily. "Of course the runs are dead! Why wouldn't they be? Hale has to set the pace, and I can't make him ride fast. I rehearse the studio scenes a dozen times with him and he's all right in the rehearsals; but the minute the camera man begins to turn Hale starts to look pretty and pose, and works with one eye on the box. Give him a chance in the middle of the stage on a 'close-up' and he'll eat a mile of film; and that's why I'm over on the footage. I don't know what to do about it, Bill."

"Pictures like these," said Cartwright "will hurt the company's reputation if we put 'em out. The boss certainly made a fine bloomer when he gave this false alarm a contract!"

"I might write some scenarios that wouldn't call for much but studio work on his part," suggested Montague.

"We couldn't get away with it," said the expert. "It's action that people want, Jim. And don't forget that this fellow's stage reputation will make 'em expect to see him do the wild and woolly. A few years ago we faked the Western stuff and got by with it, but nowadays audiences are too well educated and too wise. They've been brought up on the real thing and they

won't stand for the bunk. Every company out here has got real riders and ropers, and everybody will be looking for Hale to do the same sort of stuff—and he can't! By the way, have you had any more trouble with him lately?"

"Not since day before yesterday," chuckled Jimmy. "He won't speak to me! You remember the fight I had with him in the bunkhouse set? He'd been beefing and kicking all day, insulting everybody right and left; and he finally got me sore. When we rehearsed the fight I pulled my punches the same as we always do; but when we made the picture I let one go through—bang on his chin. It was the only way I had of getting back at him. He walked off the side lines and it took me a long time to explain to him that once in a while a man had to take a real punch in order to register it on the film.

"He said he was an actor and not a pugilist, and I had to promise to go easy in the fight scene. I did, and he had the nerve to start a haymaker for my jaw. I clinched and tore the shirt off his back."

"And well I know it!" growled Cartwright. "He put in a bill for ten dollars. I could buy a lot of shirts for that. We're up against it, Jim! He's got us on that contract and, unless he breaks it himself, I see a big loss in time and money."

A long, thoughtful silence followed that remark.

"Well," said Montague at length, "stranger things than that have happened."

"Than what?" demanded Cartwright.

"Never mind," said Montague. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Now, as I understand it, you regard this Hale person as a total loss to the concern. Eh?"

"Ab-so-lute-ly!" said Cartwright dismally. "He's a ten-thousand-dollar joke, but you and me won't do any of the laughing. You can add to that all it costs to keep the company going, because these pictures won't have any sale after they're out of the release houses. They're so much dead film."

"If he should see fit to quit us," hazarded Montague, "could he get action on his contract? Sue us for damages—or anything like that?"

"Not if he quits of his own accord," said Cartwright.

"Uh-huh!" grunted Montague thoughtfully. "Bill, I think I'll go and do some authoring. I've got an idea that I might write a stunt picture—oh, a lot of stunts, one in every scene. It ought to be a money-saver if it works. How much will you stand for?"

"If you're thinking about what I'm thinking about," said the Western representative, "you can go as far as you like, and the company will be behind you in anything but murder in the first degree. Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"So I've been told," remarked Jimmy, "and it seems to me that a man who saves it ought to be entitled to salvage." He took his departure, chewing earnestly on an unlighted cigar.

Jimmy Montague did not go authoring; he went motoring instead, which, for a moving-picture director, is much the same thing.

All the world is truly a stage for those who ransack it for the scenery round which the flickering dramas are built.

There are seasons of the year when deep running water is scarce in Southern California, but Jimmy Montague knew where to look; and in a rugged cañon miles from Los Angeles he discovered a promising series of locations.

That same evening Buck Parvin received sealed orders.

"Buck," said Montague, "do you remember where we made that Indian picture last spring—the place where the horses had to swim?"

"I reckon I'll never forget it. I can feel that cold water yet!"

"Meet me there at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Put an old saddle on Teddy and lead him. Wear old clothes and take a change along—because you might get wet."

"Oho!" said Buck. "Lead Teddy, hey? Is Man-Afraid-of-His-Wardrobe going to be in this?"

"Speaking as one human being to another and in strict confidence," said the director, "he is. Away over his head!" Montague looked steadily at Buck for several seconds and then he winked—a slow, deliberate closing of the left eye. "Yes, Mr. Hale is going to be in it. For a starter he'll swim the creek on Teddy and get shot off his back in about ten feet of ice water—with his boots and chaps on. Then he'll do a jump from the top of that great big rock. More ice water. Then we'll make a close-up of him, stranded on a sandbar with only the end of his nose sticking out. Still more ice water. And then ——"

"Say, hold on!" interrupted Buck. "Are you trying to kid me or are you kidding yourself? You know Percy ain't got no use for ice water—except on the side, as you might say; and this time of the year, with that snow up above and beginning to melt, a man might just as well be froze to death as chucked into that creek. He won't go through with it!"

"And then," continued Montague—"if he lasts that far—he'll do some fancy riding down the side of the cañon. After that we can think up something else. Right offhand, I'd say that tomorrow is going to be his busy day."

"I wish you'd put the cards on the table," said Buck. "Do you want to drownd this bird, or what? Because I'm a guy that can be trusted to go a long way for a friend."

"Buck," said Montague in his professional tone, "I knew a man once—about your size and complexion—who got a steady job with a director because he saw a lot of things and forgot about 'em afterward. Are you on?"

"If that's a promise," said Buck, "you can depend upon a loss of memory complete. You said something about this bird being shot off his hawss. As a favor to me I'd like to make that gunplay."

"I thought I'd do it myself."

"Please let me," urged Buck. "I ain't never shot a leadin' man yet—and then there's other reasons. Remember yesterday—when I got my hand between his face and the camera for about a second, and how he beefed to you about it? When we got off the scene he tore into me again. Jim, that big hunk of uselessness called me a confounded, impertinent, insignificant, bowlegged supe! Yes—and worse than that. I may not look it, Jim, but I'm terrible sensitive. My feelings are easy hurt and my hot Southern blood boils mighty quick. I'd like to see myself in a picture shooting this Jasper."

"Oh, very well!" said Montague. "And if you're five minutes late I'll fine you a day's pay—understand?"

"Huh! I'll be there with my hair in a braid!" said Buck.

V

AS THE big studio touring car hummed swiftly along the foothill road Jimmy Montague, in the tonneau with A. Lester Hale, his valet and two suitcases, maintained a cheerful flow of conversation, apparently unmindful of the somewhat sulky silence of his star.

"There is really not the slightest danger in the world," said Montague. "In the first place the horse can swim, like a ——"

"But I understood you to say the water wasn't deep!" interrupted Hale.

"Six or eight feet—a mere trifle!" said Jimmy. "You swim, of course?"

"Not for several years," said Hale uncomfortably. "Why wouldn't it be better merely to suggest that scene without making the horse swim?"

"We suggested too many things in the first picture," said Montague, "and that was why Cartwright turned it down. Suggestion is all right on the stage, but in the movies people expect realism. They won't stand for anything else. We've got to pull some stunts in order to make this next picture stand up. This swimming stuff is easy. You know how a horse acts when he gets beyond his depth, don't you?"

"Not—not exactly," said Hale.

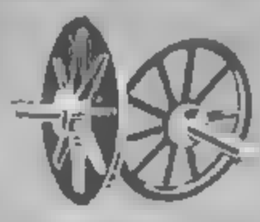
"Well, it practically amounts to the same thing as walking on his hind legs. He's feeling for bottom—see?—and kind of treading water. Soon as you feel him going out from under you take hold of the pommel with one hand and let him tow you. Then, when you're almost across, Buck jumps out of the willows and fires once. That's your cue to let go, throw up your hands and sink."

"Sink!" ejaculated Hale.

"Just bob under for a second," said Montague reassuringly.

"But why is it necessary for me to go under at all?" objected Hale. "Why wouldn't it be much more effective for me to fall forward on the horse's neck and let him bring me out—wounded?"

"Because it would crab the next scene," said Jimmy glibly. "That shows you washed up on a sandbank, unconscious"



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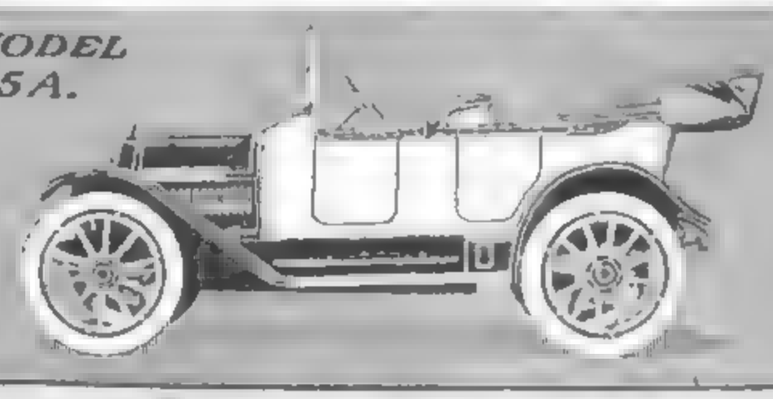

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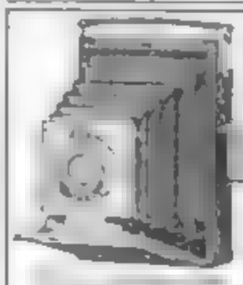

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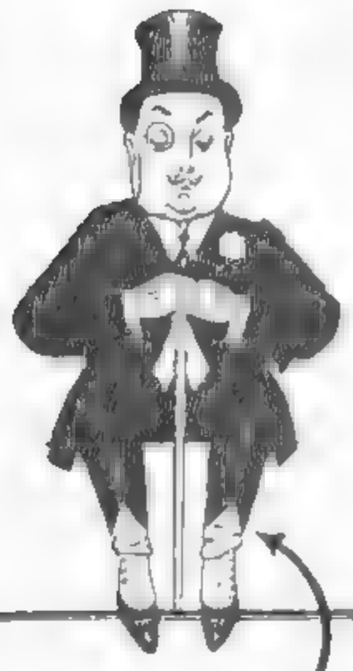

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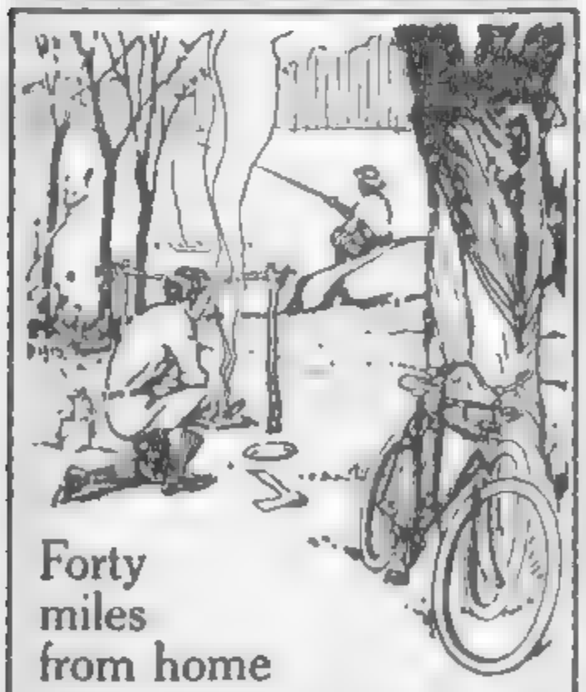

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"But I don't like the idea of going into the water with all these heavy clothes on," persisted the leading man.

"Of course they'll get wet; but you can change right away," said Montague. "That's one reason why I loaned you my old chaps. They've been wet so many times that it won't hurt 'em."

"I'm not worrying about your ratty old togs," said Hale with a scornful glance downward. "As a boy I was subject to cramps."

"My dear fellow," said Montague with acid sweetness, "surely you know I wouldn't ask you to do anything I haven't done myself. This is a very simple moving-picture stunt. You go under water for a second and the scene ends there. Buck throws you a rope and we pull you out. Why, when we put on the pirate picture I walked the plank blindfolded and dropped forty feet into the ocean.

"In another water picture I went head first off the yardarm of a vessel. They tossed me off the San Pedro Breakwater tied up in a sack, and I had to cut my way out before I could begin to swim. This thing I'm asking you to do is dead easy."

"Easy for you, maybe," said Hale with a sneer. "I'm not a swimmer or a high diver."

Jimmy Montague's face slightly reddened, but he replied quietly enough, and his very calmness would have carried a threat to a less self-centered and egotistical individual.

"In the movies," said he, "a man has to do almost everything—well."

By this time the automobile was climbing the cañon road. On each side were towering walls, flecked with patches of brush. Below, in the willows, a swift mountain stream hurled itself over its rocky bed, swirling into deep green pools and racing over pebbly shallows. A cold wind ripped down the narrow cañon, bringing a chilling hint of melting snow in the heights above. Hale shivered and drew his coat closer about him.

As the road dipped away toward a ford Montague signaled to the chauffeur.

"We'll get out here," said he.

It was a lonely spot, deep in the cañon. There was no sound save the rushing cluck of the water and the thresh of the willows whipped by the keen breeze. Montague, carrying the tripod, led the way up the bank of the stream. Charlie Dupree, the camera man, came next, with his box and paraphernalia. Hale and his valet lagged in the rear. The chauffeur, to whom stunt pictures were no novelty, elected to take a nap in the tonneau. At times Jimmy Montague, crashing through the brush, caught snatches of conversation behind him and smiled grimly.

"It's not legitimate work! . . . Confounded slapstick effects! . . . Too cold! . . . An artist is entitled to some consideration, even in moving pictures."

Evidently Hale was pouring his troubles into a sympathetic ear, as attested by a low commiserating mumble from the faithful James.

In a bend of the stream the party halted, and Buck Parvin, sitting upon a rock and examining his battered forty-five-caliber revolver, gave them a noisy and cheerful greeting.

"Quite some swimming pool we've got here," said he. "I was just thinking if you didn't show up pretty soon I'd take a dive for luck."

At the bend the stream was perhaps seventy-five feet wide. Shallow at the other bank, it sloped away into deep water, where the current was scarcely perceptible. Hale looked down into the pool, dipped his fingers into the water and promptly entered a vigorous protest.

"It's too cold!" said he.

"Nonsense!" said Montague. "You'll only be in the water a few seconds."

"Couldn't you double me in this scene?" he asked anxiously.

"Impossible! I can only double you in scenes where your face does not show clearly. You are so well known that any audience would spot the double in a second. . . . Charlie" this to the camera man—"set your camera here. I want that stretch of sand on the other side. Shoot low, because I want as much water as I can get. It's a clear day; so don't open your lens too wide. Use your light meter for your aperture and time your shutter to it."

"Well," said Hale, "if you are really going to insist on this foolishness I suppose I must go through with it. You are responsible if anything happens. James, get my dry things out of the suitcases. You are a witness that I do this under protest."

"Yes, sir," said James. "I am."

"Your horse is over there in the willows," said Montague. "The water above is shallow—so you can cross there. When I give the word ride through that break in the brush on the other side and come into the water between the two white stones. You can leave the rest to Teddy—he'll swim straight for the camera. Don't try to stay in the saddle after you get into deep water. Trail along and let Teddy tow you—and when Buck shoots let go. All I want you to do is to go under water if only for a second; and you'll be so close to the bank that we can have you out in a jiffy. No mistakes on this—unless you want to make it over."

"But we always make a scene twice!" said Charlie Dupree, and paused suddenly as Montague's heel descended upon his toes.

Charlie was an experienced camera man and he had seen many strange things in his time. He subsided, muttering:

"What is this—a joke?" he growled as he fiddled with the shutter.

Plainly it was no joke to A. Lester Hale, gingerly splashing across the shallow ford above the pool. Neither was it a joke to James, shaking out bath towels and fresh underwear with the troubled manner of one upon whom a great responsibility had been laid. It was evident that James, like his master, feared the worst.

Jimmy Montague and Buck Parvin, conferring in whispers, grinned at each other.

"It's no josh about that water being cold!" said Buck. "You ought to brought an oil-stove along to thaw him out afterward."

"I don't know how this will end," said the director; "but back me up in anything I start."

"Sure!" said Buck. "I'm after that steady job you was talking about."

The first time Montague gave the word Hale rode slowly down to the bank of the stream and stopped his horse to remind all present that he was working under strong protest. The second time he asked for additional instructions; but the third time he entered the water.

"Come on, Teddy!" yelled Montague. "Good horse! Come on!"

He produced an apple. Teddy saw it and headed straight for the director, entirely disregarding a strong nervous pull on the bit. Not for nothing had the horse played star parts in dozens of film dramas. Hale's face whitened as the icy water swirled about his knees.

"O-o-h!" he gasped. "I—I can't do it! I can't! Tell the horse to go back! It's—it's too cold!"

"Come on with him, Teddy!" called Montague; and Teddy having seen the apple, came on.

Suddenly Hale felt the saddle sinking under him and the water rose to his shoulders. With a howl of fright, he threw himself forward, clutching blindly at the only portion of the horse still above water. One hand found Teddy's left ear and fastened upon it with a desperate grip. The other one was tangled in the mane.

"What are you trying to do?" yelled Buck. "Want to drownd that hawss? Leggo his ear, you fool, and give him a chance to swim!"

Advice and insult went unheeded. Hale's eyes popped out and his chin receded until it was all but invisible. His face froze into a perfect mask of terror. For once in his life he forgot he was being photographed.

"Help!" he cried. "Help!"

"Let go!" roared Montague.

That was the last thing Hale meant to do, however. He tried to pull himself forward upon the horse's head, and Teddy's fore legs beat the air wildly as his nose disappeared under the water.

"Rope him!" shouted Montague to Buck. "He's drowning Teddy!"

"I got something better than that," replied Parvin, and whipping his revolver from the holster he leveled it and fired. At the crashing report Hale's hands went high over his head, and with a bloodcurdling scream he sank from view.

"He's murdered! You've killed him!" shouted James, the faithful, jumping up and down on the bank.

"Murdered your grandmother!" snarled Buck. "The wad must have hit him, that's all."

"Throw that fool flunky out of the picture!" yelled Dupree, making a fine photograph of a swimming horse and a few bubbles behind him.

Jimmy Montague was the first to appreciate the gravity of the situation. With a reproachful look at Buck Parvin, the director stripped off his coat and plunged into the pool. After what seemed a long time he reappeared, his fingers twined in Hale's long hair.

"The rope—quick!" gasped Montague. "He's hurt!"

Buck drew them both to shore, and on a level stretch of sand Jimmy Montague applied first aid to the drowning. As he pumped vigorously at Hale's arms he shot a question at Parvin.

"What was in that gun—rock salt?"

"Nah!" said Buck. "Just a little candle-wax on the wad. Look here!" He ripped open the silk shirt and laid his finger on a small red mark upon the chest. "That's some shooting!" he whispered. "I nailed him when he was trying to climb up between Teddy's ears. He ain't hurt, Jim. He's stalling with you."

"Not on your life he ain't stalling!" said Montague. "He's on the level with it. You scared him almost to death!"

After a time Hale began to moan and toss his head from side to side. Jimmy Montague drew a relieved breath.

"He's all right now," said he to the frightened James. "It was the shock that got him, and he didn't swallow much water."

The leading man opened his eyes and stared about him wildly. Then he clutched his breast and groaned.

"I'm shot through and through!" he sobbed. "Get a doctor—quick!"

"Oh, rats!" said the unfeeling Montague. "It was only the wad from the blank cartridge that hit you."

"But I—I felt it. I feel it yet!" said Hale.

"Never even put a hole in your shirt," said Buck consolingly. "Look and see."

It took twenty minutes to convince Hale that he was in no danger of immediate death; when assured upon this point he consented to sit up, resting his head upon the shoulder of the faithful James. It was then that Jimmy Montague had an inspiration.

"Take it easy for a while," said he, "and then we'll make the scene over. Your valet jumped into the picture and cloaked the action. Tough luck!"

"W-what?" Hale forgot himself to such an extent that he sat up without support.

"You'll have to do it again," said Montague. "Your valet here lost his head and ——"

"I'm to go into that water again?" Hale's voice rose shrill with hysteria. "Risk my life for your fool picture? Not for anything in the world!"

"But your contract calls for ——"

"What do I care about a contract?" sputtered Hale. "You can't hold me to it! I quit! I quit now! I've got a witness here!"

"Yes, sir," said James. "You have."

"Well," said Buck Parvin, thumbing the cylinder of his forty-five, "I don't know's I blame you a darned bit. Too much is plenty!"

"Jim," said Bill Cartwright, "you're the eighth wonder of the world! He says we can sue him if we want to, but he'll never fill that contract. How did you do it?"

"Easy!" said Montague. "It's a poor director that can't dig up a scenario to fit an emergency, Bill. But if you're shy a stage cowpuncher you might give a real Westerner a job. I've put Buck on the payroll."

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